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The PARIS of THE NOVELISTS

ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

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THE PARIS OF THE NOVELISTS

The fifteenth-century church of Saint-Médard. It was here that, in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," Jean Valjean, with Cosette, recognized in the sidewalk beggar his relentless pursuer, Javert, and began his epic flight, which ended in the Convent of the Little Picpus.

THE PARIS OF THE NOVELISTS

BY

ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

Author of "The New York of the Novelists," "Fifth Avenue," "Bottled Up In Belgium," etc.

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1919

Gift
Marvin Lowenthal
August 28, 1970
3519

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INTRODUCTION

YESTERDAY there was a familiar and much-hackneyed saying to the effect that all good Americans go to Paris when they die. To-day it does not come so readily to the lips. Somehow, about it, there is a flippant, even a jarring, note. Yesterday, for most of us, the city by the Seine stood for the lightness and the gaiety of life, for the glitter of spacious boulevards, for the splendour of open spaces, for the beauty of monuments. The "pleasant land of France" as a whole meant the *plages* of Trouville or Deauville, quaint fishing villages of Brittany, largely populated by aspiring painters in striking raiment who spoke French with a delicious, mid-western nasal twang, the *châteaux* of Touraine, the rich vineyards of the *Côte d'Or*, symbol of the "imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls of France," the semi-tropical warmth of the Riviera. It is to a different Paris, and a France which Paris represents, but which must never be wholly judged by Paris, that the eyes of millions of Americans are turned to-day.

Above all, it is the stones of France that, to our countrymen and countrywomen, are taking on a new meaning. We understand better now the stately Panthéon that crowns the Mont de Paris. *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.* No longer will the great ceme-

taries of Montmartre and of Père Lachaise be merely spectacles. Too close to our hearts are thousands of simple mounds, that, peasant tended, stretch from the Flemish lowlands to the Vosges mountains, along the line where the Wall of Steel held. With newly awakened eyes we are beholding France's mighty past. The centuries that are gone now have their significance. Yesterday Reims was a city unknown in the United States save to the travelled few. To-day, there is hardly a village between the Atlantic and the Pacific that does not thrill to the name.

It was the writer's privilege to be in the French Senate the day of the formal announcement of the entrance of the United States into the World War, and later to witness the arrival of the advance guard of that vast army from across the sea that was to be such a factor in the turning of the tide. Subsequently, he has seen the new spirit reflected in scores of soldiers' letters. That spirit has been one to put to shame the old frivolity, the old inadequate appreciation or even recognition of the things that are vital and that endure. Face to face with the Great Adventure, thousands of those boys turned to the stones of France for the story and interpretation of her civilization, her history, her literature, and her art. Their footsteps are likely to be followed by the tens of thousands of mothers and fathers and sisters who will make the pilgrimage in the years to come.

It is an unwieldy past that formal history, at best, presents. The essence, the colour, the romance of the world that is gone have ever been best interpreted by

those who have tempered often disputed fact by the play of constructive imagination. It is Shakespeare's England that we know, and not the England of the titled statesmen who occasionally condescended to applaud his plays in the old Globe Theatre on the banks of the Thames. It is with the eyes of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, of Cedric, of Wamba the Jester, that we see Sherwood Forest, and the antagonism between Norman and Saxon in the days when Prince John coveted the throne of the absent Richard of the Lion Heart. Which is the real D'Artagnan: the shabby adventurer who actually lived and wrote a book of sordid memoirs, which apparently nobody but Thackeray ever read, or the man that Dumas created to the delight of millions, splendid in his hot youth, finer at his ripe maturity, and best of all as the grizzled veteran who kidnapped Monk and rode to Belle-Isle? To turn to our own land and history. Parkman has written learnedly and entertainingly of the Indian of Colonial days. But it is through the pages of Fenimore Cooper's fancy that the figure of the Redskin has become a heritage of American youth. Does thunder in the Catskill Mountains suggest some petty village politician of the Dutch burgher days, or Rip van Winkle going to his twenty years' sleep, and the ghostly gnome-like men of Hendrik Hudson at their game of bowls?

To illustrate by contrasting the figures of history and fiction of more modern times. In a London street it is a matter of little or no interest to the writer that a certain house was once the home of the last Mayor of Peterborough before the passage of the Reform Bill.

It is a matter of great interest if it happens to be the structure where Mrs. Rawdon Crawley (*née* Miss Rebecca Sharp) lived on "nothing a year." The one dominant impression of the Charterhouse will ever be of Colonel "Tom" Newcome answering "*Adsum*" when his name was called, and standing in the presence of his master. There are certain men and women of fiction who are real and material, whereas those who actually had a brief existence on this earth are but dust. Their names have crept into our daily talk. It is enough to say: "He is a Pecksniff," or "a Tartuffe," or "a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

No city and no land is so rich in literary shrines as are the city and land with which this volume has to do. There is hardly a street of the Paris of the present, or of the Paris that is gone but which still lives, that is not reflected in the pages of the imaginative writers of France. Across the city of 1830 lay the shadow of Balzac. That memory alone is enough to people the houses with a hundred vivid types. The greatest setting of the scene in all his books, the Maison Vauquer of "Le Père Goriot," is still to be found, practically unchanged since the day when "Trompe-la-mort" tempted Rastignac in its garden. The towers of Notre Dame are much the same as when the hunchback Quasimodo looked down from them on the labyrinth of streets below. The Little Picpus was the refuge of Jean Valjean after his flight from Javert. Through the Marais one may track the people of Alphonse Daudet's "Fromont et Risler." A vivid fancy will serve to identify the very windows of the study of Anatole

France's Sylvestre Bonnard. There is no need to stir from the boulevards to find the men and women who peopled the pages of Guy de Maupassant.

This book has been in mind and in hand for many years. The writer first saw France as a boy of eight. He was there many times in the course of the impressionable teens. It was when he was in the early twenties that the literary associations began to take hold of him, when he first found a delight in tramping from street to street, trying to reconstruct Paris as it was when the King's Musketeers crossed swords with the Guards of the Cardinal; or hunting for the Café Momus of Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," or the studio of Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee of Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby." In later visits he has often ignored the Louvre, but there has always been found time for renewed intimacy with the literary trail. Nor has it been a matter of Paris alone. Once, for example, enthusiasm for a certain delightful creation of Daudet carried him to Tarascon, thence to the wharves of Marseilles, and thence, by a French tramp steamer on which he was the only passenger, across the Mediterranean to Algeria in the pursuit of his beloved Tartarin. To the regions where the wall of steel held he was close in the terrible days when the guns were blazing death and the grip of the invader on the land had not yet been broken. The uniforms in thousands about him were of the Teuton field gray, for it was the German line that he was behind, his business there being as one of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium and the north of France. It was the one time when the literary

trail was little in mind. But in the years to come it is his ardent hope to see often again the Havre *jetée*, where Maupassant's Pierre and Jean sat in the darkness; the Château d'If of the bay of Marseilles where Edmond Dantes beat his head against the dungeon wall; the Esplanade of Tarascon, where Tartarin told of his lion hunts and his ascent of the Jungfrau; and to wake in the morning to the hum of Paris going to work. Then, in the spirit in which Robert Louis Stevenson called to the shade of his adored D'Artagnan: he will say: "Come once more with Eugène de Rastignac to the heights of Père Lachaise, and the challenge: '*A nous deux, maintenant!*'" That, frankly, is the spirit of the narrative: and if this book is of aid to one American reader in finding the trail and better understanding its charm it will not have been written in vain.

ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE.

PART I

CONCERNING THE TRANSATLANTIC JOURNEY

I. CONCERNING THE TRANSATLANTIC JOURNEY

The Point of Departure—The Transatlantic Trip in Fiction—The Smoking Room in "Captains Courageous"—"Their Silver Wedding Journey"—Tales of Romance and Intrigue—The Suggestion of the Horizon—McAndrew's Point of View—Gateways of Approach—The English Countryside—Along the Southerly Route—The Road through the Lowlands—The Pilgrim's Personal Memories.

THERE is no need to wait until the liner or the channel boat or the landing lighter scrapes the wharves of a French port, or the train stops for the custom-house examination at the French frontier, in order to greet the romance of fiction. No matter the method of approach selected, romance, if one has eyes to see it, lines the way. From the very moment of embarkation, when the clanging bell commands imperiously the separation of those really about to travel from those who, with mingled emotions, are merely wishing them "God speed," fiction offers a wide choice of motives, ambitions, and companions. Perhaps your tastes are sedate and selfishly masculine, and the most enchanting spot on shipboard is a corner of the smoking room. In that case there is no better book to which to turn than Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," the first chapter of which presents the

finest picture of a transatlantic liner smoking room that has ever been shown in fiction, a picture containing so many vividly illuminating touches in so brief a space that one's instinctive and admiring comment is to the effect that nobody in the world but Kipling could have written it.

But perhaps the point of view from which one regards life and European travel is one which holds too assiduous patronage of the smoking room and its grossly material joys in stern disfavour. Then there is, for example, Mr. Howells's "Their Silver Wedding Journey." With a characteristic love of detail Mr. Howells has played about the transatlantic journey. First there was the trip to Hoboken for the preliminary visit to the Hanseatic boat the *Colmannia*, the long discussions about the comparative merits of that vessel and the *Norumbia*, the weighing of problems of baggage and equipment, the amassing of maps and guide books. The Marches were deliberate and well-ordered people, and all this was the affair of a month. Even after the actual embarkation, one hundred pages or more were needed to convey them without serious mishap or exciting incident across the Atlantic, although twenty-five pages sufficed to return them to America.

Perhaps it is the atmosphere of mystery, intrigue, deck-chair courtship that is desired. Casually one may offer the conventional novel of the George Barr McCutcheon type, with its elusive Princess of Graustark and its highly endowed though undeniably intrusive American hero, a kind of tale which O. Henry has

parodied and vindicated in "Best Seller"; or the very charming "Princess Aline" of Richard Harding Davis; or the "Dr. Claudius" of F. Marion Crawford; or Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Shuttle," which told of the crossing of the *Meridania* and the adventures of Betty Vanderpoel and the red-headed second-class passenger; or a novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, "Lord Loveland Discovers America," for example; or "The False Faces" of Louis Joseph Vance; or the extremely amusing "Uncle Hyacinth" of Alfred Noyes, albeit the ship of that tale sailed from a South American and not a North American port; or "The Destroyer" of Burton Egbert Stevenson; or, to turn to the fiction of the past, to offer Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit" with its somewhat unflattering portraits of our countrymen and countrywomen, or "The Virginians" of Thackeray, which showed in what manner Harry Warrington crossed from the New World to England on the *Young Rachel* in the year of grace 1756. This is, as the reader has already perceived, a decidedly rambling chapter, in which no attempt is made at discriminating tabulation.

In the course of the transatlantic passage which may be a matter (the Pilgrim writes from personal experience) of anywhere from six days to eighteen, the horizon is dotted from time to time with craft that suggest a fiction of the sea that is even more invigorating. That ship, lurching strangely in the now placid waters of the Channel, may be the *Judea* of Joseph Conrad's "Youth," venturing unsteadily yet resolutely to her death. It may be the vessel of the three journalists

of Kipling's "A Matter of Fact," the *Rathmines* from Cape Town, that has witnessed in South Atlantic waters the death of the sea serpent and the agony of its mate, "blind, white, and smelling of musk." It may be a boat out of Gloucester of a James B. Connolly story; or the ship of William McFee's "Casuals of the Sea"; or a craft of the nautical romance of Frank T. Bullen, or Cutcliffe Hyne, or Morgan Robertson, or Albert Sonnichsen, or even Clark Russell; or the haunted ship of the Marion Crawford ghost story, "Man Overboard"; or, at the beginning of the journey, the incoming *Dimbula* ("The Ship That Found Herself), crying "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Princes, Dukes, and Barons of the High Seas"; or if the white cliffs of Albion be very close at hand, a little vessel hailing from the Wapping Old Stairs of the yarns of W. W. Jacobs.

But after all there is really little need to follow with screwed-up eyes, or through glasses difficult to focus, smudges of smoke on the skyline. Romance is nearer at hand if we are willing to accept the testimony of McAndrews, the "dour Scotch engineer" of the poem.

> Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
> Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
> I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves and doves they dream—
> Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!

Suppose that on the road to France you have crossed the Atlantic by a line that makes Plymouth the first port of call. In the war-zone years it would have been Falmouth, incidentally the inspiration of the line: "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile"; and

there would have been long hours of delay in a dreadful wooden shed by the waterside, and rigid scrutiny by Scotland Yard and the military authorities; and the vessel by which you had travelled, after a period of wise detention, would have made its way, by a circuitous journey consuming six or seven days, west of Ireland and north of the Orkneys to its home port of Rotterdam. But the happier times of peace are being considered. A tender deposits you and your baggage at the dock, and after a custom-house examination of the superficial, old-world England kind, you take your seat in the carriage for the seven-hour journey to London. At a certain point of that journey you take out the guide that shall have replaced the familiar red-bound books of other days, and thence derive a vast amount of more or less useful information. You learn that near by are the ruins of a fine abbey church of the twelfth century; that one mile from the junction is a new town, a creation of the Great Western Railway, with engineering works occupying an area of two hundred acres, and employing twelve thousand workmen; and that a town of 6,642 inhabitants, a few miles farther on, is well known for its corn and cheese markets, and possesses manufactures of cloth, churns, and condensed milk.

Now it happens that in one of Rudyard Kipling's earlier stories, "My Sunday at Home," there was emphasized the very scene to which allusion is made in the above quotation. An American physician is making the journey. He is essentially a practical man, and yet it is neither the cheese market nor the churn manufactory that stirs his interest. "So this is the Tess

country," he says. "And over there, somewhere to the north, is Stonehenge, where she died. I don't wonder people write novels about a place like this." So on the journey from Plymouth to London it is worth while to take along as a companion the spirit of the American physician of "My Sunday at Home." He will point out on the way much that is not to be found in the conventional guide-book. Devonshire will be to him the land of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and if he has a taste for lighter fiction he will peer out of the train window over the Tors for a glimpse of Conan Doyle's spectral Hound of the Baskervilles. Miles to the left and north, he will tell you, lies the Valley of the Doones, the scenes of the struggles between great John Ridd and the sinister Carver Doone. The fact that Bath lies in a certain direction will remind him of the wanderings of Henry Fielding's Tom Jones, and perhaps prompt him to enquire whether you are addicted to lighter fiction, and if so, whether you have read Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" and recall the scene in the Pump Room where the supposed barber emerges in all the splendour of a French Prince of the Blood Royal. Finally, as he takes leave of you in the Paddington Station, he may flippantly remark that it was from this very station that Sherlock Holmes and Watson started to investigate the mysterious disappearance of the favourite for the Wessex Cup as narrated in the story of "Silver Blaze."

He is after the Pilgrim's heart—that American physician of Kipling's "My Sunday at Home." Had the road led over the Sussex Downs his talk would have been of the scenes and people of "Rewards and Fairies,"

and "Puck of Pook's Hill," and "An Habitation Enforced," or of characters of Dickens or Thackeray or Trollope, or of Conan Doyle's vigorous novel of Corinthian England and the hard-faced men of the prize ring, "Rodney Stone."

There is what is known as the southerly route. The Pilgrim confesses to great ignorance of, and little interest in, the history of the Azores. As these lines are being reread in manuscript the eyes of the civilized world are on the islands, for there men of the United States Navy are making aërial history. But the sight of Ponta Delgada is certain to stir him to chuckling memory of the dinner described in Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad"; the repast at the end of which the astonished and embarrassed American voyagers were confronted with a bill reaching startling figures in mysterious *milreis*. Eight hundred miles more, and on the left rises the rock of Gibraltar, and on the right, across the strait, Tangier lying white in the sunshine. At the rock the mighty Tartarin was landed a prisoner after the disastrous attempt to colonize Port Tarascon; and the narrow, climbing streets of Tangier played a part in the tales of A. J. Dawson's "African Nights Entertainment," and were the scenes of Richard Harding Davis's "The Exiles," and "The King's Jackal." If the line be one that the Pilgrim has for the moment affectionately in mind, the ship's course will lead first to a Sicilian port, reminiscent of novels old and new, and of the poem beginning: "King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbain, and Valmond, Emperor of Allmayne"; thence to the Bay of Naples, where low-

lying Pompeii recalls the most famous of all the Bulwer-Lytton stories; then past Corsica and the Island of Monte Cristo from which the romance of Alexandre Dumas drew its title; and finally into the harbour of Marseilles, rich in swarming life and rich in fiction.

Suppose the route is not the southerly route, nor the route direct to France, nor one of the several routes that carry through England or Scotland, but a route that has at the end of its sea journey the port of Rotterdam or the port of Antwerp. With the life of Holland the works of Maarten Maartens and of Louis Couperus have made many American readers recently familiar. But, with the exception of the name of Maeterlinck, for the spirit of the Lowlands, from the North Sea to the French frontier, it is the very unusual American who turns to books of Dutch or Belgian origin. It is the land of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," with its gorgeous pictures of the men, women, and manners of the Middle Ages. It is the land of Ouida's (otherwise Louise de la Ramée's) "A Dog of Flanders," and "Two Little Wooden Shoes." It is the land of "La Tulipe Noire" of Dumas. It is the land of those stupendous chapters of "Les Misérables" in which Victor Hugo pictured the Battle of Waterloo. It is the land that Henry Esmond visited to find his mother's grave. Above all, it is the land invaded by a timid little English girl of Russell Square whose fate was somehow bound up in the sweep and rush of the imperial eagles.

A memory frankly intimate. Two years ago, measuring time from the moment that these lines are being written, the Pilgrim was behind the German battle

lines as a member of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium and the North of France. In the great house in the Avenue Louise, of Brussels, in which he was quartered there was a library composed of many books in many languages indicating the cosmopolitan tastes of the owner of the house, who had fled before the tide of German invasion. Often, of nights, in the dim light, the Pilgrim would turn, in "Vanity Fair," to the pages dealing with Brussels. Perhaps the description would be of the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before Waterloo; the moment when William Dobbin goes to George Osborne, flushed by drink, and whispers: "The enemy has crossed the Sambre. Our left is already engaged, and we are to march in three hours." That day, very likely, the Pilgrim had climbed the actual staircase of the scene, that was crowded with Belgians heart-heavy at the fear of deportation, and lined by sullen-faced men in the green-gray of the Imperial German Empire. Or perhaps the eyes would be skimming the sentences telling how, through the open windows, came a dull, distant sound over the sunlighted roofs to the southward, how: "God defend us, it's cannon!" cried Mrs. Major O'Dowd, and how a thousand pale and anxious faces might be seen looking from other casements. Something would disturb the reading; a dull, distant sound of the present and not the past borne by the night wind; the echoes of the guns of a battle beside which Waterloo seems a border skirmish.

There is the memory of one day of following the literary trail when the Pilgrim was not alone, but in company the most congenial and delightful for the pur-

pose. It was a day very near the end, when the declaration of war by the United States was impending, and the fate of the Americans behind the German lines seemed to be hanging in the balance. That day the Pilgrim lunched at the American Legation in the Rue de Trèves, and afterward, in company with the Minister, started out to prowl among streets old and new. We sought the house where Byron had for a brief time lived, the structure that sheltered Hugo in political exile, and the one that sheltered Dumas in financial exile. At the threshold of the dwelling that Charlotte Brontë once inhabited we discussed "Villette," and "The Professor," and the demure little Englishwoman's infatuation for M. Héger, and the unutterable boredom which the unresponsive professor of the Pensionnat de Demoiselles suffered in consequence. Approximately we placed the hotel where Lady Bareacres and her diamonds were mocked by Rebecca Crawley of the baleful green eyes, and the street down which Jos Sedley clattered on horseback in his flight to Ghent. At the flower market in the Grand Place we pictured Emmy leaning proudly on her husband's arm, the awkward Dobbin dancing attendance, and the red-faced O'Dowd and his ridiculous but kind-hearted wife. For a few brief hours the green-gray uniforms of the invaders, and the *Pickelhauben*, and the flag of black, white, and red flying over the Palais de Justice were far away.

II. THE PARIS OF VICTOR HUGO

The Astonishing Hugo—The Publication of "Les Misérables"—The Rue de Clichy, Hugo's First Paris Home—Associations of the Southern Bank—Hugo's Marriage—"Hernani"—"Hans d'Islande"—"Bug-Jargal"—The Writing of "Notre Dame"—The Place des Vosges Residence—Exile—The Trail of Esmeralda—The Source of "Les Misérables"—The Flight of Jean Valjean and the Pursuit of Javert.

FOR the better comprehension of the extraordinary Paris of the novels of Victor Hugo it is worth while considering the thousand and one anecdotes that have come down to us, anecdotes perhaps rather trivial in themselves, but illuminating an egotism so colossal that at times it seems to border on insanity. There shall be no attempt to weigh the stories, nor to sift the authentic from the apocryphal. There are too many of them; coming from too many sources. They flood the memory, leaving an ineradicable impression that does not, however, in the least blind to the commanding genius or the rich achievement. To indicate, as briefly as possible, the nature of these tales.

Hugo surrounded, as usual, by a group of his adorers. The particular scene is of no importance. Discussion as to the most fitting way in which to commemorate his grandeur for posterity. A monument? It is not enough. A street renamed? Quite inadequate. A

boulevard? An entire quarter? Finally the daring suggestion: Why should not Paris herself be henceforth known as "Hugo"? Without a smile the great man nods grave approval. "Who knows," he says; "perhaps it will come to that." An Englishman visiting Hugo with a letter of introduction, and with many courteous apologies venturing to suggest that in future editions the name "Tom Jim-Jack" be changed to a more probable designation. "What gives you the right to criticize a masterpiece?" "My admiration for it, and the fact that, being an Englishman myself, I know that the name you have chosen for your principal character is a name that is quite impossible." Then Hugo, drawing himself up to his full height and waving the visitor to the door: "Yes, you are an Englishman. But I—*I* am Victor Hugo"! The poet finding himself one day in a railway train in company with two Englishwomen who spoke French. The fact that Hugo, despite his years of residence on English territory, the years of his exile in Jersey and Guernsey, did not know a word of English, leads to the suggestion that the condition must be inconvenient for travel in England. To which the great man replies: "When England wants to talk to me she will learn my language." It was Hugo himself who told that story, adding: "From their amazement at this answer it was evident that they *did not know who I was*." The Emperor of Brazil expressing a wish to meet the poet personally. Hugo saying: "I do not visit emperors," which resulted in Dom Pedro's courteous: "Let not that be an obstacle to our meeting. M. Victor Hugo has the advantage over me of age and

superior genius. I, therefore, will visit him." Hugo's proposal when the Germans were besieging Paris that the issue rest on a personal encounter between him and the King of Prussia. "We are both old. He is a powerful sovereign. I am a great poet. We are therefore equal. Why should we not decide by single combat the quarrel which divides our two nations and thus spare many lives?"

Adolphe Brisson, the son-in-law of Francisque Sarcey, has written the story of how the Belgian, Lacroix, became the publisher of "Les Misérables." It was in 1861, when Hugo was in exile, living at Hauteville House. Lacroix, who had heard that the book had just been finished, vowed that he would have it, and wrote Hugo a lyric letter, declaring himself ready to accept any conditions, and adding: "Genius is not to be bargained with." After considerable negotiation Lacroix was invited to the Channel island, where, after a business interview, he bound himself in writing to spend vast sums of which he had not a single penny. To quote Brisson: "Where should he find the 125,000 francs to be paid on the delivery of the manuscript? How should he arrange with the publishers, Renduel and Gosselin, who had contracts giving them the right to exploit the first two volumes of 'Les Misérables'? And, if the Emperor should forbid the appearance of the work in France, what then? . . . As he was about finally to sign Lacroix was seized with a strange scruple. He saw, upon the table, a vast pile of blackened sheets. It was the manuscript of the first two volumes. Only for a glance at the treasure! 'May

I examine a little?' The hand of Hugo—his Burgrave hand—fell heavily upon the sheets, and in a hard tone he said: 'No, it is impossible.' Then he added by way of pleasantry, though the hurt pride was discernible under the *badinage:* 'Suppose it is blank paper. I have put my name there. That suffices.'"

A street that has changed less in the course of a hundred years than most Paris streets is the Rue de Clichy, which begins by the Trinité and runs north to the exterior boulevards. It is a thoroughfare familiar to many thousands of Americans as the home of a number of *pensions* that have catered to English-speaking visitors in Paris. In the Rue de Clichy, at No. 24, was the first Paris home of Victor Hugo. The house, like most of those in which the poet spent his early days, has been entirely destroyed, and its site is now part of the square surrounding the Trinité church. It was the first place of residence of which Hugo had any distinct recollection. To the end of his days he retained the impression of a goat in the courtyard, of a well overhung by a weeping willow, and of a cattle-trough near the well. Then there was a move to the southern bank of the river, to No. 12 Impasse des Feuillantines, an isolated mansion with a big garden and fine trees. There is a Rue des Feuillantines not far from the Luxembourg Garden in the Paris of to-day, but Victorien Sardou has written: "Through these gardens, through these silent streets so propitious to quiet labour, and scenting of lilacs and blossoming with pink and white

chestnuts, new roads have been cut: the Saint-Germain and Saint-Michel boulevards, the Rue de Rennes and Gay-Lussac, the Rue Monge which caused the demolition of the rustic cottage where Pascal died in the Rue Saint-Étienne itself; and the Rue Claude-Bernard, which did away with the Feuillantines, where Victor Hugo, as a child, used to chase butterflies." The American, Benjamin Ellis Martin, recorded, twenty years ago; "By a curious coincidence, at No. 12 Rue des Feuillantines—which must not be confused, as it is often confused, with the Impasse of the same name—there stands just such an old house, in the midst of just such gardens, shaded by just such old trees, as Hugo describes in the pathetic reminiscences of his youth."

Then there was a migration of a mile to the west to the still-existing Rue du Cherche-Midi, which may be indicated by its proximity to the Conseil-de-Guerre, or better still, as being within a block of the great department store, dear to the hearts of American shoppers, known as the "Bon Marché." All this time Victor's father, General Hugo, had been with the French armies of occupation in Spain. He made a brief appearance on the scene during the Hundred Days, but his children seem to have been entirely under the influence of their Bourbon-loving mother, and one of Victor's first literary effusions was a denunciation of Napoleon Bonaparte as a tyrant usurper, written a few days after Waterloo, when the boy was in his fourteenth year. After a short period at a boarding school in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite Victor entered the Lycée Louis-le-

Grand, which then stood—as it stands now, though the structure has been rebuilt—facing the Rue Saint-Jacques, between the Sorbonne and the Panthéon. In 1818, when Victor was writing "Bug-Jargal," Madame Hugo removed to the neighbourhood of the Institute of France, to a house in the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, long since torn down, its site now a part of the court-yard of the École des Beaux Arts. Three years later a change was made to No. 10 Rue des Mezières, which, in its present form, runs from the Rue de Rennes to the Rue Bonaparte. About this time Victor began to cause some stir in the world. Chateaubriand sent for him and was supposed to have dubbed him "The Sublime Child"; and Lamartine described him as "a studious youth, with a fine, massive head, intelligent and thoughtful"—a man "whose pen can now charm or terrify the world."

Madame Hugo died; Victor proposed marriage, formally, to Adèle Foucher, and was accepted; he fought a duel with a guardsman and was wounded in the arm; he went to live on the top floor of No. 30 Rue du Dragon, near Saint-Germain-des-Prés, existing on 700 francs a year, an experience which he was later to describe in connection with Marius of "Les Misérables." Then he and Adèle were married, and the young couple went to live, first in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, and later at No. 90 Rue de Vaugirard. In the latter house "Han d'Islande" was written, and the immature "Bug-Jargal" rewritten. A more commodious residence was found in 1828 in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and there they remained until the success of "Hernani"

brought so many noisy admirers to the door that the landlady informed the Hugos that their presence had ceased to be desirable. With the exception of that first home in the Rue de Clichy, all of Victor Hugo's early residences are associated with a particular quarter of Paris. To follow the trail as well as it can be followed after the many years is a matter merely of a few hours.

In 1831 the Hugos crossed the river and went to live at No. 9 Rue Jean-Goujon, in the Champs-Élysées, then almost an outlying district. Hugo had contracted some time before with a publisher for "Notre Dame de Paris," but had failed to live up to his written agreement in the matter of time. A new understanding called for the delivery of the manuscript within five months. Hugo bought a great gray woolen wrapper that covered him from head to foot; locked up all his clothes, lest he should be tempted to go out; and, carrying off his ink bottle to his study, applied himself to his labour just as if he had been in prison. He never left the table except for food and sleep, and the sole recreation that he allowed himself was an hour's talk after dinner with some friend who might drop in, and to whom he occasionally read the pages that had been written during the day. As a result of the *régime* by which it was written he once thought of calling the story "What Came Out of a Bottle of Ink." Probably very few persons remember that about that time Hugo projected a work that was never written, but which apparently was to have been a kind of sequel to "Notre Dame," for it was to have borne the title: "Le Fils de

la Bossue," although the identity of the female hunchback is a matter for conjecture.

Then, in the autumn of 1832, the Hugos moved to the house which more than any other remains associated with the Hugo legend. It is the structure at No. 6 Place des Vosges, now the Hugo Museum, where the poet lived from 1832 till 1848. Within these walls the romance of French history as well as the romance of French fiction has ever lurked. The use of the structure by Dumas as the home of the sinister Milady of "The Three Guardsmen" belongs to another chapter. But Marion Delorme lived there, and De Vigny described it as it was in her time in his "Cinq-Mars." Both Dumas and De Vigny made use in fiction of their personal knowledge of the back entrance that still leads toward the Rue Saint-Antoine by way of the Impasse Guéménée. Actual use of it was made during the street fighting of the 1848 Revolution by National Guardsmen, who, bound from the Rue Saint-Antoine to head off the soldiers of Louis-Philippe in the square beyond, invaded Hugo's deserted apartment. The story is told that the leader of the band found some written sheets on the table, and read them aloud to his followers. It was the manuscript of "Les Misérables," just begun, but not finished until sixteen years later. There is another story connected with the apartment to the effect that Hugo, in his vanity, used to sit on a throne on a dais, under a canopy, and extend his hand to be kissed by his admirers. An absurd story; but not altogether an unnatural one.

After Louis-Philippe lost his throne Victor Hugo

went to live in the Rue d'Isly, and thence to the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. Then came the *coup d'état*, and with it the exile that lasted until the power of the Third Napoleon was finally shattered at Sedan. In 1873 he occupied for a time a house at Auteuil, and then moved to an apartment at No. 66 Rue de la Rochefoucauld, a street that runs from the Rue Saint-Lazare to the Place Pigalle. Then chance took him to No. 21 Rue de Clichy, the very street where he had passed some of his early years, and close to the school where he had learned to read. No. 21 is on the west side of the street, at the corner of the Rue d'Athènes. From there, in 1878, he made his last removal, to the Avenue d'Eylau, renamed the Avenue Victor Hugo, one of the splendid thoroughfares that radiate from the Arc de Triomphe. The exact number was 130, and it was, and is, near the Bois de Boulogne. There is another monument of Paris associated with the memory of Victor Hugo; a monument that probably no American visiting Paris has failed to see. It is the Strasbourg Statue in the Place de la Concorde that for forty-seven years was decorated with the *immortelles* that were so triumphantly removed on the 11th of November, 1918. The model for that statue, of which Pradier said that the expression would change the moment that the lost Alsace was restored to France, was the Juliette Drouet who played such a conspicuous part in Hugo's private life.

The Paris of the fiction of Victor Hugo is the Paris of two books, the fifteenth-century town of "Notre Dame" and the city of his youth that he had in mind when, in his Guernsey home, he was toiling on the great

edifice of "Les Misérables." Of the former tale Robert Louis Stevenson has written: "We forget all that enumeration of palaces and churches and convents which occupies so many pages of admirable description, and the thoughtless reader might be inclined to conclude from this that they were pages thrown away; but this is not so: we forget indeed the details, as we forget or do not see the different layers of paint on a completed picture; but the thing desired has been accomplished, and we carry away with us a sense of the 'Gothic profile' of the city, of the 'surprising forest of pinnacles and towers and belfries,' and we know not of what rich and intricate and quaint. And throughout, Notre Dame has been held up over Paris by a height far greater than that of its twin towers: the Cathedral is present to us from the first page to the last; the title has given us the clew, and already in the Palais de Justice the story begins to attach itself to that building by character after character. It is purely an effect of mirage. Hugo has peopled this Gothic city, and above all, this Gothic church, with a race of men even more distinctly Gothic than their surroundings."

Stevenson's insistence on the Gothic aspect of the Paris of "Notre Dame" is a direct reflection of Hugo himself, who felt, in penning the tale, that he should act as a kind of interpreting guide to the readers of his generation, and to that end wrote the chapter "A Bird's-Eye View of Paris," in which he reconstructed the old city of Quasimodo and Esmeralda. Of the fifteenth-century Paris he said: "It was not only a beautiful city; it was a uniform, consistent city, an

Old Paris from Notre Dame. Dominant in French literature as in French history have been the Towers of Notre Dame. Balzac, Hugo, Dumas are among the giants who have described them. Of Hugo's novel bearing the old cathedral's name Stevenson has said: "What is Quasimodo but an animated gargoyle?"

architectural and historic product of the Middle Ages, a chronicle in stone. It was a city formed of two strata only—the bastard Roman and the Gothic; for the pure Roman stratum had long since disappeared, except in the Baths of Julian, where it still broke through the thick crust of the Middle Ages. Gothic Paris was complete for an instant only. Since then the great city has grown daily and daily more deformed. Gothic Paris, which swallowed up the Paris of the bastard Roman period, vanished in its turn; but who can say what manner of Paris has replaced it?"

Dumas found—or, what is far more likely, one of his army of collaborators found, in the archives of the French secret police, the crude plot upon which "The Count of Monte Cristo" was builded. To the same source Hugo owed the suggestion of "Les Misérables," for Jean Valjean, like Edmond Dantes, had an original in real life. The record of this man, whose name was Urbain Lemelle, was taken from the notes of M. Moreau-Christophe, the Chief Inspector of Prisons under Napoleon III. Like Jean Valjean, Lemelle was the abandoned child of a drunken father. In his early youth he was sheltered by a kind-hearted peasant, and six years of his life were passed in taking care of cows and sheep. At the age of fourteen he determined to become a sailor, and began as cabin boy on a boat from Angers. Three years later, for a trifling theft committed at the instigation of a comrade, he was condemned to seven years' penal servitude.

During the term of his punishment Lemelle proved an exemplary prisoner—industrious, resigned, and re-

ligious. After he had paid what he considered his debt to society, he returned to Angers, resolved to lead a worthy life. He found all doors closed against him; all employment denied him. One day, while roaming through the country, he stopped to rest in a field where there were horses at liberty. The idea entered his head to borrow a horse, ride to the seaport, thirty miles away, and embark for the New World, where he would be free to begin a new life. Without saddle or bridle he rode all night, reaching his destination in the early morning, and turning the horse loose before entering the town. In the town he was arrested on suspicion, but managed to escape, and made his way to Nantes, where he found that his lack of papers made it impossible for him to embark. He returned to Angers, was arrested for the theft of the horse, and sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude in Brest. At the end of four years he escaped, made his way to Paris, and there, by diligence, intelligence, and integrity, rose step by step to prosperity. He married and acquired a certain position. One Sunday, seven years after his marriage, he was walking with his wife in the suburbs of the city, when he was recognized by his Javert, a policeman who had been a former convict. Lemelle was denounced, arrested, and sent back to Brest to finish the eight years he still had to serve, in addition to supplementary years for the crime of escaping. After serving part of the sentence he was pardoned by Louis-Philippe, at the intercession of M. Moreau-Christophe, who had learned his story.

Practically all of "Les Miserables" was written in the period of exile, after many years' absence from Paris.

It was the Paris of his youth, the Paris which he had religiously carried away in his memory, the Paris of which he spoke as his "mental birthplace" that he put into the story. But on memory alone he felt that he could not rely with a certainty of absolute accuracy, and so, in beginning those marvellous chapters describing the flight of Jean Valjean and Cosette and the pursuit by Javert and his men, he left a loop-hole by the use of the words: "It is possible that at the present day there is neither street nor house at the spot where the author proposes to lead the reader, saying: 'In such a street there is such a house.' If the readers like to take the trouble they can verify. As for him he does not know new Paris, and writes with old Paris before his eyes as an illusion which is precious to him."

The flight began in the neighbourhood of the Gobelins, which for three hundred years has been the state manufactory of the famous tapestry of the name. The Gorbeau house, which at first sight "seemed small as a cottage, but which in reality was as large as a cathedral," was just where Hugo placed it, on the site of Nos. 50 and 52 Boulevard de l'Hôpital, almost directly opposite the Rue de la Barrière-des-Gobelins, now called the Rue Fagon. To find to-day the exact spot occupied by the old tenement, go to the little market place that is separated from the Place d'Italie by the Mairie of the XIII Arrondissement. While living in the Gorbeau house Jean Valjean usually went to Saint-Médard, which was the nearest church. Georges Cain, of the Carnavalet, has written of it as "Gloomy, rat-gnawed, and poverty-stricken," having left far behind

its days of miracles. Little changed, that church still stands near the northern end of the Avenue des Gobelins. Coming out of Saint-Médard one evening Jean Valjean gave alms to a beggar, and recognized the face of Javert.

At different times the present Pilgrim has attempted to follow the subsequent trail. On one such occasion he was materially helped by notes of a similar search made by Benjamin Ellis Martin. That occasion was in the early summer of 1917, and the changes that he found then were substantially the changes that Mr. Martin had recorded in an investigation of some eighteen or twenty years before. Taking a winding way to the Seine, through the deserted region between the Jardin des Plantes and Val-de-Grâce, Jean Valjean wisely doubled on his track. At one point he was almost in the shadow of the structure in which Balzac's Père Goriot was perhaps living at the very moment. He described several labyrinths in the Quartier Mouffetard, which was as fast asleep as if it

A STREET OF VALJEAN'S FLIGHT

was still subject to mediæval discipline and the yoke of the curfew. As the clock of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont struck eleven he passed the police station of the neighbourhood, which Hugo placed at No. 14 Rue de Pontoise, (a street that now crosses the Boulevard Saint-Germain) near its eastern end, but which Mr. Martin claims has always stood where it stands to-day, at No. 31 Rue de Poissy, the next parallel street. There, under the moonlight, Jean Valjean recognized Javert perfectly.

Then, bent on putting the river between himself and his pursuers, Valjean made a long circuit around by the Collège Rollin, and by the lower streets skirting the Jardin des Plantes until he reached the *quai*. It is now the Quai Saint-Bernard, and the fleeing man followed it along the river bank to the present Place Valhubert, where he crossed the Pont d'Austerlitz, and plunged into the maze of roads and lanes, lined with woodyards and walls, on the northern side of the Seine. Reaching a little street, the Rue du Chemin-Vert-St-Antoine, he looked back, and saw the whole length of the Pont d'Austerlitz, and the four shadows that had just come upon it. Resuming the journey he finally came to the wall of the Convent of the Little Picpus. The aspect of that part of the city associated with the latter half of the flight has so entirely changed that to attempt to follow the footsteps of Jean Valjean and Cosette would be waste of time. But half an hour's rambling near the Panthéon, begun with the winding descent of the slope from the church of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, will reveal quaint old-world streets that retain something of the flavour of that epic flight.

III. THE PARIS OF THACKERAY AND DICKENS

"The Ballad of the Bouillabaisse"—Terré's Tavern—"A Caution to Travellers"—Thackeray as Art Student and Correspondent—The Early Married Life—Mrs. Brookfield—The Paris of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," and "The Adventures of Philip"—The Paris of Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities"—Dickens's Days in Paris.

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields.
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is,
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And there's an inn not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a plate of bouillabaisse.

THE genial Laird, one of the Three Musketeers of the Brush of Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby," tossed on a bed of fever, while kindly French nurses in attendance wept as they listened to the reverential voice in which he mumbled over what they conceived to be his prayers. But these "prayers," strangely enough, always ended with allusion to—

Red peppers, garlic, roach, and dace,
All these you get in Terré's Tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse.

Thousands of other Scotchmen, and tens of thousands of Britons and of Americans have thrilled, as Sandy McAllister of Cockpen did, over the verses into which Thackeray, writing in a vein of assumed lightness, poured so much of the feeling of his lost youth. As poetry, "The Ballad of the Bouillabaisse" is not to be ranked with Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Neither is Kipling's "Mandalay." Thackeray himself wrote many better verses, but none which has so delighted the ear and the palate of posterity, and which is so likely to endure. Every now and then its vitality is attested by some new Columbus who discovers in a Paris restaurant to his liking the original of Terré's Tavern. For example there was the American, Julian Street, who, six or seven years ago in a little book called "Paris à la Carte," wrote: "Those who remember Thackeray's 'Ballad of the Bouillabaisse' will find the restaurant therein celebrated a few blocks back of the Café Laperousse, near the Church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. I do not know that bouillabaisse may still be had there, but I hope so. Perhaps you will find out."

Now as a matter of fact the restaurant of Mr. Street's discovery actually has certain Thackerayan associations. Thackeray dined there often when he was an art student, and to this day there hangs on the wall a portrait of the novelist at table, and an appended note setting forth the facts of his fame and his patronage. But it never was Terré's. The site of the lair of the bouillabaisse is not on the south side of the river at all, but is almost within a stone's throw of the great boulevards and the fashionable shops of the Rue de la Paix.

Soon after Thackeray's Paris days the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs became the Rue des Petits Champs. It is that to-day, running from the Rue de la Paix, upon which its western end abuts, diagonally across the Avenue de l'Opera, back of the gardens of the Palais Royal, and almost to the Place des Victoires. The number of the building occupied by Terré's Tavern was originally 16. The structure that now occupies the site is of conventional type and architecture, and may be identified by the sign of a banking-house that projects at right angles over the sidewalk.

The impression of one of the many who came in contact with the personal Thackeray and afterward wrote about it was that he spoke the most beautiful French that the visitor had ever heard from the lips of an Englishman. That encomium was qualified by Thackeray himself when he confessed to a foreigner's limitations in judging the style of George Sand, whose sentences nevertheless impressed him with their charm, seeming to him like "the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear." Perhaps French was not quite a second mother language to him as it was to Du Maurier and has been to half a dozen other English men of letters. But the Paris of his day was as familiar to him as were his own Pall Mall and Russell Square; and with that part of him which was not wholly belligerently British, he very much preferred it to the London of fogs and of the intolerant eyes of the Lord Farintoshes and the Sir Barnes Newcomes.

It was not exactly Thackeray's fault that his novels were not written from a detached point of view. He simply could not help being autobiographical. How much of himself he gave in the making of Arthur Pendennis is a matter of general knowledge. The Paris of his youth, and many of his aspirations and heartaches are reflected in the pages of "The Adventures of Philip." The first chapter of "The Paris Sketch Book" is entitled "A Caution to Travellers." The moral it conveys is one of the oldest of morals. The story was told two thousand years before Thackeray. Ten years ago one of the cleverest of American tale-spinners was retelling it with conspicuous success. A hundred years hence, and five hundred years hence the same plot will probably again be presented with little or no variation. It is the innocent traveller who falls among gilded thieves. In the Thackerayan version the name of the victim happened to be Sam Pogson; the fascinating lady called herself for the time being la Baronne Florval-Derval, and her accomplices were a mythical baron and a son of that Earl of Cinqbars who was ubiquitous in Thackeray's pages. And the particular scene of the fleecing was an apartment in the Rue Taitbout. But the point of the matter is that the experience was one that Thackeray in his callow days—and he seems to have had quite a faculty for playing the fool—had shared with others equally guileless and impressionable. Even though he never dropped his *h's*, he had been Sam Pogson for a day.

If ever there was a book made by a book review it was "Vanity Fair." The first numbers dragged, as

"Pickwick" had dragged before Sam Weller came upon the scene. The British public was slow to recognize that a new star was beginning to glitter in the literary firmament. Then came Abraham Hayward's sweeping tribute in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1848; and with it the doors were opened, and Thackeray passed in to take his place among the accepted masters of English fiction. In introducing the man, Hayward recalled finding him, ten or twelve years before, day after day engaged in the Louvre copying pictures in order to qualify himself for his intended profession of artist. The gallery of the Louvre, as much as the Charterhouse, or Cambridge, was a school that played a conspicuous part in Thackeray's intellectual development. It was not that there he learned to draw—he never did that—but there, under the influence of the mighty dead, he completed his education in the humanities.

It was in July, 1833, when he was twenty-two years old, and acting as Paris correspondent of *The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts*—a little paper first edited and subsequently purchased by him—that he wrote to his mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smyth: "I have been thinking very seriously of turning artist. I can draw better than I can do anything else, and certainly I should like it better than any other occupation, so why shouldn't I?" In answer to the question he trudged off to spend the pleasant and profitable days in a room—half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace—open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and varieties of study, where the

brethren of the brush, though they sleep perhaps in a garret, and dine in a cellar, have a luxury which surpasses all others, and the enjoyment of a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could not buy. Thackeray's first Paris was the city he had visited as a wide-eyed boy. His second Paris was the Louvre.

Then came the Paris of his marriage and his honeymoon. On August 20, 1836, he and Miss Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe of a Bengal regiment, were united in the British Embassy, and went to live in the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin, hard by Terré's Tavern. There is an echo of that period in certain lines of the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse":

> Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
> I mind me of a time that's gone,
> When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
> In this same place—but not alone.
> A fair young form was nestled near me,
> A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
> And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
> —There's no one now to share my cup.

No. For many years there was no one to share his cup.

There is no need to dwell at length upon the tragedy of Thackeray's brief married life, or the long period during which he was practically a widower. It was the Paris of his youth that was associated with his first great affair of the heart; the Paris of his maturity played a part in his second journey into the realm of serious sentimental attachment. For when the lady in the case was exasperatingly friendly and exasperatingly

discreet, it was to Paris that the great man repaired, there to brood over his infatuation, and to write letters in which the tone changed abruptly from assumed lightness to violent recrimination. Thackeray seems to have first met Jane Octavia Brookfield about 1839, three years after his marriage, and soon after the separation enforced by Mrs. Thackeray's mental trouble. The husband, Reverend William H. Brookfield, had been known to Thackeray in the undergraduate days at Cambridge. A chance meeting led to Brookfield's taking Thackeray home unexpectedly to dinner when there happened to be nothing in the house but a shoulder of cold mutton, and the embarrassed hostess was obliged to send a maid to a neighbouring pastrycook's for a dozen tartlets. The first letter in what is known as the "Brookfield correspondence," which was kept so long a mystery and finally given to the public early in 1914, was one written by Thackeray to M. Cazati in Paris, asking the latter to do the honours in the French capital for Mr. Brookfield. Some years elapsed, however, before the novelist's attentions began to cause comment. Brookfield himself seems to have been a complaisant husband, and Jane the "bread- and butter-cutting Charlotte" of "The Sorrows of Werther"; but in 1850 the lady's uncle, Henry Hallam, was moved to protest at the frequency of Thackeray's visits. So the greater part of 1850, Thackeray, who about the time was writing "Pendennis," spent in Paris. To indicate his affluence and extravagance, it is necessary merely to mention that he stayed at the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme.

From Paris he wrote often to Mrs. Brookfield, and often to others about her, in the latter letters expressing freely his unfavourable opinion of the husband. It was the Paris of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, just before the *coup d'état*, and in one letter he tells of the President's ball and the people he met there:

> When I tell you, ma'am, that there were *tradesmen* and their wives present! I saw one woman pull off a pair of list slippers and take a ticket for them at the greatcoat repository; and I rather liked her for being so bold. Confess now, would you have the courage to go to court in list slippers and ask the footman at the door to keep 'em till you came out? Well, there was Lady Castlereagh looking uncommonly 'andsome, and the Spanish Ambassador's wife blazing with new diamonds and looking like a picture by Velasquez, with daring red cheeks and bright eyes. And there was the Princess what-d'you-call-'em, the President's cousin, covered with diamonds too, superb and sulky. . . . The children went to church yesterday, and Minny sat next to Guizot, and Victor Hugo was there—a queer heathen. Did you read of his ordering his son to fight a duel the other day with the son of another literary man? Young Hugo wounded his adversary and I suppose his father embraced him and applauded him—and goes to church afterwards as if he was a Christian. . . . I am going to Gudin's to-night, being tempted by the promise of meeting Scribe, Dumas, Méry; and if none of them are there, what am I to do?

So much, in this limited narrative, for the Paris of Thackeray's life. There is the Paris of his books. Henry Esmond went there to plan the great scheme that was to restore the Stuarts on the English throne, a gallant venture brought to naught by the Prince's pursuit of Beatrix. That eighteenth-century Paris was the scene of various activities of the Béatrix of

later years, the Baroness Bernstein of "The Virginians." After Waterloo the Rawdon Crawleys lived in Paris for a time—little Rawdon being put out to nurse in the suburbs—and departing, left behind them innumerable debts. In "The Newcomes," from the Hotel de la Terrasse which was on the Rue de Rivoli, Clive wrote to his friend Pendennis, telling of his first walk in the Tuileries Gardens, "with the chestnuts out, the statues all shining, and all the windows of the palace in a blaze," and recording that the Palais Royal had changed much since Scott's time. It would hardly have been Thackeray's fist if the Louvre had not been brought in to play an early part in the narrative. There Clive fell in love with the most beautiful creature that the world has ever seen. "She was standing, silent and majestic, in the centre of one of the rooms of the statue gallery, and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with the sense of her beauty. I could not see the colour of her eyes and hair exactly, but the latter is light, and the eyes, I should think, are gray. She may be some two and thirty years old, and she was born about two thousand years ago. Her name is the Venus of Milo."

Then Clive and his father went to dine with the Vicomte de Florac at the Café de Paris, which was certainly not where the restaurant of that name is to be found to-day; and then, in a house in the Rue Saint-Dominique—the Thackerayan visitor of the present Anno Domini may select the edifice that best fits his own mental picture—"Tom" Newcome again saw his Leonore after all the years. To Clive's eyes that tender and ceremonious meeting was like an elderly Sir Charles

Grandison saluting a middle-aged Miss Byron. It is the most beautiful of all Thackeray's love stories. Later another love story ran part of its troubled course in the

RUE SAINT-DOMINIQUE

Hotel de Florac and the little garden behind. There, under the kindly chaperonage of the sweet French lady, Clive and Ethel were closer in communion of heart than ever before or after, save possibly in that fable-land at which Thackeray hinted as lying beyond the horizon of "Finis." About the Hotel de Florac there was an American flavour, for when Clive first saw it, the upper part was rented to "Major-General the Honorable Zeno F. Pokey, of Cincinnati, U. S."

Though his *métier* was not the melodramatic school, there are plenty of great moments in Thackeray. Anthony Trollope held Lady Rachel's disclosure of Henry's legitimacy to the Duke of Hamilton in "Esmond" to be the greatest scene in English fiction. What

reader can forget the pursuit of the Prince to Castlewood, or George Osborne lying on his face, "dead, with a bullet through his heart," or Becky, admiring her husband, "strong, brave, and victorious"? Once Thackeray reached heights in a comic scene, in the battle between the Bayneses, the Bunches, and the MacWhirters, in the Champs-Élysées *pension* of Madame Smolensk. The "Petit Château d'Espagne" was the sonorous name of the *pension* in question, and the full title of the proprietress, which Mrs. Baynes used in letters designed to impress her friends, was Madame la Générale Baronne de Smolensk. But save as indicating a general type of *pension* that flourished in the streets adjacent to that part of the Champs-Élysées that lies about the Rond Point in Thackeray's time, it is practically certain that the "Petit Château d'Espagne" was never more than an imaginary structure.

Closer to reality were the bohemian haunts of Philip Firmin. Like some of the characters of Balzac, Firmin was in the habit of dining at Flicoteau's. Flicoteau's was an actual restaurant of the Paris of 1840, which stood on ground now occupied by one of the newer buildings of the Sorbonne. There, for an expenditure of seventeen sous, Philip sat down to the enjoyment of the soup, the beef, the rôti, the salad, the dessert, and the whitey-brown bread at discretion. He would have been poor in the Rue de la Paix; he was wealthy in the Luxembourg quarter. His habitation was the Hotel Poussin, in the Rue Poussin, where there was a little painted wicket that opened, ringing; and the passage and the stair led to Monsieur Philippe's room, which

was on the first floor, as was that of Bouchard, the painter, who had his *atelier* over the way. Besides Bouchard, who was a bad painter but a worthy friend, the Hotel Poussin sheltered Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretended to be studying law but whose heart was with the Muses, and whose talk was of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset; and the suspiciously wealthy Escasse; and old Colonel Dujarret, who had been a prisoner of war in England; and Tymowski, sighing over his Poland. No such street as the Rue Poussin now exists in that part of Paris. It debouched, according to Philip, into the Rue de Seine, which winds in back of the Institute of France from the Quai Malaquais, and runs to the south, crossing the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The Rue Visconti, where Balzac had the printing-press that ruined him, or the Rue des Beaux Arts, both little changed in the course of three-quarters of a century, will give the visitor the flavour of Philip Firmin's environment. To Thackeray the Hotel Poussin was more than a corner of the city he loved so well. It was Bohemia; it was the careless, light, laughing youth of which he had sung in his adaptation from Béranger's "Le Grenier."

The little room with pensive eyes I view
  Where in my youth I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
  And a light heart still breaking into song.
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
  Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pairs of stairs,
  In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

France is in "Dombey and Son," and it is in "Little Dorrit." But for the Paris of the fiction of Dickens the natural and inevitable turning is to "A Tale of Two Cities," which was first in its author's mind as "One of These Days," then as "Buried Alive," then as "The Thread of Gold," and then as "The Doctor of Beauvais." "A Tale of Two Cities," which Andrew Lang held to be one of the three most enthralling stories ever written (the other two being "Quentin Durward" and "Twenty Years After"), and "Barnaby Rudge" were Dickens's only ventures in the field of the historical novel, and the preparation of the scene, of the former especially, was a work of great care and elaboration. The Paris that he personally knew was the city of the 'forties and the 'fifties. To ensure topographical accuracy he spent days in poring over old maps and in laboriously consulting documents, essays, and chronicles. To Mercier's "Tableau de Paris," which had been printed in Amsterdam, he turned for the picture of his Marquis. Rousseau was his authority for the peasant's shutting up his house when he had a bit of meat; in the tax tables of the period he studied the general wretched condition of the proletariat in the years when the storm of revolution was gathering. "These," records Forster, "are interesting intimations of the care with which Dickens worked; and there is no instance in his novels, excepting this, of a deliberate and planned departure from the method of treatment which had been preëminently the source of his popularity as a novelist." Also Carlyle's "French Revolution" had recently appeared, and Froude tells us of the

tremendous hold it took on Dickens's mind. "He carried a copy of it with him wherever he went."

It was the Saint-Antoine quarter, seething into revolt, that was almost the protagonist of the early Paris chapters of the book. There, in a street the exact identity of which is a matter of no particular importance, was the wineshop of Monsieur and Madame Defarge. It was "haggard Saint-Antoine"; "clamorous Saint-Antoine"; "Saint-Antoine a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro"; "Saint-Antoine shouting and dancing his angry blood up"; "Saint-Antoine writing his crimes on flaring sheets of paper"; "Saint-Antoine sleeping and dreaming of the fresh vengeance of the morrow." Then the note changed. A new figure came to replace Saint-Antoine, a hideous figure that grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine. "It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented the hair from turning gray, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion, it was the national razor which shaved close; who kissed La Guillotine looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack."

But there were material scenes. Miss Pross "threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont Neuf"; from the Prison of the Abbaye, Gabelle wrote the letter beginning "Monsieur heretofore the Marquis"; Charles Darnay, journeying from England in response and making his way in bad equipages drawn by bad horses over bad roads, was consigned to La Force. Tellson's Bank was in

the Saint-Germain quarter, "in the wing of a large house, approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate"; Alexandre Manette wrote his story while in a doleful cell in the Bastille; part of the Palais de Justice as we see it to-day is the Conciergerie, where Évrémond awaited execution; it was on a spot which is now part of the beautiful Place de la Concorde that Sidney Carton made the supreme sacrifice. "He has described London," wrote one of his earliest critics, "like a special correspondent for posterity." The same might be said of his Paris of the *sans-culottes*, and the awakening of the Greater Jacquerie.

THE CONCIERGERIE

Dickens first saw Paris, to know it, in November, 1846. With his family he had left England the end of the preceding May, crossing to Belgium, and travelling by way of the Rhine to Switzerland, where a stay of several months was made. Then the party made its way from Geneva, journeying in three carriages and stopping between six and seven each evening. The arrival was a day later than expected, and the stop was at the Hotel Brighton in the Rue de Rivoli. Two years

earlier Dickens had passed through the city on his way to Italy. This time he was there for a stay of three months. His first experience was a "colossal" walk about the streets, half frightened by the brightness and brilliance, in the course of which his notice was attracted by a book in a shop window announced as "Les Mystères de Londres par Sir Trollopp." In frequent letters to Forster he practised his French, which was apparently very good, though one suspects references to the text-book or dictionary convenient to hand. Then Forster crossed the Channel to join him, and the Parisian education began in earnest. Together they passed through every variety of sightseeing—prisons, palaces, theatres, hospitals, the Morgue, the Saint-Lazare House of Detention, as well as the Louvre, Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and all the spots made memorable by the First Revolution. The comedian Regnier made them free of the green-room of the Français. They supped with Alexandre Dumas, and with Eugène Sue—then at the height of his fame—and met Théophile Gautier and Alphonse Karr. Forster relates:

> We saw Lamartine also, and had much friendly intercourse with Scribe, and with the good-natured Amédée Pichot. One day we visited in the Rue du Bac the sick and ailing Chateaubriand, whom we thought like Basil Montagu; found ourselves at the other extreme of opinion in the sculpture-room of David d'Angers; and closed that day at the house of Victor Hugo, by whom Dickens was received with infinite courtesy and grace. The great writer then occupied a floor in a noble corner house in the Place Royale, the old quarter of Ninon l'Enclos, and the people of the Regency. . . . I never saw upon any features so keenly intellectual such a soft and sweet

gentility, and certainly never heard the French language spoken with the picturesque distinctness given to it by Victor Hugo.

Even more pronounced in literary flavour was Dickens's second Paris residence of 1855–56. Then his social life was passed almost exclusively among writers, painters, actors, and musicians. His apartment was in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, within a door or two of the Jardin d'Hiver. The painter, Ary Scheffer, brought many distinguished Frenchmen there. Besides, he had the society of fellow craftsmen of his own nation. Wilkie Collins was in Paris, and the Brownings, and Thackeray (the estrangement between the two men over the Yates-Garrick Club case had not yet taken place) ran over from London to pay visits to his daughters, who, like the Dickenses, were living in the Champs-Élysées. At Scribe's table Dickens dined frequently, and found the dinners and the company to his liking. At the house of Madame Viardot, the sister of Malibran, he met George Sand, and was not greatly impressed. In his honour Émile de Girardin gave two banquets the descriptions of which read like pages from the "Arabian Nights" or from Dumas's "The Count of Monte-Cristo." This life ended late in April, 1856, when Dickens returned to London. In January, 1863, he visited Paris for the last time for the purpose of reading at the Embassy in behalf of the British Charitable Fund.

IV. THE TRAIL OF THE MUSKETEERS AND OTHERS

The Personal Alexandre Dumas—The "Novel Manufactory"—From Villers-Cotterets to Paris—Early Paris Homes—The Château of Monte Cristo—Dumas's Death at Dieppe—The City of the Valois—The Streets of the Musketeers.

IN A recent letter to the present Pilgrim, discussing certain Paris associations and memories, an American novelist spoke of a residence he had once occupied for many months in the Rue de Tournon. As a short cut to the identification of the general neighbourhood he wrote: "You know, it was just round the corner from the places where Aramis and Company used to hang out." It would have been difficult to have found a line of description more illuminating. For amazing as it may at first glance seem, the trail of "Aramis et Cie.", as Mr. Booth Tarkington rather oddly called them, a trail of the seventeenth century, is far easier to follow than the trails of the men and women of fiction who lived in the Paris of 1830, or even of 1860. But before taking up the subject of the city of the astonishing and delightful Messieurs Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Vingt Ans Après," and "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," there should be a consideration of the

Paris and the personality of their equally astonishing though not always equally delightful creator.

Perhaps the best way to understand Alexandre Dumas the Elder is to pick out from the thousand and one stories told of him those that seem least likely to be true. Add to these twenty or thirty of the best witticisms at his expense, including those of the son who at once adored and deplored him, and season the impression with a glance at a dozen of the cartoons depicting his thick lips and woolly pate. Finally throw in a bit of Monte Cristo, a suggestion of d'Artagnan and Porthos, something of Chicot the Jester, and a good deal of that arch humbug, Joseph Balsamo, alias Cagliostro. The result will probably be a kind of Arabian Nights figure at large in the modern western world, but it is to the atmosphere of Aladdin and his Lamp, and Ali-Baba, and the Young King of the Black Isles that we turn for the full flavour of the grandson of the St. Domingo negress, Marie Cessette Dumas, the son of the "Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol," and the father of the rather austere moralist of "Le Demi Monde."

"My father is a big baby," once said Alexandre *fils;* "he is so vain that he would climb up on the back of his own coach in order that people might think that he kept a negro footman. He is a great devil of all the vanities." Like Edmond Dantès in the plenitude of power he flung his money to the four winds of heaven; in his château of "Monte-Cristo" the table was always set for an army of shady sycophants, but unlike Dantès, who was forever discharging not only his own debts but those of others, Dumas was ever a thorn in the side

of the trusting tradesman. To get the money to fling broadcast he would sign any contract, undertake any task. His employment of a small army of collaborators to help write the books to which he appended his name—his "Novel Manufactury: House of Alexandre Dumas and Company"—may perhaps be extenuated. His aides, with the possible exception of Maquet, were never able to do anything by themselves, and, to quote Thackeray: "Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds?" But in later life he resorted to expedients which permit of no apology. Signing up for a series of articles on snakes, and collecting payment in advance, he would fulfill his part of the contract by writing: "We now come to the boa-constrictor. Let us consider what my learned friend Dr. So-and-So has to say." Then four pages copied, *verbatim*, from an encyclopedia, and the concluding original lines: "In our next paper we shall take up that interesting little creature, the asp." To that depth he was willing to descend for money. To attract attention to himself when interest was on the wane he played a fiddle in the windows of boulevard cafés. Our judgments scorn him; our hearts continue to love him as they love his creations.

A few years ago allusion to Dumas's birthplace at Villers-Cotterets (he was born July 24, 1802), would have had little meaning. Now the fact that the town is a close neighbour of Château-Thierry gives a new significance. From Villers-Cotterets, in 1823, Dumas took coach for Paris and his first home in the city was at

No. 9 Rue de Bouloi, a still-existing street not far from the Palais Royal. Thence he soon removed to the near-by Rue Herold, then known as the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, incidentally a street in which Thackeray and his young bride went to live just after their marriage. Dumas's next residence was in the present Place Boieldieu, directly back of the Opéra Comique, and after that he lived, with his mother, on the second floor of No. 53 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis, next door to the old *cabaret*, "Au Lion d'Argent." Then for the nine years from 1824 to 1833 he was on the south bank, at No. 25 Rue de l'Université, on the south-eastern corner of the Rue du Bac. That was the period of the Dumas in which we are least interested, the Dumas of the theatre, of "Henri III," "Christine," and "Anthony." The great romances "Monte-Cristo" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires" were written at No. 22 Rue de Rivoli (which number was then between the Rue des Pyramides and the Rue Saint-Roch close to the Jeanne d'Arc statue), at No. 109 Rue de Richelieu, and No. 45 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

MEUNG. WHERE D'ARTAGNAN FIRST APPEARED UPON THE SCENE OF FICTION

Then, from 1847 to 1854, the Monte-Cristo period, Dumas had rented a villa at Saint-Germain, and, find-

ing the countryside to his liking, decided to erect a château according to his own ideas. "Dumas's Folly" was what it was called, though everyone was anxious to see it and to enjoy its hospitality. Five or six hundred guests went from Paris to share in the housewarming, and to be afterward entertained in the Saint-Germain theatre with the improvised play, "Shakepeare et Dumas." The château consisted of a ground floor and two upper ones, and was surrounded by a stone balcony. There was a frieze formed by a series of medallions, each representing some famous author, beginning with Homer and ending with Victor Hugo. "I don't see you among them, Monsieur Dumas," said a visitor. "Oh, I shall be inside," was the reply. Over the front door of "Monte-Cristo" were the Dumas arms with his motto: *J'aime qui m'aime*, which may be roughly and yet appropriately translated by the ribald chorus:

> I don't give give a damn for any damn man
> Who don't give a damn for me.

To "Monte-Cristo" repaired a swarm of adventurers, male and female. It was necessary only to express admiration of this novel or that to win an invitation to dine and spend the night. Once installed, the flatterer was hard to dislodge. Dumas, in his good nature, usually invented the excuse that explained the prolonged stay. There was the typical case of the "thermometer man." That was the person for whom the novelist, to avoid turning him adrift, invented the duty of going every day to find what the thermometer regis-

tered. "I assure you, my dear fellow, that you will be doing me a very great service: there is an intimate connection between theatrical receipts and the condition of the atmosphere, and it is most important for me to be well informed on this point." From "Monte Cristo" Dumas could no more turn away an animal than he could a man. There were vultures, apes, parrots, pheasants, and a varied assortment of fowls. Above all there were dogs. Finally the number of the dogs reached thirteen, which Dumas considered unlucky. His servant suggested turning away one. "No, Michel, bring in another; that will make fourteen."

But women naturally made the most of the lavish hospitality. The château was ruled by a succession of fair *châtelaines*, mostly of the theatrical profession. When one of them departed from "Monte Cristo" she usually took the best of the furniture as a souvenir of her stay. Consequently there was need of continual replenishment. Dumas was not blind to the situation. Sometimes he would be working in his kiosque at the novel on hand, and would be disturbed by the shouting of those who were gathered round his bountiful table. Then he would grumble a little. "I don't say that it does not give me pleasure to write my novels, but it is not quite the same pleasure as that of my friends who do not write them." Again he said: "Hereafter men will describe me as a *panier percé*, as they will perhaps forget that it was not always I who made the hole in the basket." Yet when, during one of his absences, the actress who was for the time being installed as *châtelaine* wrote frantically asking him what was to be done

about the servants' wine, saying: "There is no more *vin ordinaire* left in the cellars—nothing, in fact, but champagne," his reply was: "Let them have the champagne; it will do them good."

Even his extraordinary earnings—fifty thousand dollars a year is a conservative estimate of the average of the 'forties, when the purchasing power of both franc and dollar were far higher than now—could not support this existence forever. In 1854 he disappeared into Belgium, taking up his residence in the Boulevard Waterloo in Brussels. He returned to Paris in 1856 and for ten years lived at No. 77 Rue d'Amsterdam. From 1866 till 1870 his residence was at No. 107 Boulevard Malesherbes. Then came the war, the defeat, and the march of the Prussians on Paris. In the middle of September it was found necessary to move him out of harm's way. Weak and ailing he was taken to the house that his son had erected at Puys, on the Norman coast, near Dieppe. There he died on the 5th of December, 1870.

There are naturally as many Parises in the novels of Dumas as there were distinct periods of French history which, to use his own words, he tried to elevate to the dignity of romance. It is enough here to consider three: the Paris of the Valois; the Paris of the Musketeers, which means the city from 1625 to 1660; and the Paris of "Monte Cristo," which belonged to the early half of the last century. Indeed, as "Monte Cristo" is to be considered first of all as a story of Marseilles, attention here may be confined entirely to the city that knew Chicot, and the city that knew d'Artagnan. Very

little of Valois Paris is left to-day, but here and there the searcher is able to find monuments and bits of old streets that recall the scenery familiar to the Reine Margot, to Bussy-d'Amboise, and the Forty-five Guardsmen.

The Valois triology begins with the marriage of Marguerite de France and the Béarnais, Henri de Navarre. The religious ceremony was performed under the grand portal of Notre Dame, for Henri's heresy forbade his marriage within. Then followed the festivities in the old Louvre. "There is no change in these walls," said Benjamin Ellis Martin, "since that day, except that a vaulted ceiling took the place, in 1806, of the original oaken beams, which had served for rare hangings, not of tapestries, but of men. The long corridors and square rooms above, peopled peaceably by pictures now, echoed to the rushing of frightened feet on the night of Saint-Bartholomew, when Margot saved the life of her husband that was and of her lover that was to be. Hidden within the massive walls of Philippe-Auguste's building is a spiral staircase of his time connecting the Salle des Sept Cheminées with the floor below, and beneath that with the cumbrous underground portions of his old Louvre. As one gropes down the worn steps, around the sharp turns deep below the surface, visions appear of Valois conspiracy and of the intrigues of the Florentine queen-mother."

Perhaps best remembered of all the splendid scenes of the Valois triology are the duel between the *mignons* of the King and the followers of the Duke of Guise and the great fight for life made by Bussy-d'Amboise against

the assassins of the Comte de Monsoreau. Both those episodes Dumas drew from the pages of Brantôme, telling the story much more dramatically than Brantôme told it. Let the traveller of to-day take his stand before the Victor Hugo house in the Place des Vosges and he will be almost on the exact spot where, on Sunday, April 27, 1578, took place the conflict from which Antraguet alone survived, while Quélus, Schomberg, Livarot, Ribeirac, and Maugiron either perished on the ground or died from wounds. Quélus, the King's favourite, pierced by nineteen wounds, lingered for a month in Hotel de Boissy, in the near-by Rue Saint-Antoine, which the King had closed with chains against traffic. The irreverent Parisians, alluding to the King's grief, suggested that the Pont Neuf, of which the foundations had just been laid, should be called the "Bridge of Tears." Also in the Rue Saint-Antoine, at the corner of what is now the Rue Sévigné, which begins almost opposite the Lycée Charlemagne, was the town house of the Comte de Monsoreau. To this house, says Brantôme, Bussy d'Amboise, done with Margot, was lured by a note written by the countess, under her husband's orders and eyes, giving her lover, Bussy, his usual rendezvous during the count's absence. This time the count was at home, with a group of his armed men, and there, on the night of August 19, 1579, the gallant was duly and thoroughly done to death. In the pages of Dumas the duel followed the assassination by a few hours; historically the duel preceded the killing of Bussy by almost sixteen months. Two inns likely to be recalled by readers of the Valois trilogy

were the "Corne d'Abondance," the scene of some of Chicot's memorable exploits, which was in the Rue Saint-Jacques, on the south side of the river; and the "Sword of the Brave Chevalier," the meeting place of the Forty Five, in the Rue de Bussy, now the Rue de Buci, near the modern Boulevard Saint-Germain.

But after all Chicot is not quite D'Artagnan, nor is "Marguerite de Valois" "Les Trois Mousquetaires." So back to the old quarter hard by the Luxembourg and the trail with which this chapter began. It was in 1625 that the youthful Gascon entered Paris astride his orange-coloured horse Rosinante. Then the Luxembourg Palace was a comparatively new structure, having been begun in 1615 and finished in 1620. D'Artagnan's grip on his sword hilt was justified by the conditions of life in the Paris which he had invaded and was determined to conquer. Richelieu had done something to improve matters, but the city was still internally chaotic. Most of the streets were unpaved. Great stones obstructed the thoroughfares. There was little sewerage, and huge puddles, breeding disease and exhaling fetid odours, remained in the gutters weeks after a rain. The streets were unlighted. People abroad at night carried lanterns, but these flitting and flickering lights failed to awe the robbers, who flourished in great numbers, often boldly carrying on their rascalities in broad daylight. As lawless as the highwaymen were the pages and lackeys, who spent their nights in insulting passersby, carrying off young girls, fighting the watch, and knocking in the doors of shops. Parliament was virtually powerless. Highway robbery was

so common that the witnesses of a theft amused themselves by laughing at the expense of the victim without attempting to prevent its commission. Assassins plied their vocations in the public squares and markets. The administration of justice was primitive and a long rapier more imposing than any number of legal documents. To inspire deference one had to be either a great nobleman or a man of arms. Imagine that old city and then start at the Luxembourg, always bearing in mind the important fact that there was then no broad Boulevard Saint-Michel, and that travel between the Palace and the river was by means of the winding Rue de la Harpe, of which a bit still remains.

The Luxembourg Palace fronts on the Rue Vaugirard, the longest street in Paris. It is the starting point of the trail of the Musketeers as we knew them in the first book. The apartment of Aramis was in that street, just east of the Rue de Cassette. It was on the ground floor, discreetly easy of entrance and of exit, and its windows looked out on the Luxembourg Gardens opposite. The site is as easy to find as Battery Park or Boston Common. Athos lived in the Rue Ferou, within two steps of the Luxembourg. The paving and style of architecture may have changed, but it is still the Rue Ferou, and runs from the Rue Vaugirard to the Place Saint-Sulpice. On the other side of the Place Saint-Sulpice is the Rue du Vieux Colombier where Porthos had his pretended residence, an apartment of much elegance according to his story, but to which none of his friends had ever been invited. D'Artagnan's first home in Paris was in what was then the Rue des Fossoyeurs.

It is now the Rue Servandoni, and is the next parallel street to the east of the Rue Ferou, the two thoroughfares being still joined by the curious little Rue du Canivet. It was close by the home of Aramis that took place the duel surpassing even that of "La Dame de Monsoreau," that encounter in which D'Artagnan threw in his lot with Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, about to engage the Cardinal's Guards, led by the redoubtable Jussac.

In the third decade of the seventeenth century the Bois de Boulogne was far beyond the city walls. Elsewhere to be discussed is the trail of the Musketeers outside of Paris. But after the return from England with the diamond necklace the young Gascon repaired, in obedience to the letter from Constance Bonacieux, to the pavilion at Saint-Cloud, leaving the city by the Porte de la Conference, and riding through the Bois de Boulogne. The pavilion, under which D'Artagnan watched through the night, was destroyed by the Prussians during the siege of Paris. The home of Porthos's "Duchess" was in the Rue aux Ours. What remains of that street, retaining the same name, is to be found not far from where the Boulevard de Sebastopol is diagonally crossed by the Rue de Turbigo. It was there that Porthos, seeking to solve the problem of his equipment, went to dine with Madame Coquenard, her husband, and the ravenous clerks. The studies of old Paris of M. Franklin throw additional light on the humours of the feast. Forks, which came into usage among the nobility in the beginning of the seventeenth century, did not find their way into the households of the *bour-*

geoisie until the beginning of the eighteenth, so the huge and fastidious Musketeer was reduced to employing his fingers in gobbling down the distasteful repast.

Dumas may have occasionally played "ducks and drakes" with history. But in the study of his settings he exercised a care and pursuit of accuracy with which he is seldom credited. It might be supposed that a man of his abounding imagination would trouble himself little about documentary research or local colour at first hand. As a matter of fact, he had a passion for investigating the places with which his books were concerned. "I cannot," he said, "make either a book or a play on localities I have not seen." For "Monte Cristo," not only the island itself, but Marseilles and the Château d'If had to be revisited. "Les Trois Mousquetaires" involved going to Boulogne and Béthune. The background of the first incarnation was the Latin Quarter section, especially the streets between the Luxembourg and the Place Saint-Sulpice. The trail often carried beyond the river, such as when the adventure which D'Artagnan regretted to the end of his life, the trick played on Milady, led him to the structure in the Place Royale, now the Place des Vosges, in which Victor Hugo was to live, and Dumas to visit more than two hundred years later; there was in the Rue de la Harpe the ceaseless clatter of troopers riding between the Luxembourg and the Louvre; but to be in the heart of the land of "The Three Musketeers" one does not have to travel very far away from a comfortable table at Foyot's.

Between 1625 and 1645 the scene of action in Paris

changed, moving from the south bank of the Seine to the north. D'Artagnan, travelling with the current of life, found lodgings in the "Auberge de la Chevrette" kept by the pretty Flemish Madeleine in the Rue Tiquetonne. It is the Rue Tiquetonne to-day, arching from the Rue Montmartre to the Rue de Turbigo, and there was, until a short time ago at least, a certain Hotel de Picardie, which carried with it a suggestion of the astute and prosperous Planchet. As lieutenant of the King's Musketeers D'Artagnan's activities called for a residence in this part of the city. The action of "Vingt Ans Après" begins in the Palais Royal, which was then known as the Palais Cardinal. It sweeps up and down the Rue Saint-Honoré, and takes d'Artagnan to the Bastille there to release temporarily the Count de Rochefort, his evil genius of the early days. Starting the search for Aramis the Gascon wisely looks first for Bazin and finds that worthy acting in the capacity of beadle in Notre Dame. In the Rue des Lombards, which in the seventeenth century was invaded by the

D'ARTAGNAN'S LODGING

grocers and spice dealers who hold it to the present day, Planchet was growing rich and living over his shop at the sign of "Le Pilon d'Or." The favourite duelling place was no longer the point by the Luxembourg gardens where met the Rue Vaugirard and the Rue Cassette. It had shifted to the Place Royale of an earlier century. There, with anguished mistrust in their hearts, Athos and Aramis of the party of the Fronde, and Porthos and D'Artagnan of the side of the Queen and the Cardinal, met to come to a definite understanding. The ties of the glorious past of their youth were too strong. When they parted they had adopted forever the motto "One for all, and all for one." Enough of the city of the Musketeers. But the trail is not to end there. In another chapter, to paraphrase Stevenson, we shall say: "Come, D'Artagnan, once again we shall ride together to Belle-Isle!"

V. THE PARIS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC

The Paris of Opening Paragraphs—The Rue Lesdiguières—The Happily Forgotten Novels—Balzac as Law Student and Publisher—In the Rue Visconti—The Secret of Achievement—The "Hotel des Haricots"—The Hidden Chambers—"Les Jardies"—The "Maison Vauquer"—The Faubourg Saint-Germain—The Rue du Doyenné—the Haunts of César Birotteau.

IF ALL copies, in all languages, of all the books of the "Comédie Humaine" were to be deleted of everything but the opening paragraphs, there would still remain a Paris of Balzac worthy of serious consideration and study. For so closely was narrative woven into the very fibre of Paris that the logical way of beginning was by the setting of the definite scene. To illustrate by reference to certain of the most widely known books: In "Le Père Goriot," the first sentence informs us that "Mme. Vauquer (*née* de Conflans) had for forty years kept a *pension bourgeoise* in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg Saint-Marcel." "La Peau de Chagrin" plunges the reader at once with Raphael into the Palais Royal and the gambling den where he staked and lost. "Le Cousin Pons" is first presented walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, "with his head bent down, as if tracking someone." The Rue Saint-Honoré, near the Place Vendôme, is the opening

note of "The Rise and Fall of Cesar Birotteau." The pompous Crevel, in the uniform of a captain of the National Guard, is being driven down the Rue de l'Université as the curtain rises for "La Cousine Bette." Nor are these chance streets and neighbourhoods. Just one hundred years have passed since November, 1819, when the story of "Le Père Goriot" began, yet if the American visitor in Paris will seek out the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, now the Rue Tournefort, and pass through the gateway of No. 24, he will realize that no other spot on earth could have served as the setting for the drama involving the French Lear, and the evil schemes of Vautrin, alias "Trompe-la-mort."

To begin this survey of Balzac's Paris with a note imitative of the Balzac note, turn to the novelist's first attic, which was at the top of the old house No. 9 Rue Lesdiguières. The Rue Lesdiguières still exists. It is near the Place de la Bastille, and runs from the Rue Saint-Antoine to the Rue de la Cerisaie, crossing the Boulevard Henri IV on the way. But the house is gone; demolished in 1866 to make way for the spacious avenue that sweeps across an end of the Isle Saint-Louis and serves as the connecting link between the boulevards of the right bank and the Boulevard Saint-Germain. To use Balzac's own words in "Facino Cane," "I was then living in a small street you probably do not know, the Rue des Lesdiguières. It commences at the Rue Saint-Antoine, opposite a fountain near the Place de la Bastille, and issues in the Rue de la Cerisaie. Love of knowledge had driven me into a garret, where I worked during the night, and spent the day in a neighbouring

library, that of *Monsieur*. When it was fine, I took rare walks on the Bourdon Boulevard."

Balzac speaks of the "Library of *Monsieur*." It is a bit of affectation comparable to his insistence on the aristocratic prefix to his name. It is the Library of the Arsenal, after the Bibliothèque Nationale the richest of all Paris libraries; begun by François I, rebuilt by the Valois kings; enlarged by Henri IV; and occupied as a residence by Henri's grand master of artillery, Sully. Among the treasures still to be found there are the cross-examination of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and the death certificate of the Man in the Iron Mask; while a curator of recent years was M. Funck-Brentano, who has popularly presented to the world so many of the dramas and intrigues of French history. It was in the library by day and the garret by night that Balzac began that life of terrific toil in which he persisted until the end. To those years belong the happily forgotten novels of his prentice hand: "Le Centenaire," "L'Heritage de Birague," "Wann Chlone," "Jean Louis," "Le Vicaire des Ardennes"—to recall a few—issued under such grotesque pen names as: "Horace de Saint-Aubin" and "Lord R'hoone," the latter an anagram of Honoré. To the garret he took his scant supply of food, and carried up from the court pump the bucket of water needed for the making of the coffee that was to sustain him through the long nights of pen work. At No. 9 Rue des Lesdiguières, where he lived for fifteen months, he was digging his too-early grave and building the foundations of his immortal labour. His only relaxations were the long walks that gave him

his amazing knowledge of every corner of the Paris of his time, and the hours of building day dreams as he contemplated the city from the heights of the cemetery of Père Lachaise.

That was the period of Balzac the ineffectual novelist. Before that there had been Balzac the law student. The next incarnation was Balzac the publisher and printer. There is, near the École des Beaux Arts, between the Rue Bonaparte and the Rue de Seine, a little street so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass in it. It is now the Rue Visconti. A century ago it was known as the Rue des Marais Saint-Germain. There, at No. 17, a house that was later occupied by the studio of Paul Delaroche, Balzac established the printing press that ruined him. His first idea was to bring out compact editions of the complete works of different authors in one volume, and he began with Molière and La Fontaine. That venture alone saddled him with 15,000 francs of debt. Finally, about the beginning of 1828,

THE RUE VISCONTI

printing press and type foundry were sold at a ruinous sacrifice, and Balzac faced life with obligations amounting to 120,000 francs hanging over him. Of this money 37,600 francs had been loaned by the novelist's mother, and 45,000 francs by Madame de Berny. The latter sum was paid back in full in 1836, the year of Madame de Berny's death.

As a printer Balzac had lived over his shop. In what is now the Rue Visconti he began "Les Chouans." It was the first book to bear his real name as author, and he finished it in his next home, which was at No. 2 Rue de Tournon, a street which has undergone few if any changes since Balzac dwelt there. Then, in 1831, he moved to the Rue Cassini, near the Observatoire. A companion there was Jules Sandeau, who had recently broken away from George Sand. Despite the separation Madame Dudevant was in the habit of paying occasional visits to the Rue Cassini, and Balzac returned these visits, puffing up the stairs of the five-storied house of the Quai Saint-Michel at the top of which she lived. He called to advise her about her writing, but soon turned to the more congenial topic of his own work. "Ah, I have found something else! You will see! You will see! A splendid idea! A situation! A dialogue! Nobody has ever done anything like it!" George Sand listened patiently, and as reward Balzac portrayed her with kindly flattery as Mlle. des Touches, in "Béatrix."

In the Rue Cassini Balzac lived for a number of years, there writing, among others, "La Peau de Chagrin," "Eugénie Grandet," "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "La Médecin de Campagne," "Le Père Goriot," "Le

Curé de Tours," "César Birotteau," "Louis Lambert," "La Duchesse de Langeais," "La Femme de Trente Ans," and the first part of "Illusions Perdues." It was during this period that Werdet became his publisher, and drew that vivid, unforgetable picture of his daily life when he was in the full swing of creative invention:

> He usually goes to bed at eight o'clock, after a light dinner, washed down by a glass of Vouvray. He is again at his desk by two in the morning. He writes from that time till six, refreshing himself occasionally with coffee from a pot kept in the fireplace. At six he has his bath, in which he remains for an hour, meditating. Then I call; I am admitted to bring proofs, to take away the corrected ones, and to wrest, if possible, fresh manuscript from him. From nine he writes till noon, when he breakfasts on two boiled eggs and some bread, and from one to six the labour of correction goes on again. This life lasts for six weeks or two months during which time he refuses to see even his most intimate friends; then he plunges again into the ordinary affairs of life, or mysteriously disappears, to be next heard of in some distant part of France, or perhaps in Corsica, Sardinia, or Italy.

There was one Paris residence of Balzac which must not be entirely forgotten, albeit it was one whose hospitality the novelist neither invited nor enjoyed. That was the old prison of the National Guard, known flippantly as the "Hotel des Haricots." Balzac, unlike the Crevel of his "La Cousine Bette," loathed the compulsory service, and evaded it on all possible occasions. Once he hid himself in a remote quarter under the name of "Madame Durand." A friend, learning his whereabouts, sent him a letter addressed: "Madame Durand, *née* Balzac." Again and again Balzac matched his

wits against those of the searching authorities, but occasionally he was caught, and forced to serve a term of punishment which was annoying though involving no great personal hardship.

Even after he moved to the Rue des Batailles, in the Passy section, then a retired and country-like suburb of Paris, Balzac retained the rooms in the Rue Cassini as a refuge from over-insistent creditors. The Rue des Batailles quarters were described in "La Fille aux Yeux d'Or." They were very luxurious, but connected with them were two secret chambers, one fitted up with a camp bedstead and the other with a writing table. Concealed doors led to these hiding places which were used whenever Balzac was pursued by emissaries of the Garde Nationale, creditors, or enraged editors. Even Passy was not far enough away to discourage the visits of these pests; so in 1838 Balzac bought three acres of ground at Ville-d'Avray, a little village near Sèvres, on the road to Versailles. There, at No. 14 Rue Gambetta, "Les Jardies" may be seen to-day, a shrine to the statesman Gambetta, who died there, and no less a shrine to the creator of the "Comédie Humaine."

"There are in Paris certain streets," wrote Balzac in "Ferragus"—"as dishonoured as can be any man convicted of infamy; then there are noble streets, also streets that are simply honest, also young streets concerning whose morality the public has not yet formed any opinion; then there are murderous streets, streets older than the oldest possible dowagers, estimable streets, streets that are always clean, streets that are

always dirty, workingmen's streets, students' streets, and mercantile streets. In short, the streets of Paris have human qualities, and impress us by their physiognomy with certain ideas against which we are defenceless." Given the seer-like vision of a Balzac that is the story of the streets of any great city that boasts a history.

The trail that leads to the homes associated with Balzac's own life is of minor significance to that which follows the footsteps of the men and women who live in the pages of his "Comédie Humaine." For the Hulots, Marneffes, Goriots, Rastignacs, Nucingens, and Rubémpres stalk the streets of Lutétia, while the dust of the great romancer lies yonder in Père Lachaise. But though the types remain, imagination has to be brought freely into play for the reconstruction of the old stage setting. For most of it was long ago pickaxed out of sight, swept away in the course of the gigantic changes wrought by Baron Haussmann during the Second Empire. Such Balzacian structures as still exist and retain the flavour of the Paris of 1830–40 are almost all to be found on the south side of the Seine. Take the most vivid of them all, the Maison Vauquer, called by Henry James the "most portentous setting of the scene in all the literature of fiction."

There is no American with four days to spend in Paris who will not find time to visit the gardens of the Luxembourg, and thence walk up the Rue Soufflot for a glimpse of the Panthéon. Let the reader, for the moment, assume that as his situation, and continue the journey a little farther, veering off to the right, and

passing down the Rue de l'Estrapade. A moment's glance at a map will make it all plain sailing. Where the Rue de l'Estrapade comes to an abrupt end in a little triangle, turn to the right and follow the Rue Tournefort, which in Balzac's day was known by its original name of Rue Neuve Sainte-Geneviève. Now, as then, it seems to creep timidly over the brow of the historic hill, then sharply to break into descent as it approaches the Rue de l'Arbalète. Now as then the pomp and glitter of Paris seem far away. Stop before the house that bears the number 24. In the course of many visits the writer has never seen the door leading into the courtyard when it was not half open in apparent welcome. Push and enter. There, to study with the utmost freedom, is the little garden where Vautrin poured his insidious poison into the too willing ear of Eugène. From a corner which has been converted into a storehouse for wood, the Pilgrim peering through dingy windows, looks into the very dining room where "Trompe-la-mort" was taken by the soldiers and the police, and turned his terrible eyes on his betrayers, Mlle. Michonneau and "Fil-

THE MAISON VAUQUER—"THE MOST PORTENTOUS SETTING OF THE SCENE IN ALL THE LITERATURE OF FICTION"—*Henry James*

de-Soie." Fiction possesses no more convincing pile of brick and mortar.

That shabby *pension bourgeoise* in the Rue Neuve Sainte-Geneviève where Goriot suffered and died was in sharp contrast to the surroundings of the adored daughters for whom he stripped himself to the last sou. From far across the Seine these daughters came in stately equipages, not through a sense of filial devotion, but in the greedy hope of being able to wheedle some fresh sacrifice. The Comtesse de Restaud, Anastasie, lived in the Rue du Helder, a street, then fashionable, running from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Boulevard Haussmann. Madame de Nucingen, Delphine, lived in the Rue Saint-Lazare. From there she and Eugène de Rastignac drove to the Palais Royal in order that he, a beginner, might risk a hundred francs for her in the hope of winning enough to meet her immediate needs. Near the Théâtre Français the carriage stopped, and Eugène, alighting, found his way to a hell in a near-by street. The number above the door was 9, and Rastignac, staking on number 21, the figure of his own age, and restaking on the red, carried back to his lady the sum of seven thousand francs.

In Balzac's day the quarter of Paris chosen by wealth, as opposed to *sang azur*, which clung to its Faubourg Saint-Germain, was in the neighbourhood of the present Gare Saint-Lazare. The favourite street was the Rue de la Pépinière, continued by the Rue Saint-Lazare. Another fashionable street was the Rue de Provence, and there Balzac placed the house of the seven courtesans, of "Les Comédiens sans le Savoir." The present Opera

and its *Place* did not then exist, nor was there any Avenue de l'Opéra. One of the cluster of narrow streets then lying between the boulevards and the Louvre was the Rue de Langlade where, in "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes," Vautrin found Esther la Torpille at death's door.

In the beginning of "Une Double Famille" Balzac emphasized the darkness and unhealthiness of the region about the old church of Saint-Merri. In that section were the Rue des Lombards where Matifat presided over the wholesale drug business; and the Rue Aubry le Boucher, once the Rue des Cinq Diamants, where Popinot of "Cesar Birotteau" had his shop. The house described in "Une Double Famille" was in the Rue Tourniquet-Saint-Jean, which was only five feet wide at its broadest, and was cleaned only when it rained.

But it is to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, now little more than a name, that one turns for the shades of the aristocratic women of the "Comédie Humaine." There was Rastignac's relative, the Vicomtesse de Beauseaunt, one of the queens of fashion, whose *hôtel* was thought to be the pleasantest in all the Faubourg, and where one found the best-dressed women of the great world of Paris—Lady Brandon, the Duchesse de Langeais, the Comtesse de Kergarouet, the Comtesse Ferraud, Mme. de Lanty, Mme. de Sérizy, the Marquise de Listomère, the Duchesse de Carigliano, the Marquise d'Aiglemont, the Marquise d'Éspard, Mme. Firmiani, and the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, attended by the gilded and insolent youth of the period, the Maulincourts, Maximes

de Trailles, Ronquerolles, Ajuda-Pintos, and Vandenesses. Even the tradition of the quarter has been shaken by the Great War, and for years before August, 1914, little but tradition remained.

On the south bank of the river, almost opposite where the Palace of the Tuileries once stood, there is a small street, the Rue de Beaune, running from the Quai Voltaire to the Rue de l'Université. It is reached by crossing the Pont Royal and turning to the left. Where the Rue de Beaune abuts on the Quai Voltaire is the house in which Voltaire died, and from which his body, wrapped in a dressing gown and held up by straps, like a traveller asleep, was taken in a coach for interment outside Paris at the Abbey of Scellières in Champagne. Next to that house there was until a few years ago an antiquary's shop, which had been there in Balzac's day, and which had often tempted the novelist to extravagances that made heavier and heavier the burden of his debts. That shop was the background of the first act of "La Peau de Chagrin," for the opening scene in the Palais Royal gambling house was the briefest of prologues. It was with the determination of self-destruction that Raphael de Valentin descended the staircase of No. 36 after the turn of the cards had reduced him to penury. He left the galleries of the Palais Royal, walked as far as the Rue Saint-Honoré, crossed the Tuileries gardens, and then the Pont Royal to the left bank. It was the spectacle of Raphael looking down at the swirling waters that moved Balzac to the often-quoted saying that the newspaper paragraph: "Yesterday, at four o'clock, a young woman threw

herself into the Seine from the Pont des Arts," contained the essence of the greatest human drama. But Raphael, shuddering at the visions conjured up by his burning imagination, crossed the *quai*, and entered the antiquary's shop where he found the magic skin which granted every wish, but with every wish decreased in size, diminishing, with its shrinking, the life of its possessor.

On the site occupied by the present Sorbonne, at the corner of the Place de la Sorbonne and the Rue Neuve de Richelieu, was the famous Flicoteau of "Illusions Perdues." In that restaurant of old Bohemia where Lucien de Rubempré met Lousteau and d'Arthez, a dinner of three dishes and a *carafon* of wine might be had for a franc. Not French Bohemians only gathered there. Thackeray knew it and wrote of it in "Philip," and Bulwer-Lytton described it at length.

Raphael de Valentin lived in a dilapidated *hôtel garni* in the Rue des Cordiers known as the Hotel Saint-Quentin. "Nothing could be more horrible than that garret with its dirty, yellow walls, smelling of poverty, its sloping ceiling, and the loosened tiles, affording glimpses of the sky." Once Jean Jacques Rousseau had lived in that hostelry, or in a similar one close by, a fact which served somewhat to reconcile Raphael to the misery of his surroundings. Approximately the spot is easy to locate, for it was near the corner of the still-existing Rue de Cluny. But the Hotel Saint-Quentin and the Rue des Cordiers have long since vanished, swept away to make room for certain new buildings of the Sorbonne.

The old Pont Neuf. This bridge, the oldest of all spanning the Seine, has been to French fiction what the Rialto was to the gossips of mediæval Venice. Balzac said: "Drama's essence is in the words: 'Yesterday, at four o'clock, a woman threw herself into the river from the Pont Neuf.'"

Like the Hotel Saint-Quentin, the Rue du Doyenné has to depend on imagination for reconstruction. It was in the Rue du Doyenné that, in "La Cousine Bette" Baron Hulet first saw Valérie Marneffe, and that meeting and the old quarter as pictured by Balzac are fascinating even in the memory. Recall the words:

> Between the little gate leading to the Pont du Carrousel and the Rue du Musée, everyone having come to Paris, were it but a few days, must have seen a dozen houses with a decayed frontage where the dejected owners have attempted no repairs, the remains of an old block of buildings of which the destruction was begun at the time Napoleon contemplated the completion of the Louvre. This street and the blind-alley known as the Impasse du Doyenné are the only passages into this gloomy and forsaken block, inhabited perhaps by ghosts, for there is never any one to be seen. The pavement is much below the footway of the Rue du Musée, on a level with that of the Rue Froidmanteau. Thus, half sunken by the raising of the soil, these houses are also wrapped in the perpetual shadow cast by the lofty buildings of the Louvre, darkened on that side by the northern blast. Darkness, silence, an icy chill, and the cavernous depth of the soil combine to make these houses a kind of crypt, tombs of the living. Driving in a *fiacre* past this spot, and chancing to look down the little Rue du Doyenné, a shudder freezes the soul, and we wonder who can live there, and what things may be done there at night, at an hour when the alley is a cut-throat pit, and the vices of Paris run riot under the cloak of darkness.

That block of black old eighteenth-century houses, which in Balzac's time knew the presence of Gautier and Gavarni, long since fell before the pickaxe of improvement. But the traveller of to-day, taking his place in the Place du Carrousel by the statues of Gambetta and of Lafayette, and drinking in with

his eyes the marvellous view to the west, through the gardens of the Tuileries, across the Place de la Concorde, up the sweep of the Champs-Élysées, past the Rond-Point, and on to the great Arch, is standing on the exact ground once trod by the dainty feet of *la Marneffe*.

There is, at the corner of the Rue Saint-Honoré and the Rue Castiglione, a hostelry retaining something of the old French flavour, known as the Hotel de France et Choiseul. With the virtues or the shortcomings of its *cuisine* and management the present discussion has nothing to do, the interest at issue being that just across the street from the hotel, on the north side of the way, was the retail establishment of M. Cesar Birotteau. There César began his Paris life as an errand boy for the Ragons, there he was carried wounded and lay hidden after the 13 *Vendémiaire;* there he made the fortune from his "Eau Carminative," and his "Double Pâté des Sultanes" that he lost in speculation in waste ground about the Madeleine. Looking back on that venture we realize that it was César's luck and not his judgment that was at fault, for land about the Madeleine is now as valuable as any in Paris. In outward aspect the Rue Saint-Honoré, with its narrow pavement and its tall, thin houses, is much the same as it was when Balzac, in the fever of creation, irritably dismissed such topics of conversation as politics, the Opera, or the Bourse, saying: "Come. Let us discuss real people! I must tell you about César Birotteau and the new perfume that he has just invented." But the opening up of the Avenue de l'Opéra, which took

place since Balzac's day, wrought vast changes in the business conditions of this section of the city. Cesar's establishment to-day would probably be found in the Rue de la Paix, or on one of the boulevards not too far from the Place de l'Opéra.

VI. SINISTER STREETS

Slums of Paris—Ancient Streets—The Old Cité of "Les Mystères de Paris"—The Personal Eugène Sue—"Les Mystères," and "Le Juif Errant" as Serials—The Underworld of 1840—Caverns in the Cours la Reine—Paul de Kock—His Amazing Popularity—The Tribute of Major Pendennis—The Paris of Émile Gaboriau.

IT WAS the American, Richard Harding Davis, who, in "About Paris," made the extraordinary statement that Paris was a city without slums. Entertaining as Mr. Davis's book was, the author's knowledge of his subject was, above all at the time of writing, extremely limited. What he undoubtedly meant was

that Paris slums were not exactly like the slums of New York or Philadelphia. But reading in any explanation whatever the statement was enough to have stirred Honoré de Balzac and Victor Hugo, not to mention Eugène Sue, in their graves. If the outward and visible manifestation of the slum means the dim, narrow, tortuous street, the dingy, moldering structure, and the broken, uneven roadway, old Paris was little more than one vast slum. And, though the American traveller who elects to spend all his time on the brilliant boulevards, or in the newer city that stretches away to the west, may never discover it, much of old Paris remains.

To find these sinister streets is a matter of no great difficulty nor does it call for the expenditure of any vast amount of time or energy. In the course of that familiar journey along the line of the *grand boulevard* that, under various names, stretches from the Madeleine to the Bastille, turn, when about half-way, to the southward, and plunge into the labyrinth where the old Temple Quarter and the old Marais Quarter jumble together. Some of these streets knew the Valois; many of them, within three-quarters of a century, have bristled with barricades. In that process which has come to be called the "Haussmannising" of Paris, the Third Napoleon was actuated by the desire to make the capital more beautiful and sanitary, and also to raze thoroughfares so easy to put in a state of defence from wall to wall that they were a direct incitement to insurrection. For atmosphere seek the short Rue de Venise, which is within a stone's throw of the broad Boulevard de Sebastopol. Ten years ago there

was said to be somewhere about here a famous thieves' restaurant; a sort of burglars' "Maxim's," although the apache is not so likely to lurk in this quarter, preferring the slopes of Montmartre, or the shadows of the Buttes Chaumont or of the Bois de Boulogne. In the summer of 1917 the writer could find no trace of "The Guardian Angel," which perhaps bore out the story that, in the perilous days of late August, 1914, General Gallieni dealt swiftly and summarily with Casque d'Or and his pals. But it is one of the most ancient of Paris streets, this twisting, ill-smelling, hideous, yet quaint lane with the overhanging houses and the primitive lanterns. There is a flavour to the very names of some of the streets about here; the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux, the Rue Taille-Pain, the Rue Brise-Miche, the Rue Pierre-au-Lard, and the Rue Pirouette, which derived its appellation from the old iron wheel pierced with holes for the head and arms of murderers, panders, blasphemers, and vagabonds, and turned every half hour in

RUE DE VENISE

a different direction, exposing its victims to new points of public derision.

Nor is it in this quarter alone, a quarter lying between the Halles Centrales to the west and the Archives Nationales to the east, that the sinister streets are to be found. Climb the hill of Montmartre for the splendid church that crowns the summit, and the vast panorama that Paris below presents, but do not grudge the half hour additional to visit what remain of the curious, half-country lanes that run slantingly between the high stone walls. On the South Bank of the Seine, from the Jardin des Plantes, zig-zag in over the trail of Javert's pursuit of Jean Valjean through old world thoroughfares that lead past the foot of the Mount of Saint-Geneviève. Once, between this quarter and the quarter that lies to the east of the Central Markets, there was another quarter where the streets were sinister. That was the Cité as it was in the first half of the nineteenth century, a region of which the most clearly staked fiction claim is that of Eugène Sue and his "Mysteries of Paris," which has been called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of socialism; just as Sue's other novel which has endured, "The Wandering Jew," has been called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of anticlericalism.

The veracious author of "An Englishman in Paris"—which, incidentally, is one of the most instructive and entertaining of books of its kind despite the fact that it purported to deal at first hand with events many of which happened years before Mr. Albert Vandam came into the world—described the famous creator of "Les Mystères de Paris" and "Le Juif Errant" as the most

pompous of *poseurs*, who, having written a rousing good story for the sake of the tale itself, found himself unexpectedly elevated to a pedestal as a champion of the cause of proletaire, and blandly accepted the motives attributed to him and the accruing honours. In company, according to the "Englishman," M. Eugène Sue was in the habit of assuming a far-off air, as if occupied deeply by problems beyond the ken of those about him. His very dandyism of manner and attire was offensive. Once he complained of cleaned gloves. Their odour made him ill. "But, my friend," said Alfred de Musset, "they don't smell worse than the dens that you describe for us. Don't you ever visit them?"

"The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew" are still justly held to be among the colossal narratives of all time. But their author is now little more than a name. Yet there was a time, in the productive decade of 1840–50, when Sue, as a literary force, was ranked with the elder Dumas and the great Balzac, probably rather higher than the latter. George Sand spoke of his work as "the Menagerie," but confessed that she could not miss a daily instalment. When Wilkie Collins's "The Woman in White" was appearing in *All the Year Round*, the streets approaching the office of publication on the day of issue were thronged with people waiting to buy the next number. Sue's serial popularity—the "Mysteries" appeared in the *Journal des Débats* and " Le Juif Errant" in the *Constitutional*—far surpassed that of Wilkie Collins. It was impossible to purchase outright a copy of the paper. "No, Monsieur," the news vendor would explain, "we

rent them out at ten sous the half hour, the time required to read M. Sue's story."

There is an age at which one should read for the first time "The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew," just as there is an age at which one should first read "The Leather-Stocking Tales," and "Monte Cristo," and Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," and a score more. When the world is young what a thrill there is in the sinister streets, and, above all, in the startling names of the characters of the strange underworld of that Paris of the eighteen-thirties—"the Schoolmaster," "the Slasher," the Skeleton," "the Ogress," "Sweet-throat"! The very first paragraph of the "Mysteries" plunges the reader into a world as amazing as the Bagdad of the "Arabian Nights." The years fall away, correct official buildings and broad open spaces disappear, and in their place is the old Cité with its tortuous thoroughfares nearly as they were when the hunchback Quasimodo peered down on them from the towers of Notre Dame. Four bridges cross the Seine from the north bank to the Cité: the Pont Neuf, the Pont au Change, the Pont Notre Dame, and the Pont d'Arcole. It was across the Pont au Change—not the spacious bridge of to-day which dates from about 1860, but the old bridge, one of the most ancient in Paris, deriving its name from the shops of the money-changers and goldsmiths flanking it—that Rodolphe found his way to battle with the "Slasher," to rescue "Fleur-de-Marie," and make the acquaintance of the den of the "Ogress." Before the changes which transformed this part of Paris the quarter was, as Sue de-

scribed it, one of dark, narrow streets, where malefactors swarmed in the drinking dens, of sooty houses with sweaty walls, and so overhung as almost to touch eaves. The *tapis-franc* bearing the name of the "White Rabbit," and over which Mother Ponisse presided, occupied the ground floor of a lofty house in the middle of the Rue aux Fèves "The Rue de la Juiverie, the Rue aux Fèves, the Rue de la Calandre, the Rue des Marmousets." M. Georges Cain, Curator of the Carnavalet Museum and of the Historic Collections of the City of Paris has recorded, "for centuries this quarter had been the haunt of the lowest prostitution; there, too, dyers had established their many-coloured tubs; and blue, red, or green streams flowed down these streets with their old Parisian names."

But the slums of old Paris with which M. Eugène Sue's novels had to do were not confined to the Cité. We are too much inclined to overlook the sweeping changes that a century has wrought even in old world cities. The American traveller of the present would stare if put down in the Place de la Concorde of 1830. In what is now the Cours la Reine, stretching away to the west along the banks of the river, there was, until 1840, when the last of them disappeared, a number of subterranean caverns, low buildings with cracked walls and tiled roofs usually covered with slimy green moss, and, attached to the main buildings, wretched wooden hovels, serving as sheds and storehouses. One of these taverns was the Bleeding Heart, kept by "Bras Rouge," and into its cellar Rodolphe was thrust by the "Schoolmaster" to await death by the rising of the tide from the

near-by Seine waters. The stone walls of the cave were found hideously spattered with the blood and brains of "La Chouette" (Screech-Owl) when the police officers entered after the vicious child Tortillard had pushed her down the steps into the clutches of the blind "Schoolmaster" chained to a rock in the cellar floor.

As befits its sweeping title, the trail of "Les Mystères de Paris" is all over the city as it was in 1838, and also reaches out through the environs. By following the Rue de Rivoli eastward in the direction of the Bastille, and turning north into the Marais at a corner opposite the Hotel de Ville, we enter the Rue du Temple, which, at its other end, intersects with the Rue Turbigo just below where the circle of great boulevards, between the Boulevard Saint-Martin and the Boulevard du Temple, is broken by the spacious Place de la République. In this street dwelt the family Morel and the respectable Pipelet. Since 1838 the thoroughfare has been changed and greatly widened. The old Temple Market, of which only a part remains, was a favourite bit for description by the French romancers of the early half of the nineteenth century. Of the Temple itself, the chief stronghold in France of the Knights Templar of the Middle Ages, the Tower, where the royal family was imprisoned in 1792 and 1793, was demolished by Napoleon I in 1811, but part remained until the Haussmannising of Paris under Napoleon III. In the days of "The Mysteries of Paris," toward the middle of the Rue du Temple, near a fountain which was placed in the angle of a large square, was an immense parallelogram built of timber, crowned by a slated roof. A long

opening, intersecting this parallelogram in its length, divided it into two equal parts; these were in turn divided and subdivided by little lateral and transverse courts, sheltered from the rain by the roof of the edifice. In this bazaar new merchandise was generally prohibited; but the smallest rag of any old stuff, the smallest piece of iron, brass, or steel, found its buyer or seller.

Half a score blocks eastward from the Temple, in

OLD TEMPLE MARKET

the direction of the Bourse, may be found to-day the Rue du Sentier, which begins at the Rue Réaumur, is bisected by the Rue des Jeûneurs, and abuts on the Boulevard Poissonière. It was there, in a corner house, that dwelt the notary, Jacques Ferrand, perhaps the most sinister of all the sinister characters of the complex tale, the evil genius of the "Mystères de Paris" as Rodin

was the evil genius of "Le Juif Errant." There, under a garb of assumed sanctity the spider spun his webs and wrought his villainies until the day when he was enflamed and outwitted by the octoroon, Cecily. In the early part of the century this was a neighbourhood which drew its individuality from the gilded copper escutcheons of men of Ferrand's calling. Streets, even where they continue to exist, change materially. Institutions change less. In connection with Eugéne Sue, there is Saint-Lazare, once a prison for women, where Mont Saint-Jean was put to the torture by the "She Wolf" and her companions, and rescued by "Fleur-de-Marie." But La Force belonged essentially to old Paris, and the prestige of Bicêtre, where the "Schoolmaster" was seen for the last time, long since passed to Charenton.

If Eugéne Sue is to be regarded as the captain among those who have found inspiration for fiction in the underworld of Paris, the company he must be considered as leading is one of well-filled ranks. The romance of crime has ever been a favourite subject to the reader of a certain kind of French *feuilleton*. In print, as on the stage, fat *épiciers* have found delight in blubbering over mimic woes and shaking their fists at imaginary villainies. The more complicated the plot of novel or melodrama has been the better it has been liked. Take, by way of illustration, "The Two Orphans" of d'Hennery and Cormon, which has held the stage for forty-five years, and will doubtless hold it for twenty years more. It was Brander Matthews who once said that if any one were to write down a description of the plot of "The

Two Orphans" he would have to fill a dozen pages; and yet such was d'Hennery's knack as a born playwright that on the stage it is all evolved so lucidly and naturally as to be perfectly clear at every moment. If there was space here for a consideration of the Paris of the Playwright, "The Two Orphans," with its definite setting in eighteenth-century Lutetia, its contrast of the persecuted poor and the oppressive rich, would occupy a position somewhat analogous to that of Sue's "Les Mystères de Paris" in fiction.

Contemporaneous with Eugène Sue, and, though not taking himself quite so seriously as a social reformer, as conspicuous in his day as a chronicler of the fortunes of the humble, was Charles Paul de Kock. It is only by the retailing of anecdotes that one can convey an idea of what De Kock's stories once meant to readers not only in Paris and France, but throughout all Europe, from London to St. Petersburg. Chateaubriand went to the Vatican to visit Pope Gregory XVI. "Give me, Vicomte," began His Holiness, "some news of my dear son Paul de Kock." A new ambassador presented his credentials to the king of the country to which he had been assigned. "Ah! You are just from Paris," said His Majesty. "You must know the news. How is the health of Paul de Kock?" Honoré de Balzac, at the height of his fame, was arrested for trespass on the outskirts of Paris. The presiding magistrate released him instantly, believing him to be the author of "La Laitière de Montfermeil," which he considered the greatest of all novels. Add a bit of Thackerayan tribute: Major Arthur Pendennis's library was confined

to the "Army and Navy Register," the "Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington," "Debrett's Peerage," the "Almanach de Gotha," and the novels of Paul de Kock, "which certainly make me laugh." Disraeli's testimony: One of the characters of "Henrietta Temple" was arrested. A friend offered congratulations. "Now you can read Paul de Kock. By Jove, you are a lucky fellow!" All over Europe people were studying Parisian manners in his novels, while the author, the most quiet and *bourgeois* of men, was working away steadily in his little apartment on the Boulevard Saint-Martin, or among the trees and vineyards of his place at Romainville.

It was perhaps to being the most *bourgeois* of men that he owed a large measure of his popularity. He has been described as a "Philistine of the Marais." He had the advantage of being absolutely like his readers, sharing their opinions, their ideas, their feelings, and their prejudices. Gautier once said of him that he had not the faintest idea of aesthetics; that, indeed, "he would readily have supposed, like Pradon, that they were some chemical substance." For the purpose of the Paris trail it is enough to consider two of his books, "L'Homme aux Trois Culottes" and "Le Barbier de Paris." It was on his own parents' tragic story that he based the former novel. His father, a wealthy Dutch banker who had served in the Army of the North, was guillotined by the order of the Revolutionary Convention, and his mother was thrown into prison. The Paris of "Le Barbier de Paris" was old Paris, the Paris of 1630, during the reign of Louis XIII; the Paris the

youthful Gascon D'Artagnan found, when he entered it astride his Rosinante. For full tribute to Paul de Kock as the chronicler of the streets of his much beloved Lutetia through many ages turn to Théophile Gautier, who said: "Some of his novels have the same effect on me as Fenimore Cooper's 'The Last of the Mohicans'; I seem to read in them the story of the last Parisian, invaded and submerged by American civilization."

Of Paul de Kock's Paris Théophile Gautier wrote:

One met French people, even Parisians, in the streets. One could hear French spoken on that boulevard which was then called the Boulevard de Gand, and which is now called the Boulevard des Italiens. . . . The city was relatively very small, or at least its activity was restricted within certain limits that were seldon passed. The plaster elephant in which Gavroche found shelter raised its enormous silhouette on the Place de la Bastille, and seemed to forbid passers-by to go any farther. The Champs-Élysées, as soon as night fell, became more dangerous than the plain of Marathon: the most adventurous stopped at the Place de la Concorde. The quarter of Notre Dame de Lorette included only vague plots of ground or wooden fences. The church was not built, and one could see from the boulevard the Butte Montmartre, with its windmills and its semaphore waving its arms on the top of the old Tower. The Faubourg Saint-Germain went early to bed and its solitude was but rarely disturbed by a tumult of students over a play at the Odéon.

Of the lesser men, how long the list might be made

Paris was born in the Isle of the Seine, whose shape is that of a cradle, or of a great ship sunk in the slime and stranded at the surface of the water

to run! Take, at random, the name of Fortuné du Boisgobey, or of Ponson du Terrail, who has been dubbed "the Shakespeare of secret assassination," or of Gaston Leroux, at whose "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" and "The Perfume of the Lady in Black" we were thrilling only yesterday. As conspicuous as any, above all when the Paris trail is to be considered, was Émile Gaboriau, who passed on to Conan Doyle what he inherited from Poe. What American of average reading does not owe a debt of gratitude for pleasant hours in company with the characters of "Monsieur Lecoq," "The Honour of the Name," "The Lerouge Case," "File No. 113," and "The Mystery of Orcival?" Linked with a network of streets was Javert's pursuit of Jean Valjean and Cosette; Oliver Twist's journey through old London under the direction of the Artful Dodger that finally ended at the den of Fagin; the cab ride about Rouen described in "Madame Bovary" that was responsible for Flaubert's prosecution before the *Tribunal Correctionnel de Paris*. Of comparatively minor importance, but no less thrilling in the reading, is the story of the relentless tracking by the ambitious Lecoq of the purposely released assassin who had cried "It is the Prussians who are coming" when surrounded in the drinking den near the Barrière d'Italie, through half the winding thoroughfares of the city to the garden wall of the Hotel de Sairmeuse.

"File No. 113" is perhaps esteemed the best of the Gaboriau stories. It will serve to indicate how those tales were bound up with the stones of Paris of their day. The banking house of André Fauvel, the scene

of the safe robbery with which the narrative began, was definitely placed at No. 87 Rue de Provence. The Rue de Provence is as close to the Boulevard Haussmann as Nassau Street is to Broadway. Nina Gypsy, the letters of whose name Prosper Bertomy had used in setting the combination of the safe, lived at No. 39 Rue Chaptal. That number is at the corner of the Rue Léonie, and almost directly opposite the entrance of the Grand Guignol, world famed for its association with a certain kind of one-act play. The Archangel, where Nina sought refuge, was on the Quai Saint-Michel, which faces the river to the left of the Place Saint-Michel, the gateway through which one passes on the way to the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg, or the Panthéon. Fanferlot, the "Squirrel," finding the problem beyond his strength, appealed to M. Lecoq, seeking that dominating personage in his home in the Rue Montmartre, which is less definite than usual, for the reason that the street in question is a long one, extending from the great boulevard all the way to the Halles Centrales. Lecoq, under his assumed name of M. Verduret, conferred with Prosper, after the latter's release from prison, at "La Bonne Foi," a small establishment, half café and half shop, in the Rue Saint-Honoré, near the Palais Royal. The fancy dress ball, which Lecoq turned to such use, was held in the house of the bankers Jandidier, in the Rue Saint-Lazare. The ensuing attempt on Lecoq's life took place in the near-by Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, a street the detective had naturally to use on his way home. For that home the admirer of the ingenious in the narrative of detection may with-

out shame feel an interest akin to that stirred by the sight of the windows in Upper Baker Street, London, behind which Mr. Sherlock Holmes smoked countless pipefuls of shag tobacco, and dogmatically imparted his theories to the obtuse Watson.

OLD MONT SAINTE-GENEVIÈVE

VII. ABOUT PARIS WITH ALPHONSE DAUDET

The Rue Mouffetard—Daudet's First Impressions of Paris—In the Latin Quarter and the Marais—Scenes of "Sapho"—"Les Rois en Exil"—The Genesis of the Story—The Rue Monsieur le Prince—In the Paris Ghetto—Originals of the Daudet Characters.

IN THAT remote section of Paris that lies beyond the Panthéon and at the foot of the Mont Sainte-Geneviève there is a street known as the Rue Mouffetard. It is, and always has been, a wretched thoroughfare, poorly paved with irregular cobble stones, and lined by squalid tenements. The centre of an Italian colony composed mostly of ragpickers, the

gray monotony of its winding length is relieved by a touch of colour suggestive of the climbing slums of Naples. In that street was one of the first Paris homes that Alphonse Daudet shared with his brother. The two migrated there from the little room on the fifth floor of the Hôtel du Sénat in the Rue de Tournon in which Alphonse first slept in the city with which his subsequent life and work were so closely associated. He was sixteen when he made that long journey from the heart of Languedoc, where he had been an usher in a school, to devote himself to literature. The wretched little valise which he had brought with him was pushed across the city to the Latin Quarter on a hand-cart. Breakfast at a creamery in the Rue Corneille, and then the visit to the Hôtel du Sénat. "Almost a garret," Daudet recorded in the first chapter of "Trente Ans de Paris," "but in my eyes a superb apartment. A Parisian garret! The mere sight of the words *Hôtel du Sénat* standing forth in great letters on the sign flattered my self-esteem and dazzled me. Opposite the hotel, on the other side of the way, there was a house dating from the last century, with a pediment and two *couchant* figures, which always looked as if they proposed to fall from the top of the wall into the street. 'That's where Ricord lives,' said my brother, 'the famous Ricord, the Emperor's physician'." But his brother was rich, being paid the huge sum of seventy-five francs a month as secretary to an old gentleman who was dictating his memoirs. That seventy-five francs a month enabled the young southerners to dwell in the Hôtel du Sénat. But the old gentleman died, or his memoirs were fin-

ished, or something happened to disturb the princely income, and the brothers were forced to take up their quarters in the Rue Mouffetard. A visit to that street will give a better insight into the work of the creator of "Sapho," "Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé," "Les Rois en Éxil," "Jack," and "Le Nabab."

In the course of his years in Paris Daudet had almost as many residences as there are Parisian settings for his stories. He lived in the Latin Quarter, where he found the Numa Roumestans and the Élysée Mérauts of his youth. He lived in the Quartier de l'Europe, that section of the city in the neighbourhood of the Gare Saint-Lazare associated with so many of the urban scenes of "Sapho." "Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé" was written in one of the oldest houses in the Marais, and he worked in the inspiring atmosphere of his subject, in the environment in which his characters were moving. At stated hours the going to and fro from the workshops, the ringing of the factory bells, passed across his pages. He was invaded by the local colour. The whole quarter helped him, carried him along, worked for him. The Sunday evenings that he spent for years in the house of Gustave Flaubert in the Rue Murillo almost constituted a residence in the quarter of the Parc Monceau. At the time of his death his home was in a street in the aristocratic Faubourg Saint-Germain. Thence, twenty years ago, his body was borne to its resting place in the Cemetery of the Père Lachaise. The present writer chanced to witness the passing of that *cortége* from the sidewalk of the Boulevard Saint-Germain. It was at the time when the excitement over the Dreyfus case was at

its height, and France was divided into two camps, the camp of those who voted *coupable*, and the camp of those who voted *innocent*. The unpopular Zola was one of the pall-bearers, and standing near the writer was a violent anti-Dreyfussard, who greeted the author of the Rougon-Macquart with the cry: "Respect for the memory of Alphonse Daudet! *Conspuez Zola!*"

If the visitor chances to be an arrival in Paris by the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, that is if his is a train from Havre where he has descended after a transatlantic journey from New York or the Channel crossing from Southampton, he has but to leave the Gare Saint-Lazare to find himself in the heart of the Paris of "Sapho." In an apartment in the Rue d'Amsterdam, facing the station, Fanny Legrand and Jean Gaussin went to housekeeping next to the Hettémas. When the nights were stormy they could hear the patter of the rain on the zinc roof of the *gare*. The period of the story was about 1873, yet in forty-five years the street has changed hardly at all. To this day, a few doors north of the apartment is the English tavern where Jean, in his anguish, waited until far into the night, after the revelation of Fanny's past heard from Caoudal and Dechelette in front of the café in the Rue Royale. Following the footsteps of Jean in the brief journey between café and tavern, a slight détour will find the little Rue de l'Arcade, where Fanny lived in luxurious surroundings before her deepening attachment to Jean prompted her carelessly to throw ease aside. Facing the station on the west as the Rue d'Amsterdam faces it on the east, is the Rue de Rome. It was there, in the great house

that Dechelette threw open to artistic Paris in the brief periods of rest from engineering tasks in remote lands, the story began. "*Jean tout court?*" persisted the woman in the Egyptian costume to the shy answer of the sunny-haired young Provençal, and there ensued the adventure that took them across half Paris to that climb of the staircase that was the epitome of their lives together.

Also quite easy of identification is that hotel where Jean Gaussin was first installed when he came to Paris to fit himself for the consular career, and up the five flights of stairs of which he carried the newly made acquaintance in the "gray sadness of the morning." It is in the Rue Jacob, to the west of the Latin Quarter, on the south bank of the river, between the École des Beaux Arts and the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. To reach the street is a mere matter of crossing the Seine by the Pont du Carrousel, following the Rue des Saints-Pères past the École des Beaux Arts, and then turning to the left. The Rue Jacob abuts at its eastern end on the Rue de Seine. The hotel, in the middle of the block, has had as subsequent guests a number of Americans, visiting Paris for more or less prolonged periods, and probably more than one New England conscience has slept undisturbed in the chamber where began the tempestuous loves of Sapho and Jean.

To the scenic making of "Les Rois en Exil" went the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue Royale, bits of the Latin Quarter, the Quai d'Orsay, and the Ghetto in the Marais. The book was born in a vision of the Place du Carrousel. One evening in October Daudet was stand-

ing looking at the tragic rent in the Parisian sky caused by the fall of the Tuileries. Dethroned princes exiling themselves in Paris after their downfall, taking up their quarters on the Rue de Rivoli, and when they woke in the morning and raised the shades at their windows, discovering these ruins. From that seed thought Daudet builded the splendid edifice. It is the note with which the book begins; it is the note with which the book ends. The heroic Queen Frédérica, stricken in her aspirations and in the terrible accident which has befallen her son, recognizes the analogy between those ruins and the fortunes of kings who have outlived their day. When the Tuileries, their ashes gilded by a ray of the departing sunlight, rise before her to recall the past, she looks at them without emotion, without memory, as though she looked upon some ancient monument of Egypt or Assyria, the witness of manners, and of morals, and of peoples vanished, something once great, now gone forever.

But best of all in "Les Rois en Exil" is the description of the Rue Monsieur le Prince in the Latin Quarter where the monks of the Order of Saint-Francis, seeking a tutor for the little heir to the throne of Illyria, go to find Élysée Méraut. Dickens never drew the picture of a street with more loving care. "Amid all the transformations of the Quarter, and those great gaps through which are lost in the dust of demolition the originality, and the very memories of old Paris, the Rue Monsieur le Prince still keeps its physiognomy as a student's street," wrote Daudet. When the present writer last turned into it from the Boulevard Saint-Michel near the

Luxembourg Gardens in 1917, and followed its length down to the point where it flows into the square before the Boulevard Saint-Germain, it was still as much of a student street of the old type as was possible in a city nearing the end of the third year of the world war. There were the book-stalls, the creameries, and the old-clothes dealers as in Méraut's time. But gone were the students of Gavarni's pencil, with long hair flying from woolen caps, while their successors, the "future lawyers, buttoned from head to foot in their ulsters, brushed and gloved, with enormous morocco cases under their arms, and the cold, cunning air of the business agent already upon them; or the future doctors, a little freer in behaviour," were somewhere in the fighting line along the western front.

Also exceedingly vivid are the glimpses of the Rue Eginhard, in the Marais, where Père Leemans retained his musty old place of connoisseurs, after opening his splendid antiquarian shop in the Rue de la Paix, and where the sinister Sephora first made acquaintance with the world. The Rue Éginhard is a little street, behind the Lycée Charlemagne, near where, on the journey between the Louvre and the Place de la Bastille, the Rue de Rivoli becomes the Rue Saint-Antoine. It is best described in the words of Wattelet, painter of the Grand Club, who drew the picture for King Christian. "Rue Éginhard . . . in the Marais . . . a dirty little damp alley, between the Passage Charlemagne and the Church of St. Paul, regular Jewry . . . that tangle of streets . . . an amazing Paris . . . such houses, such heads, a veritable gabble of Hebrew

and Alsatian; shops, lairs of old-clothes dealers, piled that high with rags before every door, old women sorting them with their hooked noses, or stripping off the covers of the old umbrellas; and the dogs! the vermin! the smells! a regular Ghetto of the Middle Ages, swarming in houses of that period, iron balconies, tall windows cut into lofts." Again, when Sephora went there for the purpose of submitting to her father the plans for the great stroke by which the two hundred million francs of the Republic of Illyria were to be diverted into her own lap, she found her youth coming back to her in that curious old quarter where each street bore on its corner the names of its noted merchants, names that had not changed for years. In passing through the black archway which serves as an entrance to the Rue Éginhard from the Rue Saint-Paul, "she encountered the long robe of a rabbi on his way to the neighbouring synagogue; two steps farther on was a rat-catcher with his pole and his plank, to which hung the hairy corpses, a type of old Paris no longer to be seen except in this tangle of mouldy buildings, where all the rats in the city have their headquarters; and, at the door of two or three shops, comprising the whole street, and where the shutters were just being taken down, she saw the same old garments hanging in a mass, and heard the same Hebraic and Teutonic gabble, so that when, having crossed the low porch of the paternal domicile, the little courtyard, and the four steps leading up to the shop, she pulled the string of the cracked bell, it seemed to her that she had fifteen years less upon her shoulders."

Of all Daudet's books, "Les Rois en Exil" was the one with which he had the most difficulty, the one which, in the stage of title and vague outline, he carried longest in his head. In his search for models and for accurate information he was obliged to press into service all his acquaintances from the top to the bottom of the social ladder. He interviewed the upholsterers who furnished the mansions of exiled kings, and the great noblemen who visited these homes socially and diplomatically. He pored over the records of the police-court and the bills of tradesmen, going in this way to the bottom of those royal existences, discovering instances of proud destitution, of heroic devotion side by side with manias, infirmities, tarnished honour, and seared consciences. It was for a long time believed that the King and Queen of Holland were the originals of Christian and Frédérica of Illyria. As a matter of fact, they were made from odds and ends. Élysée Méraut, however, was drawn from the life—one Constant Thérion, whom Daudet used to meet from time to time in the early days—a young man who was forever coming out of book-stalls, or burying his nose in old volumes in front of the shops that surround the Odéon; "a long, dishevelled devil, with a peculiar trick, constantly repeated, like the spasms of the St. Vitus's dance, of adjusting his spectacles on a flat, open sensual nose instinct with love of life." To the figure of this strange Bohemian, who used to stalk about the Quartier, shouting his monarchical opinions, Daudet brought the impression of his own southern childhood. "It occurred to me to make him a countryman of mine own, from

Nîmes, from that hard-working *bourgade* from which all my father's workmen came: to place in his bedroom that red seal, '*Fides, Spes,*' which I had seen in the house of my own parents where we used to sing '*Vive Henri V*'!" Méraut having been invented, Daudet began to study out the problem of how he could be introduced into the royal household. The idea came of making him the tutor of a prince; hence, Zara. And while at work on this part of the book an accident took place in the family of a friend, a child struck in the eye by a bullet from a parlour rifle suggested the idea of the poor kingmaker destroying his own work.

Looking down on the broad Avenue des Champs-Élysées, on the northern side, near the Rond-Point de l'Étoile, there is a balcony before which the present writer, whenever he happens to be in that section of Paris, never fails to stop. It was on that balcony, in one of the most memorable of all Alphonse Daudet's delightful short tales, "Le Siége de Berlin," a story which, incidentally, was later reflected in certain episodes in Miss Ellen Glasgow's American novel, "The Descendant," that Colonel Jouve, old cuirassier of the First Empire, fell dead after his terrible cry "To arms! To arms! The Prussians!" The veteran of the old wars, come to Paris at the outbreak of the conflict of 1870, for the purpose of witnessing the return of the victorious French troops, is gravely stricken at the first bulletin of disaster. To save him those about him invent an imaginary campaign, which carries the Tricolor slowly but steadily toward Berlin. The sound of the guns when Paris is invested is interpreted as salutes

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fired at the Invalides in celebration of new victories on German soil. Complacently consuming the delicacies before him he regales with stories of eating horse meat during the terrible retreat from Moscow the devoted grand-daughter who for weeks has eaten nothing else. Then his ears catch the words "They enter to-morrow," and thinking that it means the return of the French, he steals out on the balcony, clad in all the antiquated but glorious toggery of an old cuirassier of Milhaud, to see the helmets of the advancing Uhlans, and to hear the strains of the triumphant march of Schubert. How pregnant with new meaning that little tale is to-day! In a building not one hundred yards from the structure to which belongs the balcony where Colonel Jouve died, the writer, in April, 1917, had the good fortune to witness, as a guest, the celebration of his country's entry into the conflict the issue of which has restored to the France of the old cuirassier the well-beloved Alsace and Lorraine.

In the Champs-Élysées quarter Sephora Leemans kept a *pension* before she became the legitimate spouse of Tom Levis, more English than any Englishman possibly could be for the reason that he had been born Narcisse Poitou, the son of an upholsterer in the Rue de l'Orillon; and Fanny Legrand served as manager and accountant for a like establishment belonging to the loathsome Rosario, for a period from Jean Gaussin's departure for the home of his childhood to the time when they resumed their life *à deux* in the little cottage in Chaville. Also in the neighbourhood was the Gymnase Moronval, where Jack de Barancy (*Jack*) passed

so many miserable months of his childhood, and which witnessed the tragedy of the little King of Dahomey. The Gymnase Moronval, which may be called the Dotheboys Hall of French fiction, and which perhaps owed as much to the Wackford Squeers school of "Nicholas Nickleby" as the little Desirée of "Fromont et Risler" owed to the doll's dressmaker of "Our Mutual Friend," was definitely placed at 25 Avenue Montaigne. There was the flavour of Dickens in the Daudet denunciation: "If the Gymnase Moronval still exists, as I like to believe, I desire to call the attention of the health commission to the dormitory of that respectable factory as the craziest, unhealthiest, dampest hole in which children have ever been forced to sleep. Imagine a long ground-floor building, windowless, lighted only from above by a glass in the roof, and scented with an indelible odour of collodion and ether, for in other days it had been used for the preparation of the photographer's materials. The affair was situated at the rear end of one of those Parisian gardens surrounded by great gloomy walls overgrown with ivy, covering with mold everything over which it creeps. The dormitory was at the rear of a stately hotel, close to a stable, filled all day with the noise of horses' hoofs, and the sound of a pump always spouting, which completed the water-soaked appearance of this rheumatic hole, its walls bordered half way up by a sinister band of green like the water line of a ship." Whatever may have been its state when Daudet wrote that, to-day it is as irrevocably dead as the original of Moronval the mulatto, who had a share in the management of

the *Révue Coloniale*, and was in the Chamber of Deputies sometime after 1870.

As painstaking as Dickens in the work of finding the street and the very house for his characters, in the matter of his living models Daudet went to an extreme to which Dickens had never dared to go. His novels were, in the fullest sense of the term, *romans à cléf*. The accusation of ingratitude caused him in later life to attempt to obscure the association of the Duc de Mora, of "Le Nabab," with the Duc de Mornay, the half brother of the Third Napoleon, and Daudet's patron when the novelist was young. But his was, at best, a lame evasion. All the characters of "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" had originals. Planus the cashier was really named Scherer. "I knew him," Daudet has written, "in a banking house in the Rue de Londres where he would stand in front of his well-filled safe, shaking his head and murmuring in his German accent with tragi-comic distress 'Ja! ja! money, much money; put I haf no gonfidence.'" There was also an original of Sidonie and her parents' home. The true Sidonie, however, was not as black as the heroine of the book. Risler was a memory of Daudet's childhood, an Alsatian factory draughtsman, who worked for the author's father. Daudet transformed him from an Alsatian into a Swiss in order not to introduce into the book a sentimental patriotism. The immortal Delobelle was the summing up of all that Daudet knew about actors, their manias, the difficulty they find in recovering their footing in life when they go off the stage, in maintaining an individuality in so

many varying masks. Once, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, the novelist attended the funeral of a great actor's daughter. There he found all the details that he introduced later at the death of little Désirée—"the typical *entrées* of the guests, their pump-like action in shaking hands, varied according to the practices of their respective rôles, the tear caught in the corner of the eye and looked at on the end of the glove." In the original scheme of the book Désirée was to have been a doll's dressmaker, a trade characteristic of the noisy, humming Marais. But someone pointed out that that would be a little too close to the character in "Our Mutual Friend," so Daudet searched many dark houses, climbed many cold stairways with a rail of rope, until, one day, in the Rue du Temple, on a leather sign in faded gold letters, he read the words:

"BIRDS AND INSECTS FOR ORNAMENT."

Despite all that Daudet had to say to the contrary, *tout Paris* was very nearly right, when, at the time of the appearance of "Numa Roumestan," it insisted that the character of the hero had been, in a measure, drawn from Gambetta. But also scraps and fragments of other men went to the making of Numa. Others besides Gambetta were recognized or recognized themselves in the character. Numa Baragnon, a Southerner and an ex-minister, misled by the similarity of Christian names, was one of the first to protest. The *tambourinaire*, Valmajour, was suggested by a musician named Buisson, who came to Paris with a letter to Daudet from Frederic Mistral. It was from Buisson's lips that the novelist heard the little tale beginning: "It

came to me at night." The house in Nîmes in which Numa was born was one in which Daudet lived as a child; the Brothers' school of the book was one of his earliest memories. Among the men and women who figure in "Sapho," Caoudal bears more than a resemblance to the great Gérôme.

VIII. BOHEMIAN TRAILS

The Migration of Bohemia—"La Vie de Bohème," and "Trilby"—Henry Murger and His Contemporaries—Youth and Age—A Bohemian's Expense Book of the 'Forties—"Trilby"—The Studio in the Place Saint-Anatole des Arts—Du Maurier and Henry James—Du Maurier in Paris and Antwerp—Trails of the "Musketeers of the Brush"—Originals of the Characters.

ON THE subject of Bohemian Paris, books are likely to be written till the end of time. It does not matter greatly that the Bohemianism that used to be associated with the Latin Quarter of the *rive gauche* has of recent years found its way up the slope that leads to the sacred summit of Montmartre; that the "Louise" of the later opera has looked down on the lights of Paris from the heights to the north, whereas the "Mimis" and "Musettes" of "La Bohême" fluttered and frivolled their light lives in streets nearer the murky waters of the Seine. For Bohemia is less a region of definite situation and boundaries than a state of mind, a memory of youth and of the glamour of youth. The extent of Villon's Bohemianism is not to be measured by the particular *tripot* in which he thieved and boozed; nor that of Verlaine by the location of the café from which he surveyed the passing sidewalk world through absinthe-glazed eyes.

To American readers there are two works of fiction dealing with Bohemia that long have stood out above all others. They are the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" of Henry Murger, and the "Trilby" of George Du Maurier; and with those books and their stories, and the stories of the men who wrote them, and the Paris that is reflected in their pages, this chapter has to do. Though written many years apart—the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" was published in 1848 and "Trilby" in 1894—there is not a great difference in the setting of the scene of the two tales, for it was the Paris of the 'forties that Murger gilded with his fancy, while Du Maurier, taking to novel spinning when almost sixty, drew upon the Paris that he had known in his student youth, the Second-Empire Paris of the late 'fifties. In a word, the "Vie de Bohème" is a tale of '48; "Trilby" a tale of '58. First, let us take up the earlier, and, from the American point of view, less widely read book.

Henry Murger was born in February, 1822—according to some, in Paris; according to others, in Savoy. Among the French men of letters regarded as his contemporaries he was the youngest; twenty-three years younger than Balzac; twenty years younger than Victor Hugo; twenty years younger than Dumas *père;* eighteen years younger than Sainte-Beuve; twelve years younger than Gautier and Alfred de Musset; and almost the same age as Émile Augier and the younger Dumas, whom we are inclined to regard as belonging to a later literary generation. Among these men the creator of the "Comédie Humaine" seems to have had the

greatest influence on Murger's work. In the second part of "Illusions Perdues" Balzac told of a group of young literary men and painters, who, disdaining to resort to the customary self-exploitation, plodded on to success, silently and indefatigably. In "Les Buveurs d'Eau," after the "Vie de Bohème" his best book, Murger drew the reverse of the picture, frankly acknowledging the inspiration. Incidentally, it was in the Rue du Doyenné, the narrow ravine between the Louvre and the Place du Carrousel, which Balzac described so powerfully in "Cousine Bette," that Murger knew the *cénacle* that he introduced in his most famous work.

Murger's origin was of the humblest. His father, a *concierge* and tailor, wished to bring up his son to hard manual labour. But the mother intervened, with the result that the boy had a few years' schooling, after which he was sent into a lawyer's office. After a few months at this work, which he detested, he became the secretary of Count Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman, representing his country officially. Forty francs a month was the pay, and Murger held the position long after it had become a sinecure, and he entered his employer's house only to draw the salary. He liked that well enough, but a day came when the Russian was inconsiderate enough to call for his services. So Murger lost his forty francs a month and became a thoroughgoing literary Bohemian.

There are few finer "special articles" in any language than the preface that Murger wrote for the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." In it he traced the history

of Bohemianism from the times of the Grecian vagabonds who went about singing of the loves of Helen and the fall of Troy, through the ages of the Troubadours, the century of the Italian Renaissance, the days of François Villon, and down to the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the early half of the nineteenth century. Bohemia he defined as "the stage of art life, the anteroom of the Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue." Of Bohemians and their ways he wrote:

> To achieve their aims, all roads are good, since they know how to avail themselves of the chances of the way. Neither rain nor dust, neither shadow nor sunshine—nothing stops these bold adventurers whose very vices are lined with virtues. Their wits are spurred by their ambition, which sounds the charge and urges them to the assault of the Future. With them existence itself is a work of genius; a daily problem to be solved by the most daring mathematics. These men could borrow money from Harpagon, and find truffles in the skull of Medusa. At need they know how to practise the abstinence of an anchorite, but let fortune smile upon them for a minute and they cannot find windows enough out of which to throw their money. Then with the last crown gone, they begin again to dine at the *table d'hôte* of chance, where their places are always set, spending their days in the pursuit of that elusive animal, the five-franc piece.

When Murger died, at the age of thirty-nine, he was already an old man, bald, broken down, prematurely worn out by the hardship and dissipation of his youth. Perhaps the end was hurried by the very fear of that old age which he found so ridiculous and pilloried so savagely in his books. Whenever a man who has passed the twenties appears in his pages he is a *concierge*, or a grocer, or a bootmaker, or a provincial, or

worse still, a proprietor after the rent—always a creditor of some kind and usually a hypocrite to boot, whose mission is to serve as a foil and butt of glowing, ardent youth. Better to be young and hungry in a garret than in a palace to feel one's self to be slipping down the hill. Recognition and comparative comfort were the portion of his own later life. But that could not shut out the thought, half melancholy and half hysterical, that the years were gliding swiftly by; that his hand was losing the strength to grasp the shadow of the Bohemia that was part memory and part imagination.

Yet he worked to the end. His preference for poetry was so strong that he would seldom yield to necessity and write prose. He was always a slow and capricious worker. In the early days his pages were wrought in the quiet of the night, under the stimulation of cup after cup of coffee, usually in bed for the want of a fire. The "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" appeared first in the *Corsaire*, Murger receiving fifteen francs for each instalment; in all, twenty dollars, in round figures, was the price paid for a masterpiece which Jules Janin called "a first chapter in the code of youth." The life of the years preceding the publication, the life of which the book is the lyric expression, is best conveyed by the following paragraphs taken from a letter written to Murger by his fellow Bohemian, Champfleury:

Our income was seventy francs a month. But we had confidence in the future. We rented a small apartment in the Rue Vaugirard, which cost us three hundred francs a year. You brought in six plates, a Shakespeare, the works of Victor Hugo, a bureau of in-

calculable age, and a Phrygian cap. By a strange chance I was the owner of two mattresses, a bedstead, one hundred and eighty volumes, two small chairs, a table, and a human skull. We seldom went out, we smoked continually and worked a good deal.

The days of our greatest misery came. We decided that as soon as our income was drawn we would keep an account of expenditures. We were wonderfully honest at the beginning of every month. Under the date of November 1st, I read: "Paid to Mme. Bastien for tobacco, two francs." We also paid our grocer, our coal man, and the restaurant. The first day of the month was evidently a revel. I find: "Spent at the café five sous." On the same day you bought fifteen sous' worth of pipes. On November 2nd you pay an important sum, five francs, to the washerwoman. On November 3rd you decide that as long as the seventy francs last we are to do our own cooking. In consequence you buy a soup pot, fifteen sous, some vegetables and some laurel leaves. In your capacity of poet you were over partial to laurel, our soup was constantly afflicted with it. We also laid in potatoes, sugar, tobacco, and coffee.

Profanity and gnashing of teeth marked the inscribing in our book of the expenses of November 4th. On the next day we lent an enormous sum, thirty-five sous, to G—, who, it appears, has decided upon us as his regular bankers,—the house of Murger and Company. Until November 8th we made the addition at the foot of the ledger. By that time forty francs sixty-one centimes had disappeared. On the 16th we were compelled to call on M. Credit. M. Credit went to the grocer's, the tobacconist's, the coal man's. He was not very badly received; assuming your form, he was very successful with the grocer's daughter. Did M. Credit die on the 17th? I find noted: "From Prince Albert three francs." On November 19th we sold some books.

The expense book of which Champfleury wrote dealt with the year 1843. It apparently indicated a period of comparative affluence. The following year they were forced to return to their old attic in the Rue du Doyenné, and the society of Schaunard, Colline, Marcel,

and Barbemuche, all of whom have been identified. The Rodolphe of the tale was Murger himself. The band made its headquarters at the Café Momus, described at length in the "Vie de Bohème," and by their noise and eccentricity of attire and deportment speedily drove away the proprietor's respectable clients. Of the Café Momus seemingly no trace now exists. It once had actual existence in a side street near the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, but the structure was long ago swept away in the vast scheme of city improvement. To indicate the Paris of the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" it is not necessary to go beyond the opening pages of the story, which treat of the establishment of the famous society. Schaunard, the "Great Musician," is evicted on the morning of April 8th for non-payment of his rent. Marcel, the "Great Painter," moves into the vacated apartment. Schaunard spends the day wandering about Paris. In the course of his adventures he forms the acquaintance of Rodolphe, the "Great Poet," and Colline, the "Great Philosopher." The three spend the evening in a drinking bout. When they leave the café at midnight a thunderstorm comes up. Colline and Rodolphe live at the other end of Paris. Schaunard, from whose fuddled mind all memory of the events of the morning has passed, invites them to share his apartment.

Shut up in Paris, living from hand to mouth, dwelling as did his Rodolphe, on the sixth floor, "because there was no seventh," Murger drew his inspiration from the flowers growing in pots along the window sill over the

way. He would have liked to have roamed through great forests, to have listened to the sobbing of woodland winds, to the roar of the sea of which he had read. Denied this, he turned to the ticketed trees in the Tuileries Gardens; the plash of the Luxembourg fountains. For him, as for Balzac, the river Seine was full of mystery. He would have liked to have followed its winding length to the beyond of his imagination. He felt strongly the magic of names. "Bagdad," "Barbary," suggested magnificent daydreams. But at hand was the wretched *grenier*, and the four bare walls that limited his life, and the fist knocking peremptorily at the door was probably that of the importunate corner grocer.

As has been told, the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" appeared in 1848. What worlds of fancy that splendid decade of 1840-50 opened up! Hugo gave us "Notre Dame"; Dumas, "The Count of Monte Cristo," and the series dealing with the immortal Musketeers; Eugène Sue, "Les Mystères de Paris," and "Le Juif Errant"; Balzac, the books of the "Comédie Humaine" known as the "Parens Pauvres." To the decade English fiction owes "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"; "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," Martin Chuzzlewit," and "Barnaby Rudge"; "The Caxtons," "Night and Morning," "Zanoni," "Harold," and "The Last of the Barons"; the American Cooper wrought "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer" of the Leather Stocking Tales. What giants those men were! What giant cudgels they wielded! What Gargantuan banquets they set before their readers!

There are many roads leading to the Latin Quarter of Paris. But the natural gateway is the Place Saint-Michel, which is reached from the right bank by crossing first the Pont au Change, then the Cité, by way of the broad Boulevard du Palais, and then the Pont Saint-Michel. Just beyond the Place Saint-Michel, veering to the right, there is a little open place. It was there, as told in George du Maurier's "Trilby," that "Taffy," "the Laird," and "Little Billee" had their studio, to which Trilby went with her cry of "Milk below!", and Svengali made beautiful music and played his weird, hypnotic tricks. For the Place Saint-Anatole des Arts of the story was in reality the Place Saint-André des Arts. No American in Paris who recalls the charm of Mr. du Maurier's tale, which, twenty-five years ago, thrilled in a manner as perhaps no other novel has ever thrilled, can afford not to make the brief pilgrimage that is a matter of so few steps, and is so rich in awakened memories. For, in addition to the story itself, what better guides to the history and the romance of the quarter could one ask than the ghosts of the "Three Musketeers of the Brush"? The Place Saint-André des Arts has changed since Second Empire days; the old houses, and the cracked, dingy, discoloured walls, with mysterious windows and rusty iron windows of great antiquity that set Little Billee dreaming dreams of mediæval French love and wickedness, have long since vanished. But still, one hundred yards or so away, is the arm of the river, and yonder, as of old, are the towers of Notre Dame, and behind, the ominous Morgue.

It is as interesting a setting of the scene of fiction as

one readily recalls. Other ghosts of romance besides Little Billee mooning, and Taffy performing feats of strength, and the Laird, reciting scraps of Thackeray's "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," and painting Spanish toreadors, and Miss O'Ferrall in the gray overcoat of a French infantry soldier, and Svengali accompanying her as she attempts what she conceives to be the tune of "Ben Bolt," people the structure that the Pilgrim of to-day happens to select as having housed the old studio. There is the pathetic Gecko; and Durien singing *Chagrin d'amour*, and *Plaisir d'amour;* and the tipsy Zou Zou and Dodor at cock-fighting; and Carnegie, Vincent, Lorimer, and Antony, the Swiss, who, in the first version, was Joe Sibley, to the furious indignation of the American painter Whistler, and Mrs. Bagot, and the Reverend Mr. Bagot (a most unpleasant person), who crossed the Channel to save Little Billee from the happiness that a suitable *mésalliance* would have brought him. It cannot be that that tale which once so stirred all hearts, especially the hearts of those just coming up to twenty years, is a forgotten tale; that the new generation knows it not! In the hey-day of its fame, pedantic and dull-witted smugness fleered at it as "as great a violation of reality and verisimilitude as Murger's 'Vie de Bohème'." But into it, Du Maurier, looking back from the ripeness of years to his *rapin* days, breathed all the spirit of the lines: "To drain all life's quintessence in an hour, give me the days when I was twenty-one!"

One day George du Maurier, already famous as the *Punch* draughtsman, was walking in the High Street

of Bayswater in company with Henry James. In the course of the talk James spoke of the difficulty he had in finding plots for his stories. "Plots!" exclaimed Du Maurier, "I am full of plots." He went on to outline the story of "Trilby." "But you ought to write that story," said James. "I can't write. I have never written," was the answer. "If you like the plot so much you may have it." But James would not take it, saying that it was too valuable a present, and that Du Maurier must write the story himself. On reaching home that night Du Maurier set to work. But it was not on "Trilby." By the next morning he had written the first two numbers of "Peter Ibbetson." It seemed, he said, all to flow from his pen in a full stream. But he thought it must be poor stuff, and he determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend the new departure. So he walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that he saw was a large wheel-barrow, and that comforted him and reassured him, for, it may be remembered, there is a wheel-barrow in the first chapter of the story. "Peter Ibbetson," by the way, was written first in English, then translated into French, and then back again into English. Just as America was later to set rolling the ball of "Trilby's" popularity, America was first to welcome Du Maurier in the rôle of novelist. He was dining with an American publisher who said: "I hear, Du Maurier, that you are writing stories. Won't you let me see something?" So "Peter Ibbetson" was sent to America and was accepted at once.

The son of a French father born in London and an

English mother, George Louis Pamella Busson Du Maurier was born in Paris on March 6, 1834. The elder Du Maurier, a scientific man, designed his son for a scientific career, and placed him as a pupil in the Birkbeck Chemical Laboratory of University College. But the boy had little liking for the work, and spent most of his time drawing caricatures. His ambition at the time was to go in for music and singing, a fact which has a direct bearing on the "Trilby" of so many years later. The family was all musical; a sister, who later married Clement Scott, was a gifted pianist, and the father possessed a voice of such rare beauty that had he taken up singing as a profession he would undoubtedly have been one of the greatest singers of his time. Perhaps it was his own sound knowledge of the art—in his youth he had studied at the Paris Conservatory—that led him to discourage all musical aspirations in his son. So denied a musical career, and feeling himself quite unfitted for science, the boy turned to art.

In 1856, after the death of his father, George Du Maurier went to Paris and enrolled himself as a student in the *Atelier Gleyre*. The *Atelier Gleyre* was the *Atelier Carrel* of "Trilby." Those were the joyous Latin Quarter days, spent in the society of Poynter, Whistler, Armstrong, Lamont, and others. But they did not last long, for in 1857 the Du Maurier family went to Antwerp, and there George worked at the Antwerp Academy under Der Kayser and Van Lerius. It was on a day in Van Lerius's studio that the great tragedy of his life took place. He himself has described it:

I was drawing from a model, when suddenly the girl's head seemed to me to dwindle to the size of a walnut. I clapped my hand over my left eye. Had I been mistaken? I could see as well as ever. But when in its turn I covered my right eye I knew what had happened. My left eye had failed me; it might be altogether lost. It was so sudden a blow that I was as thunderstruck. Seeing my dismay Van Lerius came up and asked me what might be the matter; and when I told him he said that it was nothing, that he had had that himself, and so on. And a doctor whom I anxiously consulted that same day comforted me, and said that the accident was a passing one. However, my eye grew worse and worse, and the fear of total blindness beset me constantly.

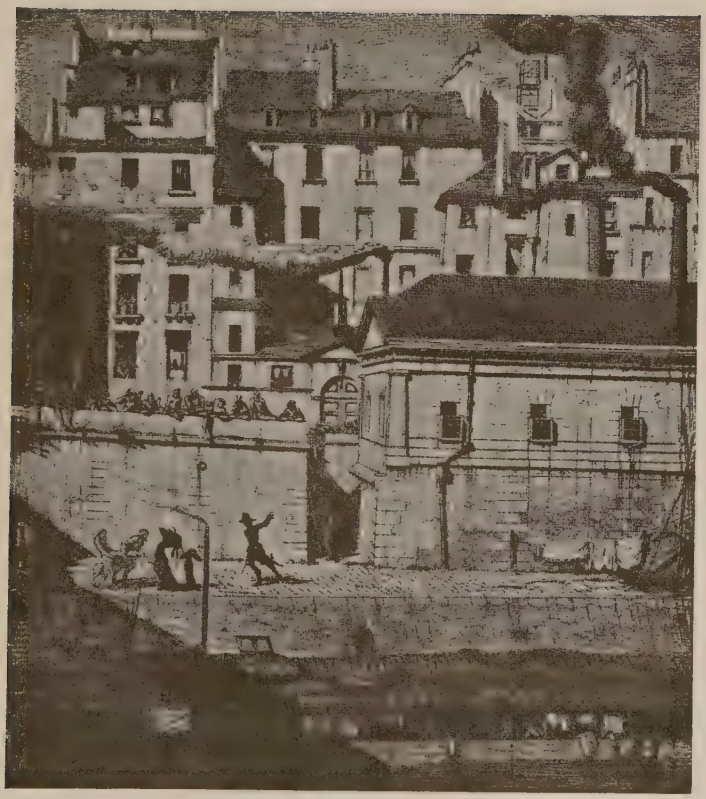
It was an event that poisoned all of Du Maurier's existence. In the spring of 1859 he heard of a great specialist who lived in Düsseldorf, and went to see him. The specialist examined Du Maurier's eyes, and said that while the left eye was certainly lost, there was no reason to fear losing the other. But to the end of his life Du Maurier was never able to shake off entirely the terrible apprehension.

This is hardly the place to deal at any length with the long years of achievement between the *rapin* days in Paris and Antwerp, and the time, in late life, when, with "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby," and "The Martian," he found a new and surprisingly successful *métier*. Briefly: he went to England in 1860, sharing his first London lodging with "Jimmy" Whistler. His first *Punch* drawing represented Whistler and himself entering a photographer's studio. In time he took his seat at the "*Punch* Table"—the seat that had been John Leech's—and began the long labour of holding up the mirror to English society with such creations as Bunthorne, Sir

Georgeous Midas, Postlewaite, and Mrs. Ponsonby-Tompkyns. He made many friends, and was soon rubbing elbows intimately with all that was best in London's art, music, and letters. But he came a little too late to know some of the great Victorians, never seeing Dickens save at John Leech's funeral, and meeting his great literary idol, Thackeray, upon whose style his own writing style was modelled, only once.

The style, from hard reading of Thackeray. That is to be understood. But whence came the craftsmanship that enabled him, full armed, to enter the lists of authorship? That puzzled Du Maurier himself. He was talking of it one day to Anstey, expressing his amazement at the success of his books, in view of the fact that he had never written before. "Never written!" cried Anstey. "Why, my dear Du Maurier, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours, which week after week you have been fitting to your drawings in *Punch*, have prepared you admirably. It was *précis* writing, and gave you conciseness, and repartee, and appositeness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction." Very likely Anstey was right, and that that was the secret. For Du Maurier was seven and fifty years of age before his first novel, "Peter Ibbetson," was given to the world.

But to return to the Paris trail. The Place Saint-Anatole des Arts was the Place Saint-André des Arts, and the Atelier Carrel was the Atelier Gleyre. The home of Trilby herself was in the street that Du Maurier called the Rue du Puits d'Amour. Trilby indicated the



"The Morgue, that gruesome building which the great etcher Méryon has managed to invest with some weird fascination akin to that it had for me in those days—and has now, as I see it with the charmed eyes of Memory."—Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson."

exact address. "*Treize bis, Rue du Puits d'Amour, rez-de-chaussée, au fond de la cour à gauche, vis-à-vis le mont de piéte.* "The real name of the street was, and is, the Rue Gît-le-Cœur. It is a short thoroughfare, running from the Rue St. André des Arts to the Quai des Grands Augustins. Then there was allusion to the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres (the old street of the bad lepers) which in all likelihood was the Rue de la Vieille Boucherie of other days; and the Rue Tire-Liard, where Svengali lived; and the Rue des Pousse-Cailloux, to which Trilby moved after she left the Martins.

But there is a Trilby trail that is easier for the casual visitor to follow; a trail that does not call for scrutiny of old maps and consultation of the *Bottins* of bygone years. If it was a fine Saturday the Laird and Little Billee would pick up Taffy, who lived in the Rue de Seine, and thence the three would make their way to the Cité for a look at the Morgue. Then they would turn westward along the *quais* of the left bank, stopping in the middle of the Pont des Arts to study the river and dream, and then proceed to the Louvre, the Rue de Rivoli, the Place de la Concorde, the Madeleine, and along the boulevards. Incidentally the Pilgrim is warned against using the book too literally as a guide. Even such seasoned Parisians as the "Musketeers of the Brush" would have been at their wits' ends in directing their footsteps to conform with the actual text.

Despite the accident of residence in the Place Saint-Anatole des Arts, Little Billee's heart was not in the Latin Quarter, but in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, especially the Rue de Lille, where he would gaze at the

"hotels" of the old French *noblesse*, and forget himself in dreams of past and forgotten French chivalry. And his favourite among all the splendid structures of that easily found street was the "Hotel de la Rochemartel." It was before the gateway that Little Billee, "no snob, but a respectably brought up young Briton of the higher middle classes" learned, to his consternation, that the real name of the disreputable Zouave Zou-Zou, of whose company he had been so ashamed, was "Gontran-Xavier-François-Marie-Joseph d'Amaury-Brissac de Roncesvaulx de la Rochemartel-Boissegur." The present entrance of the Grand Hotel is on the Rue Scribe. But until eight or nine years ago the entrance was through an archway at No. 12 Boulevard des Capucines. In place of the present tea-room there was a courtyard with a circular driveway and a fountain in the middle. It was in this courtyard that Svengali spat in Little Billee's face and had his own nose violently tweaked by the herculean Taffy.

For the trail of "Trilby," Du Maurier drew upon the Paris of his youth. For many of the people of the tale he turned to friends and acquaintances of that period and later periods. The story of how he drew Whistler as Joe Sibley, the idle apprentice; of how Whistler stormed and threatened suit, characterizing Du Maurier as "a false friend," and of how Joe Sibley was changed to Antony, the Swiss, is an old and familiar one. About ten years ago there died in England a man named Joseph Rowley, who had been a magistrate in Flintshire, and an old and close neighbour of Mr. Gladstone. He was the original of "Taffy" Wynne. When a

young student in Paris he had been a comrade of Du Maurier, Leighton, and Whistler, and throughout the entire Quarter had been noted for his prodigious strength, and his skill at wrestling and boxing. "The Laird" was drawn from T. R. Lamont, the portrait painter, who never quite forgave Du Maurier for the eccentric French attributed to him in the book. The name from which the story drew its title was one that had long lain *perdu* somewhere at the back of Du Maurier's head. He traced it to a tale by Charles Nodier, in which Trilby had been a man. The name Trilby also appears in a poem of Alfred de Musset. "From the moment the name occurred to me," Du Maurier once said, "I was struck with its value. I at once realized that it was a name of great importance. I think I must have felt as happy as Thackeray did when the title of "Vanity Fair" suggested itself to him." Also in the genesis of the book there was the story of a woman that Du Maurier had once heard. It suggested the hypnotism. The woman was probably the beautiful Élise Duval, the favourite model of Gérôme and Benjamin Constant.

IX. SOME OF THE LATER ENGLISHMEN

The Lesson of Laurence Sterne—The France of Kipling's "The Light That Failed"—The Trail of Stevenson—"R. L. S." in Paris, Fontainebleau, and Grez—Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard—"The Refugees"—Leonard Merrick's Tricotrin and His Haunts—The Paris of Arnold Bennett—The Writing of "The Old Wives' Tale"—W. J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond" and "Septimus"—Mr. Locke on His Own Characters.

SINCE Laurence Sterne made the discovery that "they order this matter better in France," and wrote the "Sentimental Journey," English men of letters of all conditions and degrees of talent have been turning to the near-by land for direct inspiration and for occasional background. There is a Sir Walter Scott France in the pages of "Quentin Durward." The conventional beginning of a novel by G. P. R. James pictured two horsemen riding along a river bank, and in most cases the river bore a Gallic name. Whatever the political sympathies of Disraeli may have been, as a writer of fiction he invariably endowed his characters with a sympathetic appreciation of French art, literature, wines, and sauces. To mention only one of the novels of Bulwer-Lytton, there was the tale bearing the title: "The Parisians." Another Lytton wrote "Aux Italiens," beginning with the somewhat hack-

neyed lines "In Paris it was, at the Opera there." Essentially French was the genius of George Meredith. The story of Dickens and Thackeray in Paris and the French scenes and characters in their books has already been told, and the story of George Du Maurier and the city by the Seine that was so charmingly reflected in the pages of "Trilby," "Peter Ibbetson," and "The Martian." What of the younger men—the men of today or of the recent yesterday? It is quite impossible to think of considering them all, and few will be likely to quarrel with the selection of the names of Kipling, Stevenson, Doyle, Locke, Bennett, Conrad, and Merrick.

"There is of course Kipling's India and the adjacent lands. There is a Kipling's England of unappreciated richness, the England of 'They,' of 'An Habitation Enforced,' of 'An Error in the Fourth Dimension,' and the incomparable stories of 'Puck of Pook's Hill.' There is a Kipling tale to fit every one of the Seven Seas. There is a Kipling's United States; the Middle West in 'The Naulahka'; Maine and New York City in 'A Walking Delegate'; California and Gloucester in 'Captains Courageous.' The spirit of France is reflected and extolled in many lines of his work. But where can you turn to find an actual invasion of French soil in Kipling narrative?" So challenged a friend of the Pilgrim. For the moment he had forgotten Torpenhow's journey in quest of Maisie after Dick had gone blind as related in "The Light That Failed." Torpenhow's route was outlined by the Keneu, in discussion with the Nilghai. "He will go to Vitry-sur-Marne,

which is on the Bezières-Landes Railway—single track from Tourgas." Now although there is a Vitry-sur-Seine, and a Vitry-Pas-de-Calais, and a Vitry-la-Ville, and a Vitry-le-François, there is no actual Vitry-sur-Marne. Also there is no Bezières-Landes Railway, and no Tourgas. Otherwise either Vitry-le-François or Vitry-la-Ville answer all practical purposes, for they are in the general direction indicated, and close by the river Marne. Perhaps to this day lives the legend of the mad Englishman who had drunk all the officers of the garrison under the table, had borrowed a horse from the lines, and had then and there eloped, after the English custom, with one of those more than mad English girls who drew pictures down there under the care of the good Monsieur Kami.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in his admirable "On the Trail of Stevenson," has told the story of "R. L. S." and the France that he adored. "Stevenson," wrote Mr. Hamilton, "lived more freely, more fully, and more happily in France than in any other country. When Louis was floundering through the stormy seas of adolescence, Edinburgh never understood him. This is the reason why, for a time, he hovered very near to dashing headlong to hell. But in Paris, the city of the free, he recovered his mental sanity. Instead of a conspiracy of citizens solemnly and hypocritically chanting 'Thou shalt not,' he found a civilized society that permitted him to think out for himself the more important problem of 'Thou shalt'."

It was on his return from Mentone in April, 1874, that Louis met his cousin, Robert Alan Mowbray Steven-

son, in Paris, and really saw the city for the first time. R. A. M. was a painter, and he introduced Louis to the town of the *ateliers*, the Paris that has always left the deepest impression on ardent youth. The foreigner's Paris, which has its heart in the Place de l'Opéra, he saw with the eyes of a stranger, but the *rive gauche*, the city of freedom and adventure, the Paris where, as Dante phrased it, "a youth may learn to make himself eternal," he took at once to his bosom. To quote Mr. Hamilton: "This Paris he knew better and loved much more than any phase of London. He could wear his queer clothes, and think his queer thoughts, and feel his queer feelings, and pursue his queer business of learning how to write; and the fellows he encountered every day could understand him, and knew enough to leave him alone."

The reminiscences of those years went into the making of "The Wrecker." In that book Stevenson sang the praises of the "Boul. Mich.", and the gardens of the Luxembourg, and the Rue de Rennes, and Lavenue's, which is near the Gare Monparnasse, and the Observatoire, and the Hotel de Cluny, and Roussillon wine. Says London Dodd, the hero of the tale: "Z. Marcas lived next door to me in my ungainly, ill-smelling hotel in the Rue Racine; I dined in my villainous restaurant with Lousteau and Rastignac: if a curricle nearly ran me down at a street crossing, Maxime de Trailles would be the driver." His knowledge of the painter's Paris was also utilized in the second story of "The New Arabian Nights," where the American, Silas Q. Scuddamore, experiences a series of unusual

adventures at the Bal Bullier. That famous dance of the students of the Quarter is described with a wealth of detail. Francis Scrymgeour found the House with the Green Blinds far up the slope of Montmartre, in the Rue Lepic, commanding a view of all Paris and enjoying the pure air of the heights. It was a typical house of the Montmartre of the 'seventies, and there was a high garden wall protected by *chevaux-de-frise*. Francis, after adventures in the House with the Green Blinds, took to his heels down the lane that leads to the Rue Ravignan. The Rue Lepic, the Rue Ravignan, and the connecting lane may all easily be found to-day. In that one episode there is more of a definite Paris than there is of a definite London in all "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It was not merely in contemporary Paris that Stevenson was at home. Prowling through the Latin Quarter he delighted in mentally reconstructing it as it had been two or three or four centuries before. If the

A STREET OF STEVENSON'S "NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS"

subject under consideration is the city of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," or the ride of D'Artagnan to Belle-Isle, as related in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," or the town that knew François Villon, in some one of Stevenson's essays there is always a fitting quotation to be found. It was his personal knowledge of the Quarter supplemented by his sympathetic grasp of the spirit of the writers of the past that gave him the material he needed for his tales of mediæval France.

"Stevenson's interest in the history of Paris," to revert to Mr. Hamilton's book, "would scarcely be worth recording were it not for the fact that he never showed the slightest interest in the history of London. His London—so to speak—is devoid of any past; but his Paris stretches back through the centuries. The first story that he ever published was a tale of mediæval Paris, "A Lodging for the Night." In origin, it was an offshoot from two of the critical papers which were later collected in "Familiar Studies of Men and Books"—the essay on Victor Hugo's romances and the essay on François Villon. In this great story Stevenson looked at Villon through the eyes of Victor Hugo. The tale is utterly original in style. A Paris of the past is recreated by a master hand. But "A Lodging for the Night"—despite its manifest, peculiar merits—may be regarded as the sort of story Hugo would have written if he, too, had made a thorough study of the life and work of the greatest vandal among poets, the greatest poet among vandals.

"Stevenson's second story, 'The Sire de Malétroit's Door,' is also set in mediæval France. It is a sort of

tale that old Dumas might have told if he had ever had sufficient leisure to develop the finished style of R. L. S. The story happens in a nameless town. We are informed that the hero, Denis de Beaulieu, is a resident of Bourges; and scene of the tale may be imagined as a lesser Bourges, more dark and little and intimate and thrilling. There are glimpses of Gothic architecture in this story that show us that Stevenson had used his eyes to better advantage in France than he ever used them in England. In France, where his eyes were open, he could see the past; in England, where his eyes were shut, he could scarcely see the present."

Perhaps there was no period of Stevenson's always romantic life of more enduring interest than the Fontainebleau period. To the Forest he was introduced in April, 1875, by the same R. A. M. S. who a year before had showed him the Latin Quarter. The cousins made their headquarters at Siron's, in Barbizon, where they were known as "Stennis *aîné*" and "Stennis *frère*. "The Wrecker" pictures them under these names in pages that are drawn directly from the life. "He was a great walker in those days," says Mr. Hamilton, "and explored not only the forest itself, but all the towns of the adjacent countryside. He knew not only Barbizon, but Marlotte, Montigny, and Chailly-en-Bière, Cernay-la-Ville, Bourron, Moret, Nemours, and Grez. The traveller who visits any of these entrancing little towns will find himself walking in the footsteps of R. L. S. It is no longer necessary to describe them; they have been described for all time in the two essays in which Louis has recounted his memories of this dis-

trict—the paper entitled "Fontainebleau," and the paper entitled "Forest Notes."

After Barbizon, Stevenson's favourite haunt in the district was Grez. In the summer of 1875 he wrote to his mother: "I have been three days at a place called Grez, a pretty and very melancholy village on the plain. A low bridge, with many arches choked with sedge; green fields of white and yellow water-lilies; poplars and willows innumerable; and about it all such an atmosphere of sadness and slackness, one could do nothing but get into the boat and out of it again, and yawn for bedtime." Later, in the essay called "Fontainebleau" he was in another mood. "But Grez is a merry place after its kind; pretty to see, merry to inhabit. The course of its pellucid river, whether up or down, is full of attractions for the navigator; the mirror and inverted images of trees, lilies, and mills, and the foam and thunder of weirs. And of all noble sweeps of roadway, none is nobler, on a windy dusk, than the highroad to Nemours between its lines of talking poplar." It was at Grez that Stevenson, aged twenty-five, met the woman, aged thirty-seven, who was later to become his wife.

To find the invented character closest to the heart of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would be a matter, not of visiting the rooms in Upper Baker Street, London, to encounter the most widely known personage in all fiction enveloped in a dressing gown and thick clouds of shag tobacco smoke, but of prowling among certain Paris cafés of 1845 or thereabouts in search of a talkative *vieux grognard* of the First Empire with a strong Gascon

accent. For despite the world-wide popularity of his creation Doyle never loved Sherlock Holmes, whereas he has always adored Colonel Étienne Gerard of the Hussar of Conflans. The exploits of Gerard do not, in themselves, save in a few instances, belong to Paris; they are the tales of Russian ice and snow, of castles of gloom in Poland, of treachery lurking in moldy canal-laved houses of Venice, of mountain peaks in Portugal, of the English prison of Dartmoor, of the lonely rock of St. Helena. But the telling of them does, and, through the medium of the grizzled Brigadier sipping his glass of wine, garrulous as the memory of the great days through which he has lived surge within him, yet feeling the call of the beloved Gascony of his boyhood, Doyle has poured out all his joyously acquired and marvellously transmuted knowledge of the Napoleonic period, and the men with the hairy knapsacks and the hearts of steel whose tramp shook the continent for so many years.

Immensely proud is Conan Doyle of that collection of Napoleonic military memoirs out of which grew the vainglorious yet altogether delightful Gerard. Glowingly he told of it in "Through the Magic Door," perhaps the least read although one of the finest of all his books. "Here," he said, "is Marbot, the first of all soldier books in the world. Marbot gives you the point of view of the officer. So does De Ségfur and De Fezensac and Colonel Gonville, each in some different branch of the service. But some are from the pens of the men in the ranks, and they are even more graphic than the others. Here, for example, are the papers of good

old Cogniet, who was a grenadier of the Guard, and could neither read nor write until the great wars were over. A tougher soldier never went into battle. Here is Sergeant Bourgogne, also with his dreadful account of that nightmare campaign in Russia, and the gallant Chevillet, trumpeter of Chasseurs, with his matter-of-fact account of all that he saw, where the daily 'combat' is sandwiched in between the real business of the day, which was foraging for his frugal breakfast and supper." Where was the café honoured by the patronage and reminiscence of Gerard? That is a matter for the pleasant, harmless play of the imagination. Any haunt will do, such a one, for example, as Thackeray sang in "The Chronicle of the Drum":

> At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
> Whoever will choose to repair,
> Midst a dozen of wooden legged warriors
> May haply fall in with old Pierre.
> On the sunshiny side of a tavern
> He sits and he prates of old wars,
> And moistens his pipe of tobacco
> With a drink that is named after Mars.

There is, of course, no such thing as a Sherlock Holmes Paris trail. But every now and then in the stories occur references to the French capital, allusions to hurried trips made by the great man across the Channel, either for professional purposes or for relaxation after some particularly baffling problem has been solved. Also we know that there was constant communication between Upper Baker Street and the French secret service,

and Holmes was forever tossing across the table to Watson cablegrams filled with such expressions of admiration as "*magnifique*" and "*coup-de-maître.*" Perhaps some day, when Doyle sees fit to tell us more of his hero's activities in the Great War than he related in "His Last Bow," we shall be introduced to a M. Sherlock Holmes, temporarily at least, *citoyen de Paris.*

There is a very concrete old Paris of Conan Doyle. It is the city of "The Refugees," a tale which began in the France of the later life of Louis XIV, when that monarch, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, was reviving with extreme severity the edicts against those of the Huguenot faith. Much research went into the making of that book with the result that there is to the story the genuine flavour of old streets. At the corner of the Rue Saint-Martin and the Rue de Biron was the house of the merchant Catinat, the father of the heroine Adèle, "a narrow building, four stories in height, grim and grave like its owner, with high

OLD RUE SAINT-MARTIN

peaked roof, long diamond paned windows, a framework of black wood, with gray plaster filling the interstices, and five stone steps which led up to the narrow and sombre door." That structure was the scene of the Paris half of "The Refugees," when the tale was not revolving about the sun-like magnificence of the royal Louis. From there the little party bound for the religious freedom promised by the New World made its way by night to the city gates, thence to Rouen, and then by boat through the winding Seine to the open sea.

The Tricotrin of Leonard Merrick is a true lineal descendant of the Rodolphe of Henry Murger, and he is quite as French. For Merrick knows his Paris as well as he knows his London, and of the two, obviously prefers the French capital. If Tricotrin happened to survive the Great War it should not be difficult to find him. He lives up six flights of stairs in an attic in Montmartre. He is a poet whose poems are unprinted, just as his friend Pitou is a musician whose music is never played, as his friend Flamant is a painter whose pictures are never sold or exhibited, and as his friend Lajeunie is a playwright whose pieces are never produced. It is the four of Murger over again. Tricotrin has an uncle in the provinces—a silk manufacturer of Lyons—who earnestly wishes the young man to forsake his unconventional ways and embark in trade. That is of course what Tricotrin will do eventually, but in the meantime he prefers to remain in his attic, dining on a herring, flaunting his long hair and shabby clothes on the boulevards, and building fine day-dreams of fortune and renown. From time to time the sun of

prosperity emerges from the clouds and for a brief moment shines upon Tricotrin. For example, on one occasion, he is employed to contribute to a newly established journal in a remote town a weekly letter on the theatrical life of Paris. Dining on the herring in the Montmartre attic his imagination is not hampered by unsympathetic fact. In his opinions of performances he discreetly agrees with the *Figaro*, but in his paragraphs he "sups" and "chats" with all sorts of prominent people. His invisible telephone is a fountain of perpetual inspiration. "Why," he confides, "tomorrow Yvette Guilbert is going to call me up the moment she returns from London to tell me of her professional worries and to beg me for my advice. As she will be prostrated by the journey, I am not sure but that, yielding to her entreaties, I may even jump into an auto-taxi and take pot-luck in her delightful home."

Of course the day comes when the editor of the remote paper decides to visit Paris in order that Tricotrin may introduce him to some of the celebrities of literature and the stage. The poet, at his wits' ends, calls upon his friends for help. They respond nobly, all except Lajeunie, who selfishly refuses to shave his head in order that Tricotrin may introduce him to the visiting editor as Edmond Rostand. A dozen stories, twenty stories, might be told of Tricotrin, his expedients, his gallantries, and of the Paris of his wanderings. He has his moral shortcomings, but they merely add to the picture. Taken all in all Tricotrin is the most delightful Bohemian of the fiction of the last two decades.

The Rue du Haut Pavé, looking toward the Panthéon. "There are in Paris certain streets," wrote the great Honoré de Balzac in "Ferragus," "as dishonoured as can be any man convicted of infamy. . . . There are murderous streets, and streets older than the oldest possible dowagers."

But there is a Leonard Merrick Paris which does not depend upon Tricotrin and his long-haired companions. It is the reminiscent city of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Trying to bring back the flavour of the past Conrad sampled the hospitality of a little hotel on the left bank, in the Rue du Haut Pavé, and puffed his cigarettes in the Café Vachette and the Café d'Harcourt. It is the whimsical city of "The Suicides of the Rue Sombre." It is the tragical city of "The Back of Bohemia." It is the fantastic city of "Little-Flower-of-the-Wood." It is the enchanted city of "The Prince in the Fairy Tale." There is, in the last-named story, one paragraph alone that establishes Leonard Merrick's claim to be considered as one of the interpreters in fiction of *la ville lumière*. "I have never," he says, "seen a city that opens it eyes as good-humouredly as Paris. In pictures it is always shown to us at night, with its myriad lamps shining, or in the afternoon, when it is frivolous, and its fountains flash; but in my own little unimportant opinion, if one would know Paris at its sweetest and best one should get up very early, and behold it when it wakes to work." Again, in rather unkindly criticism of beautiful Brussels he has said something to this effect: "Stopping at Brussels *en route* for Paris is like calling upon the sister of the woman with whom you are in love."

The café that figured in "Little-Flower-of-the-Wood" was high up toward the summit of Montmartre and was long known as the "White Wolf." But in the new edition of his books Mr. Merrick has changed that name to another, for reasons which he has outlined in the

course of a recent letter to the present Pilgrim. Now the restaurant made famous by the whim of the reigning dancer of the moment is the "Café of the Good Old Times." "Long after the story had been published," says Mr. Merrick, "I came across this name over a little workman's café, a *débit*, on a country road somewhere, and it was so exceedingly appropriate to the story that I regretted that I had not struck it sooner. I have never heard of any café of this name in Paris; and the story of 'Little-Flower-of-the-Wood' is purely fiction. It was suggested by the fact that these two disparate classes of trade obtained simultaneously after midnight at an actual café in Paris—champagne suppers and fortunate *cocottes* on the first floor, and humble onion soup and the unsuccessful sisterhood downstairs. The contrast between the two clientèles was so dramatic that it cried aloud for a story.

"The name of the café frequented by Tricotrin and his circle," Mr. Merrick goes on, "has been changed to the 'Café of the Beautiful Future.' The name is, I believe, imaginary. There *ought* to have been an artistic café in Paris called the 'Café of the Beautiful Future' so I have done what I could do to fill the void. All of my short stories—prior to 'While Paris Laughed'—that I wished to see reprinted, are in the two volumes, 'A Chair on the Boulevard' and 'The Man Who Understood Women,' and there are many revisions of names. All stories peopled by French characters are assembled in the former. 'The Back of Bohemia' and 'The Prince in the Fairy Tale' and other tales dealing with Anglo-Saxons are contained in the latter.

"You ask me if there was a real Tricotrin. There were many, but my Tricotrin is not a portrait of any one in particular. This applies equally to Pitou and the café. Tricotrin's origin in fiction? I suppose, primarily, sympathy with the French temperament, interest in French art, and the fascination that the true types of Montmartre—as distinguished from the night visitors from the Grand Boulevard—always exercised upon me. All the same, when I wrote my first story of Tricotrin and Pitou ('The Tragedy of a Comic Song') I had no notion that they would ever reappear in any further story. Their longevity was not designed by me. They have persisted because, to me at all events, they were very much alive, very dear. Ill health has prevented me from seeing Paris since the early part of the war, and I am wondering very anxiously whether I shall find them alive when I go back—in other words, how much of the life of Montmartre the war has left. It is quite possible that I may find that I can never write to them any more, for lacking the familiar atmosphere, I think they would be pathetic figures. Personally, I found it sad to meet the Musketeers again in their middle-age and '*Vingt Ans Après*.' But as war does not recreate human nature, though we are asked to believe that this one has re-created it, there will be new Tricotrins and Pitous born in France in every generation. Not war, but the end of the world will have to come before her artistry and sentiment perish.

"I do not, at the moment, recall any precise portrait in any of my stories of France excepting in 'The Banquets of Kiki'—in 'While Paris Laughed.' Grospiron

lives. And Madame Grospiron, if she is spared, will fulfill the picture of her about thirty years hence. When I saw her last she was still a 'plump, rosy girl with a violent mother.' By the way, here is an example of the literary instinct to be found in almost every grade of the French. At a café I had noticed a woman, like the woman described in the story 'A Piece of Sugar' ('While Paris Laughed'), surreptitiously pocket a few matches. It looked more pitiful than it sounds. While I was still wondering how I could handle the incident, I happened to speak of it in the hearing of that violent mother—uneducated, of the lower classes. Instantaneously she broke in, 'Poor soul. But it would have been even more dramatic if she had pocketed a piece of sugar!' Impossible to imagine an Englishwoman of the lower classes saying that.

"I have omitted to say that Tricotrin and Pitou live—or lived—whichever it may prove to be—in Montmartre because it was the only district for them. Not a few critics, both on your side and here, insist on referring to them as denizens of the Latin Quarter, but as you doubtless know as well as I, Murger's Latin Quarter and the modern Latin Quarter were two widely different things."

For the Paris of Arnold Bennett turn to "The Old Wives' Tale." In his introduction to that story he told how, in the autumn of 1903, he was in the habit of dining frequently in a restaurant in the Rue de Clichy and how there he saw the two giggling waitresses and the grotesque old woman whose plight stirred him to the thought that she had once been young, with the

unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. "It was at this instant that I was visited by the idea of writing the book which ultimately became 'The Old Wives' Tale.'" What follows is, in a measure, a revelation of Arnold Bennett's literary creed:

I put aside the idea for a long time, but it was never very distant from me. For several reasons it made a special appeal to me. I had always been a convinced admirer of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's most precious novel, "Aunt Anne," but I wanted to see in the story of an old woman many things that Mrs. Clifford had omitted from "Aunt Anne." Moreover, I had always revolted against the absurd youthfulness, the unfading youthfulness of the average heroine. And as a protest against this fashion, I was already, in 1903, planning a novel ("Leonora") of which the heroine was aged forty, and had daughters old enough to be in love. But I meant to go much farther than forty. Finally, as a supreme reason, I had the example and the challenge of Guy de Maupassant's "Une Vie." In the 'nineties we used to regard "Une Vie" with mute awe, as being the summit of achievement in fiction. And I remember being very cross with Mr. Bernard Shaw because, having read "Une Vie" at the suggestion (I think) of Mr. William Archer, he failed to see in it anything very remarkable. Here I must confess that, in 1908, I read "Une Vie" again, and in spite of a natural anxiety to differ from Mr. Bernard Shaw, I was gravely disappointed with it. It is a fine novel, but decidedly inferior to "Pierre et Jean" or even "Fort Comme la Mort." To return to the year 1903. "Une Vie" relates the entire life history of a woman. I settled in the privacy of my own head that my book about the development of a young girl into a stout old lady must be the English "Une Vie." I have been accused of every fault except a lack of self-confidence, and in a few weeks I settled a further point, namely, that my book must go one better than "Une Vie" and that to this end it must be the life history of two women instead of only one. Hence "The Old Wives' Tale" has two heroines.

For a long time Mr. Bennett was intimidated by the audacity of his project, but he had sworn to carry it out. Five or six novels of smaller scope were produced before he turned his hand to the big task. That was in the autumn of 1907. He began the writing of "The Old Wives' Tale" in a village near Fontainebleau, where he had rented half a house from a retired railway servant. The apparent length to which the story was to run appalled him. It was to be a matter of no less than two hundred thousand words. To reassure himself he counted the words in several famous Victorian novels and found that they averaged four hundred thousand words. The first part of "The Old Wives' Tale" was written in six weeks. Then, in a London hotel, the author came to an *impasse*, and put the story aside temporarily in order to write "Buried Alive." That done, he returned to Fontainebleau, and finished "The Old Wives' Tale" there at the end of July, 1908. When he came to the French portion of the story he saw that the Siege of Paris fitted chronologically. For first-hand information he turned to his landlord.

I was aware that my railway servant and his wife had been living in Paris at the time of the war. I said to the old man: "By the way, you went through the Siege of Paris, didn't you?" He turned to his old wife and said, uncertainly: "The Siege of Paris? Yes, we did, didn't we?" The Siege had been only one incident among many in their lives. Of course they remembered it well, though not vividly, and I gained much information from them. But the most useful thing that I gained from them was the perception, startling at first, that ordinary people went on living very ordinary lives in Paris during the Siege, and that to the vast mass of the population

the Siege was not the dramatic, spectacular, thrilling, ecstatic affair that is described in history.

Conceived in a Paris restaurant, begun and finished in a Paris suburb, "The Old Wives' Tale" is rich in a Paris that the Second Empire bequeathed to us little changed. Gerald and Sophia on their honeymoon went to stay at the Hotel Meurice, then as now in the Rue de Rivoli, facing the Tuileries Gardens. In later and less affluent days they occupied a three-cornered bedroom of a little hotel at the angle of the Rue Fontaine (the street in which the Forestiers of Maupassant's "Bel-Ami" lived) and the Rue Laval (later renamed the Rue Victor Massé). It is on the slope of Montmartre, within a stone's throw of the Boulevard de Clichy. Eventually Sophia became the proprietress of the Pension Frensham in the Rue Lord-Byron, a winding street of the Champs-Élysées quarter, very near the Arc de Triomphe. An event of her early Paris days was the journey to Auxerre to witness an execution. Never having been present at an execution Mr. Bennett based his description upon a series of articles he had read in a Paris newspaper. Frank Harris, discussing "The Old Wives' Tale" in London *Vanity Fair*, said that it was clear that the author had not seen an execution, and proceeded to describe one himself. "It was," said Mr. Bennett, "a brief but terribly convincing bit of writing, quite characteristic and quite worthy of the author of 'Montes the Matador' and of a man who had been almost everywhere and seen almost everything."

I comprehended how far short I had fallen of the truth! I wrote to Mr. Frank Harris, regretting that his description had not been printed before I wrote mine, as I should assuredly have utilized it, and, of course, I admitted that I had never witnessed an execution. He simply replied: "Neither have I." This detail is worth preserving, for it is a reproof to that large body of readers who, when a novelist has really carried conviction to them, assert offhand: "Oh, that must be autobiography!"

No Englishman of our time has loved Paris more and interpreted it more sympathetically than Mr. W. J. Locke. A mythical street, somewhere in the Latin Quarter, is the Rue des Saladiers. There, at No. 11, was the *atelier* Janot, associated with "The Beloved Vagabond." Near by was the Café Delphine, where Paragot exercised a dictatorship similar to that he had enjoyed at the Lotus Club, in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, when Asticot first became his faithful chattel. To Paragot, Parks was the "Boul. Mich." In "Septimus," Zora Middlemist, at the time of the first visit, stayed at the Grand Hotel, but Septimus Dix, who knew Paris in a queer dim way of his own, lived in an obscure hotel of the *rive gauche*. After Septimus had chivalrously given Zora's sister the shelter of his name he found for Emmy an apartment in the Boulevard Raspail, repairing himself to the near-by Hotel Godet. Of some of these scenes and people the Pilgrim quotes from a letter recently received from Mr. Locke. The letter, written from Nice, ends: "You see I am in the delectable land once more, after five years of gray English skies."

I am afraid I can give you nothing very useful concerning the *provenance* (origin) of "The Beloved Vagabond." Paragot was

taken from no individual. When starting him my memory went back to the early 'eighties when I used to fool about the *rive gauche*, and where one often saw, in the same café, day after day, some elderly philosophic ruffian, generally fiercely bearded, laying down the law on sculpture, painting, and the non-existence of the Deity. Some were veritable debased geniuses—Verlaine of course the shining exemplar—some were still so-called students, because they liked the idleness and the aromatic smell of the "Boul. Mich." at the absinthe hour, some were hungry blackguards, des *pique-assiette* (dinner hunters) willing for a consideration to render the young and shy any kind of dubious service.

After a lapse of twenty years—I wrote "The Beloved Vagabond" in 1905-06—I retained no memory of any one individual, but I fashioned Paragot out of my blurred impressions of the type. In fact, all the characters in my novels are drawn either from type or invented as a possible human being. I have never drawn from the living model.

So Aristide Pujol is drawn from type. You can see him at any café on the Cannebière of Marseilles or at commercial *table d'hôtes* at Aix-en-Provence or Tarascon. I met his counterpart for two minutes, in Robinson Crusoe motoring goatskins, on an occasion when I had lost my way motoring, and with excited good will he put me wise.

The phrasing of the end of the last sentence is clear evidence that Mr. Locke's visits to the United States have not been entirely fruitless.

X. ZOLA'S PARIS

The Bitter Years of Apprenticeship—The World Seen from a Garret—Employment at Hachette's—First Published Books—At Flaubert's Table—The Story of the House at Médan—Paris Streets and the Novels of the "Rougon-Macquart"—Dram Shops, Markets, and Department Stores.

WITH the conspicuous exception of Gustave Flaubert there was hardly a master of French fiction of the nineteenth century who did not serve his literary apprenticeship in Bohemia, using that term to indicate a condition of dire want rather than a period of care-free gayety. Victor Hugo, already acclaimed as the "sublime child," was reduced to such existence as an income of seven hundred francs a year made possible. Balzac in his garret in the Rue Lesdiguières undermined his health and shortened his days by overwork and under nourishment. Dumas's condition after his arrival from his native Villers-Cotterets was financially about as precarious as that of the D'Artagnan of his creation, coming up to town from Tarbes. Daudet and his brother lived in an attic in the Rue Mouffetard. Émile Zola, at twenty-five years of age, found employment that paid him forty cents a day. After two months at the work he threw it up, and from the beginning of March, 1860, till the end of that year then all through 1861, and the first three months of

1862, he led what one of his biographers, Ernest Vizetelly, has called "a life of dire Bohemian poverty." Here is the story of his early Paris homes.

On his arrival in Paris in February, 1858, he lived with his mother at No. 63 Rue Monsieur le Prince. That street, which Daudet described so vividly in "Les Rois en Exil" as the home of Elysée Méraut, is familiar to any one with any knowledge of the Latin Quarter, and retains much of its old-world quaintness and flavour. From there the Zolas moved in January, 1859, to No. 241 Rue Saint-Jacques, and thence in April, 1860, to a cheaper lodging at No. 35 Rue Saint-Victor, a short, narrow street still to be found near the Square Monge. There, according to Vizetelly, Zola's room was one of a few lightly built garrets, raised over the house-roof proper, and constituting a seventh "floor"; the leads in front forming a terrace whence the view embraced nearly all Paris. To share this precarious existence came Paul Cézanne, and the two friends dreamed of conquering Paris, one as a poet, and the other as a painter. In summer they often spent the night on the terrace discussing art and literature.

But matters grew worse before they began to improve. Zola was obliged to part from his mother, who with the assistance of friends and her own skill with the needle found refuge in a *pension* in the quarter, while the son, unwilling longer to sponge on Cézanne, sought an even humbler attic in the Rue Neuve Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, near the ancient church. One after another his few belongings were carried away to the pawn shop; occasionally he borrowed a small sum from

an acquaintance; his diet was bread and water, with now and then an apple or a bit of cheese; a pipeful of tobacco was a rare luxury, and his great daily problem was to find three sous with which to purchase a candle for the next evening's work. Often the problem was not solved. Lying in the darkness he was forced to commit to memory the lines of verse that surged in his brain. For like nearly all young French men of letters, it was to poetry that Zola first turned.

Finally, for non-payment of rent, he was evicted from the attic in the Rue Neuve Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, and went to a furnished room house near the Panthéon in the Rue Soufflet before that street had been widened to the dimensions of the present day. The life there was so riotous that the police found frequent occasion to interfere. To quote Vizetelly on the Latin Quarter period of Zola's life and its influence on his work of later years:

> The long winter ends, the spring comes, and Zola turns to enjoy the sun rays—at times in the Jardin des Plantes, which is near his lodging, at others along the quais of the Seine, where he spends hours among the thousands of second-hand books displayed for sale on the parapets. And all the life of the river, the whole picturesque panorama of the quays as they were then, becomes fixed in his mind, to supply, many years afterward, the admirable descriptive passages given in the fourth chapter of his novel "L'Œuvre." There it is Claude Lantier who is shown walking the quays with his sweetheart Christine. And Zola was certainly not alone every time that he himself paced them. We know to what a young man's fancy turns in springtime. He lived, moreover, in the *Quartier Latin*, which still retained some of its old freedom of life, in spite of the many changes it was undergoing.

In February, 1863, Zola entered the employ of the publishing house of Hachette and Company as a packer at a salary of one hundred francs a month. Small as the sum was it enabled him to leave Bohemia behind, and after he had adjusted himself to regular hours, his chief worry was his inability to read all the books that passed through his hands. After leaving the Rue Soufflot he lived, in turn, in the Impasse Saint-Dominique, in the Rue Neuve de la Pépinière, and then in the Rue des Feuillantines, to which allusion will be found in the chapter on Victor Hugo. It was there that he began "La Confession de Claude," which, however, was laid aside in order that the writer might devote himself to short stories.

One day Zola submitted the manuscript of a poetical trilogy to his employer. Hachette would not publish, but he offered encouragement, and raised the young man's salary to two hundred francs a month. That enabled Zola to take his mother again to live with him, and the two found quarters in the Rue Saint-Jacques, where gathered the band of friends afterward described in "L'Œuvre." Then, in October, 1864, the firm of Hetzel and Lacroix, the latter the ambitious publisher of "Les Misérables," issued Zola's "Contes à Ninon." The conditions of publication were that the author was to receive no immediate payment, but Zola was satisfied, for the book made him known and served as an entering wedge to the columns of the newspapers and the reviews. A year later Lacroix brought out "La Confession de Claude." This time the author received a 10 per cent. royalty, which amounted to

six cents on every copy sold. The entire edition was however only fifteen hundred copies, and Zola's consequent profit less than a hundred dollars. Yet he felt himself ready to give up his position at Hachette's and plunge into the uncertain stream of journalism and literature.

The Paris of the first period of Émile Zola's life may be summed up as an attic in the Latin Quarter; of the third period, a country house in a remote suburb; the second period is represented by a dinner table, one of the most famous dinner tables of literature, that of Gustave Flaubert. The Rougon-Macquart structure had been elaborately planned, the Franco-Prussian War had taken place, driving Zola to Marseilles and Bordeaux, the normal tenor of life had been resumed in an atmosphere of steadily increasing prosperity. Flaubert's house was then in the Rue Murillo, near the Parc Monceau, and there Zola became an habitué, one of the intimate circle that included, besides the host, Edmond de Goncourt (Jules de Goncourt had recently died), the Russian Turgenieff, Alphonse Daudet, and Flaubert's pupil, Guy de Maupassant, then in his early twenties. "We met there every Sunday," Daudet wrote in "Trente Ans de Paris," "five or six of us, always the same, upon a most delightfully intimate footing. No admittance for mutes and bores."

Even when the dinners were held elsewhere than in Flaubert's house they seem still to have been in a measure Flaubert dinners. "It was about this time," continues Daudet in "Trente Ans de Paris," "that the

suggestion was made of a monthly meeting around a bountifully spread table; it was called the 'Flaubert dinner,' or the 'dinner of authors who have been hissed.' Flaubert was admitted by virtue of the failure of his 'Candidat'; Zola, with 'Bouton de Rose'; Goncourt, with 'Henriette Marechal'; I, with my 'Arlésienne.' Girardin tried to insinuate himself into our circle; he was not a literary man, so we rejected him. As for Turgenieff, he gave us his word that he had been hissed in Russia; and as it was a long distance away we did not go there to see.

"There could be nothing more delightful than these dinner parties of friends, where we talked without restraint, with minds alert and elbows on the tablecloth. Like men of experience we were all gourmands. There were as many different varieties of gluttony as there were temperaments; as many tastes as provinces represented. Flaubert must have Normandy butter and Rouen ducks *à l'étouffade;* Edmond de Goncourt, with his delicate, exotic appetite, ordered sweetmeats flavoured with ginger; Zola, shell-fish; Turgenieff smacked his lips over the caviare.

"Ah! we were not easily fed, and the Parisian restaurants must remember us. We often changed. At one time we dined at Adolphe and Pélé's, behind the Opera, at another time on the Place de l'Opéra-Comique; then at Voisin's, where the cellar satisfied all our demands and won the favour of our appetites. We sat down at seven o'clock, and at two we had not finished. Flaubert and Zola dined in their shirt-sleeves. Turgenieff reclined on the couch; we turned the waiters

out of the room—an entirely useless precaution, for Flaubert's roar could be heard from top to bottom of the house. And we talked literature. We always had one of our own books which had just appeared."

It was in 1877, when he was first enriched by the sales of "L'Assommoir," that Zola discovered the house in which his later life and work were bound up. It is perhaps stretching a point to speak of Médan as Paris, for it is a little town of the remote environs, that overlooks the Seine, beyond Poissy. Yet, relatively, the cottage at Fordham was as far from the city when Poe lived there, yet it is always considered as a New York home of the author of "The Raven." And Zola's Médan house has a story that is well worth telling. Zola, who at first wished merely to rent it, was persuaded to buy, the original purchase price being nine thousand francs. That was only the beginning. In the Médan property that survived him may be read in part the story of his literary successes. Most of his money was lavished there. The first additional building that he caused to be erected was a large square tower in which was a spacious workroom. In that room most of the later books were written. The tower was the "L'Assommoir Tower," for it was built from part of the returns from "L'Assommoir." In time a second tower was added. This was the "Nana Tower," a memorial erected from the proceeds of the most successful, financially, of all the novels of the Rougon-Macquart. Other improvements came into being when the money poured in from the sales of "La Terre," and "La Débâcle." The startling interior decoration of Médan is best ex-

plained by a passage from "L'Œuvre," which Zola deliberately intended as a self-revelation:

> The drawing room was becoming crowded with old furniture, old tapestry, nicknacks of all countries and all times—an overflowing torrent of things which had begun at Batignolles with an old pot of Rouen ware, which Henriette had given her husband on one of his fête days. They ran about the curiosity shops together; they felt a joyful passion for buying; and he now satisfied the old longings of his youth, the romanticist aspirations which the first books he had read had engendered. Thus this writer, who was so fiercely modern, lived among the worm-eaten middle ages of which he had dreamed when he was a lad of fifteen. As an excuse, he laughingly declared that the handsome modern furniture cost too much, whereas with old things, even common ones, one immediately obtained effect and colour. There was nothing of the collector about him, his one concern was decoration, broad effects; and to tell the truth, the drawing room, lighted by two lamps of old Delft ware, derived quite a soft, warm tone from the dull gold of the dalmaticas used for upholstering the seats, the yellow incrustations of the Italian cabinets and Dutch show-cases, the faded hues of Oriental door-hangings, the hundred little notes of the ivory, the crockery and the enamel work, pale with age, which showed against the dull red hangings.

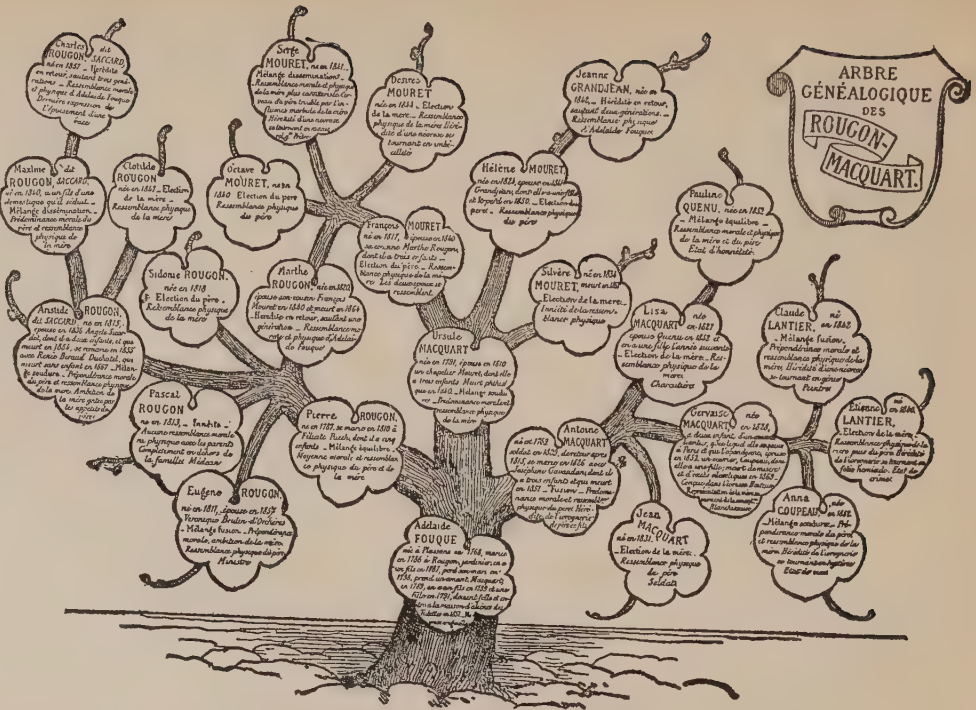
At Médan, twenty years before the end, Zola foresaw such a sudden death as was his eventual fate, and the thought of it haunted him. When his mother died it was necessary to bring the coffin down by way of the window, for Médan, despite all its towers, had only a winding, narrow staircase. Thereafter Zola was never able to look at the window without a torturing wonder as to when the time was coming for the next lowering. For twenty years a light was kept burning in anticipation. But Death, striking him down, chose the day

after he left Médan for the autumn of 1902. The sudden and tragic end came in an apartment in the Rue de Bruxelles.

Not even in the "Comédie Humaine" of Balzac is the topography of Paris so minutely studied, or the network of streets and boulevards interwoven so inextricably into the warp and woof, as in Zola's history of the Rougon-Macquart. In setting forth his purpose in commencing this Histoire *Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le Second Empire* Zola wrote of it as follows:

> I desire to explain how a single family, a little group of human beings, comes into relation with society at large, as it increases by begetting and giving birth to ten or twenty individuals, who, though at first sight they seem quite dissimilar, when analyzed reveal how intimately they are bound together, since heredity has laws as well as mathematics. The members of the family Rougon-Macquart, the one group that it is my purpose to depict, have as a family trait the gnawing of lust, of appetite that leaps to its gratification. Historically they are part of the people; they make themselves felt by contemporary society; they rise to see spheres of life by that characteristically modern impulse which the lower classes feel; and they thus explain the Second Empire by their individual histories.

When, in 1878, "Un Page d'Amour," the ninth volume of the Rougon-Macquart, appeared, Zola published with it his first draft of the family tree, together with the statement that he left it just as it was drawn up before a line of "La Fortune des Rougon," the opening story, was written. An enlarged and amplified tree which appeared with "Le Docteur Pascal," the closing



THE GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE ROUGON-MACQUART FAMILY

volume of the series, proved that the original scheme had been adhered to throughout. Of course when Zola undertook his task there was nothing to warn him of the imminence of the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, which afterward afforded him the dramatic climax for "La Débâcle." But he himself felt that these incidents cost him more than he gained, by disarranging his plans and hastening the dénouement of certain novels, notably that of "Nana," whose heroine he was forced to kill off at least ten years before he had intended.

Recalling Zola's own early life in the Rue Saint-Victor, the Rue Soufflot, and the Rue Monsieur le Prince, his comparative neglect of the section of the Luxembourg, the University, the Latin Quarter—in fact, the whole region lying south of the Seine—is somewhat surprising. His natural life brought him little in contact with Montmartre, yet the sacred "butte" figures in his novels more than any other of the faubourgs of Paris. It was in Montmartre that Mme. Méchain, the blackmailer of "L'Argent," collected rents from the labyrinth of filthy hovels known as the "City of Naples." It was to Montmartre that Claude Lantier turned from the Rue Douai in search of the new studio, which he found back of the cemetery, in the Rue Tour-

THE CABARET OF THE ASSASSINS. AN OUTPOST OF THE "CITY OF NAPLES." ZOLA'S "L'ARGENT."

laque, an old, tumble-down, abandoned tannery that let in the sun and rain through gaping cracks. Above all, Montmartre dominated the last volume of the Three Cities trilogy. It was the vantage point from which Pierre Froment, the sceptical young priest, studied the vast city before him: Paris, personified and capricious, changing her mood with every hour of the day; "Paris of mystery, shrouded by clouds, buried beneath the ashes of some disaster"; "a limpid, lightsome Paris beneath the pink glow of a spring-like evening"; "Paris lying stretched out like a lizard in the sun"; "Paris, which the divine sun had sown with light, and where in glory waved the great future harvest of Truth and Justice."

APPROACHING THE BASILIQUE DU SACRE-CŒUR

But in the main the Paris of the Rougon-Macquart was the heart of the modern city, the quarters lying within half a mile of the Bank of France. In that region is the Bourse, personified in "L'Argent"; the Halles Centrales, of "Le Ventre de Paris"; the great stretches most affected by the Haussmannising under the Second Empire that was the very life blood of "La

Curée"; the stair-cases and landings of "Pot-Bouille"; the department stores of Au Bonheur des Dames; and, among the many scenes of "Nana," the Grand Hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines where the courtesan was stretched on her death bed as the maddened crowds below were shouting "À Berlin! À Berlin! À Berlin!" Incidentally, as an indication of the extreme care with which Zola worked it is told that in preparation for the scene last mentioned he employed a friend to obtain precise information about the aspect of those rooms on the top floor of the Grand Hotel and the view from them.

A favourite haunt of Saccard *père* and Saccard *fils* of "La Curée" was the Café Anglais in the Boulevard des Italiens. That establishment closed its doors in April, 1913. In the days of the Second Empire other men than adventurers like the Saccards frequented it. It was a kind of a literary club, and there Méry, Jules Janin, Alphonse Karr, and Théophile Gautier sat side by side. The elder Dumas divided his time on the boulevards between the Café Anglais and the old Maison Dorée, and at a table in the former was in the habit of sitting down to write his daily contribution to the *Mousquetaire*. It was in the near-by Rue Basse du Renfort that Renée, in "La Curée," forced Maxime to take her to a ball given by the *demi-mondaine* Blanche Müller; and the evening, with its infamous sequel, ended in the white- and gold-chamber of the Café Riche, "furnished with the coquetries of a boudoir," with its atmosphere of stale passions, its tell-tale record of scratched names.

The Boulevard des Italiens, perhaps the most famous stretch of the arc extending from the Madeleine to the Bastille, took its name from the old Théâtre des Italiens, which has been replaced by the Opéra Comique. In the old theatre Renée and Maxime saw Ristori in "Phèdre," a play fraught with tragic significance to them. Passing from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Boulevard Montmartre, we find, on the south side, the covered Passage des Panoramas, next to the Théâtre des Variétés. There Count Muffat used to wait for Nana to come from the theatre, and, in "L'Argent," Saccard caught Mme. Conin coming from a rendezvous. The Passage des Panoramas leads in the direction of the Bourse, and in the neighbouring streets passed the whole drama of "L'Argent," involving the Banque Universelle, the cold-blooded scheming of the Jew, Gundermann, who "triumphed because he had no passions," and the final downfall of Saccard and his visions of financial conquest. The Universelle was in reality the *Union Générale*, which had been founded as a great Christian bank, blessed by Pope Leo XIII, and, a few years before Zola began the writing of the tale, smashed by Lebaudy, the Sugar King, whose eccentric son achieved world-wide notoriety first as "Le Petit Sucrier," and later as the "Emperor of the Sahara." Of all his books before "La Débâcle," Zola found "L'Argent" the most difficult to write. He had among his friends no financiers, he had never gambled on the Bourse, and he lacked information regarding the inner working of what the French call the *haute banque*. Months of first-hand study of the Bourse and the sur-

rounding streets were needed to overcome these disadvantages.

From the Bourse continue to the near-by Place des Victoires, with its equestrian statue of Louis XIV, for the atmosphere of another book of the Rougon-Macquart. Through the Place the wedding party in "L'Assommoir" passed on the way to the Louvre. Beneath the statue there was a stop while Gervaise re-tied the lacing of her shoe. Retracing the route by which the party came, along the Rue du Mail and the Rue de Cléry, and then striking in a northwesterly direction, one reaches the heart of the land of "L'Assommoir," the Boulevard de Rochechouart, which in those days was the region of abattoirs. There, in a shabby little hotel, Lantier deserted Gervaise and the two boys; there Coupeau met her, married her, and they lived happily until the accident that so changed the current of Coupeau's life. Near-by, in the Boulevard de la Chapelle, was the Moulin d'Argent, where the wedding party had their *pique-nique á cent sous par tête*, and paralleling the boulevard to the north is the Rue de la Goutte d'Or, where Nana was born and where Coupeau was carried after his fall from the roof in the Rue de la Nation. In writing "L'Assommoir," which was the book that raised him to fame, Zola was for a long time at a loss for an intrigue that would properly weld the chief scenes of the story together. The idea of taking a girl of the people, who falls and bears her seducer two children, and then marries another man, establishes herself in profitable business by hard work but is borne down by the conduct of her husband who

becomes a drunkard, had previously occurred to him, figuring indeed in the original geneological tree which he had drawn up for the Rougon-Macquart, but he felt that the husband's drunkenness might not fully account for the wife's downfall, and he remained at a loss how to continue until, all at once, there flashed to his mind the solution. By bringing the woman's original seducer back into her home everything would be made possible.

Crowded with associations of the Rougon-Macquart is the Rue de Rivoli. There was Saccard's first home after his marriage with Renée. There his confederate, Larsonneau, established his office, removing from the old haunt in the Latin Quarter, after their first real-estate stroke involving the property in the Rue de la Pépinière. At the corner of the Rue de l'Oratoire, a shortstreet running diagonally back to the Rue Saint-Honoré, was the house in which Mme. Josserand, in "Pot-Bouille," spent the evening with her two daughters, and then, raging at the failure of her matrimonial schemes, made them return home on foot in the pouring rain. The zig-zag nature of the journey is explained by the fact that there was then no spacious Avenue de l'Opéra leading from the Rue de Rivoli to the great boulevards. The Rue d'Alger is the next paralleling thoroughfare to the east of the Rue Castiglione. At the corner of that street and the Rue de Rivoli, fronting the Tuileries Gardens, was the apartment of Mme. Desfarges, one of the clients of au Bonheur des Dames. There Octave Mouret went to consult Baron Hartmann, who was supposed to pay the running expenses of the

establishment, about the opening of a new avenue—called "Dix Decembre" in the story: probably the Rue Quatre Septembre of subsequent reality—with a view to obtaining an advantageous frontage for his department store. The name Hartmann is strikingly suggestive of the personage who was such a factor in the making of the new Paris. Before sitting down to write "Au Bonheur des Dames" Zola had made an exhaustive study of the daily lives of the workers in such huge Paris drapery establishments as the Bon Marché, the Louvre, and the Printemps.

XI. THE PARIS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT

The Real Bel-Ami—The Key to the Characters—Maupassant's Heritage and Training—The Years of Achievement—The Day's Work—The Valet, François—The Gathering Shadows—The Downfall.

UNTIL a few years ago at least, a conspicuous figure in the afternoon parade along the Avenue des Champs-Élysées out to the Bois de Boulogne and back again was a fastidiously dressed man, who, from the seat of his victoria, surveyed with eyes that were half intolerant, half supercilious the *piétons* on the sidewalks and the occupants of passing horse-drawn vehicles. Toward the stream of motor-cars that year by year grew in volume his glances were of almost malignant hostility. The mechanical vehicle he held to be an intrusion, and the plaything of the vulgar. But the steeds that conveyed him to and fro were of the finest breed and the last word in grooming; and to the end his attitude toward the world was the attitude affected by the penniless young clerk in a railway office, who, one evening, met the journalist Forestier in the Boulevard des Italiens, and gladly accepted the loan of two louis which he never repaid. For the man was the original of George Duroy, later Du Roy de Cantel, of Guy de Maupassant's "Bel-Ami."

There is said to exist a set of Maupassant's books on the margins of which he jotted down the real names of every person and place he described. Even further than Alphonse Daudet he carried this passion for personalities. The George Duroy of "Bel-Ami" has been mentioned. The real Boule-de-Suif was one Adrienne Legay, who lived in Rouen at the time of the War of 1870, and who died in poverty about two years after Maupassant himself passed away in the *maison de santé* of Doctor Blanche. The heroine of "Une Vie" is said to have been drawn from his own mother, as Dickens put his mother in Mrs. Nickleby, and Thackeray drew upon his—together with his wife and Mrs. Brookfield—in the making of Amelia Sedley. It was about a year ago that a line from Paris told of the death of the man whom Maupassant invested with the complicated qualities of Olivier Bertin in "Fort Comme la Mort." The Madame de Burne of "Notre Cœur" is supposed to have been the mysterious lady—the "lady of the pearl-grey dress"—whose repeated visits to Maupassant, in the last years at Cannes, so distressed the valet, François. The originals of the Comtesse de Guillery, of Forestier and Madame Forestier, later Madame Du Roy de Cantel, of Clotilde, and of Monsieur and Madame Walter of "Bel-Ami" were perfectly well known to a score of Maupassant's personal friends. The chapters describing modern Parisian journalism were based upon his own experiences in the offices of certain papers, notably the *Gaulois*.

For all practical purposes the Paris upon which Guy de Maupassant drew so freely in the course of his six

novels, his fifteen or twenty stories that range from twelve to twenty-five thousand words, and his innumerable *contes*, is the Paris of to-day, or, at least, the Paris that we knew prior to the 1st of August, 1914. It is the city of pleasure and industry that is reflected in his pages—the great sweep of the boulevards, the offices of bureaucracy, the hives of journalism, the bowered driveways of the Bois, or the Rond-Point glinting in the afternoon sunshine, the humming activity of the great shops of fashion that line the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l' Opéra. But here and there a park plays its inevitable part, for when the warp of the story did not permit the author to carry his characters away, following his own inclination, to the waters of the Seine at Bougival or Malmaison, or to the Forêt de Fontainebleau, that love of the country that was in his blood turned him to the Parc Monceau, or the Gardens of the Luxembourg, or the Buttes-Chaumont, or the Cemetery of Montmartre or the Cemetery of Père Lachaise.

IN THE PARC MONCEAU

Among Maupassant's novels there is one that is blatant of modern Paris. There is Paris in "Fort Comme la Mort," in "Notre Cœur"; touches of it even in "Une Vie," "Mont Oriol," and "Pierre et Jean." But in these books the scenes are merely incidental; a home had to be found for Madame de Burne, André

Mariolle, or Olivier Bertin—a background for this encounter, for that prearranged meeting. But the sweep of the city, its vastness, its complexity, its cruel energy, its pitiless struggle, throb in every page of "Bel-Ami." The book begins in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette; it ends in the Madeleine. That tells a significant story.

From the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, George Duroy—ex-trooper in Algeria, now a clerk in a railway office on a salary that barely permits him to exist—strolls of an evening down to the boulevards to watch enviously those more favoured of fortune taking their amusement. Crossing the Place de l'Opéra, he meets Forestier, a comrade of the former days in the service, and the encounter changes his entire life. The forty francs that the journalist thrusts in his hand lead to an adventure that night at the Folies-Bergère. The following evening he dines with the Forestiers and their guests in the Rue Fontaine. Given a footing as a reporter on the *Vie Française*, he soon acquires in intimate knowledge of that surface scum Paris which, to the eyes of the stranger, obscures the clearer waters below. The soul of the city he never probes; but with its body and the sores of its body he is soon as familiar as any glazed-hat driver of a night fiacre.

In the later years of his life in Paris Maupassant lived in the Rue Montchanin, a little street to the north of the Parc Monceau, near where the Avenue Villiers crosses the Boulevard Malesherbes. His was not the feverish physical activity of Balzac that sent the creator of the "Comédie Humaine" to every corner of Paris

before selecting the edifice that was to serve as the setting for a projected tale. It was easier and it saved time to describe structures nearer at hand; so almost within a stone's throw of the house in the Rue Montchanin will be found the streets associated with more than half of the Maupassant tales. They lie along the line of what are generally known as the *Boulevards Extérieurs:* the Boulevard de Courcelles, the Boulevard des Batignolles, the Boulevard de Clichy, and the Boulevard Rochechouart.

To understand Guy de Maupassant's attitude toward Paris it is necessary to consider his life in general, his heritage, his training, and his environment. He was born August 5, 1850, in the Château de Miromesnil, about eight miles from Dieppe on the Norman coast. Breathing deeply in his cradle of the salt of the sea, to the end of his days ever turning to its imperious call, there was always, in his bearing toward Paris, something of the hostility of the stranger. Maupassant's father, Gustave de Maupassant, belonged to a Lorraine family that had established itself in Normandy nearly a hundred years before the birth of the novelist. The family had been ennobled by the Emperor Francis—in fact, had the right to carry the title of marquis. Upon this right, Guy, even in the years when he was most assiduously courting Parisian society, never traded. In that respect he was no "Bel-Ami." In 1846 Gustave de Maupassant espoused Mlle. Laure Le Poittevain, of a family of the upper Norman bourgeoisie. As children, Laure and her brother Alfred had been comrades of Gustave Flaubert, a fact which may be ac-

cepted as explaining the ardour with which in after years the author of "Madame Bovary" devoted himself to Guy's literary training.

The marriage of Guy's parents did not turn out happily, and soon after the birth of a second son—Hervé, six years younger than Guy—an amicable separation was arranged, by the terms of which Madame de Maupassant took back her own fortune, retained the children, and, for their support, received from her husband the sum of sixteen hundred francs a year. She made her home in Étretat, between Havre and Fécamp on the Norman coast, and it was there that the boys passed the greater part of their childhood. Until he was thirteen Guy's education was of an exceedingly desultory nature, with his mother practically his only instructor. When he entered the seminary at Yvetot he found the discipline and the society of his commonplace schoolmates in unhappy contrast to the free life by the sea.

Then came the Lycée, in Rouen. There he was happier, and he worked diligently, winning his degree without trouble. He had already decided upon a literary career, and, as has been so usual with French men of letters, he began by writing verse. At that period of his life he seems to have been a creature of great gayety and abounding animal spirits. That splendid physical strength, which, outwardly at least, he always retained, and which enabled him as a swimmer to buffet the waves for hours at a time—he once rescued Swinburne when the English poet was drowning—had, of course, not been impaired by excess or overwork. There are many anecdotes of that time that

explain the formation of the writer, and particularly his methods of observation. An English maiden lady on whom the high-spirited youth played a practical joke later served as the model for "Miss Harriet." All that he owed to Normandy, to the peasants, the sailors, the country priests, the keepers of taverns—all the vivid impressions that were to play so prominent a part in his life work—were then assimilated. Then, in the spring after the War of 1870, when he was in his twenty-first year, he went to Paris. He obtained a clerkship in the Department of Marine that paid him a yearly salary of fifteen hundred francs. Later he found a more lucrative place in the Department of Public Instruction. As an employee of the State he was by no means overzealous. His leisure hours he devoted to boating on the Seine; at the office he scribbled on the paper of the administration the verses and essays that on Sundays he submitted to Flaubert's criticism.

That criticism, supervision, and direction lasted for seven years—from 1873 till 1880. It consisted of developing the powers of observation, of impressing upon the youth the older man's arduous creed of style, of curbing with a firm hand the natural desire for premature publication. At the Sunday Flaubert table young Maupassant was a frequent guest. There he met on terms of easy equality the leading men of letters of France: Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Catulle Mendès, Turgenieff, and others. The apprenticeship came to an end in 1878 when "Boule-de-Suif" was included in the "Soirées de Médan."

Admirable as it unquestionably is as a story, "Boule-

de-Suif" was essentially a *tour de force*. The more natural expression of Maupassant's talent was in the interpretation of the bureaucratic life about him, and of those Parisian scenes and streets with which his daily activities as an employee brought him in contact. The story of Maupassant's life from 1880 to 1890 is the story of his books. In the ten years he produced six novels, sixteen volumes of short stories, three volumes of travel, besides numerous newspaper articles that have not been included in the various editions of his works. His average was rather more than three books a year, a result that he achieved by the regularity of his work. He wrote every morning from seven o'clock till noon, turning out at least six pages a day. Flaubert, his master, revised and revised, sometimes spending days over a single sentence, groping furiously for hours in the pursuit of the exact word. Maupassant, as fastidious as Flaubert in the matter of style, found expression so easy that he rarely erased. It was his habit, contrary to general opinion, to make a preliminary draft of a story. According to one of his friends he never went to bed without jotting down notes of all that had impressed him during the day. Precision in the matter of minute details was his creed. For example, in "La Maison Tellier," over which he toiled for months, there is a scene introducing English and French sailors. Being entirely ignorant of the English language he went to Turgenieff in order to inform himself exactly as to the words of "Rule Britannia."

Where it was a case of a Paris street or structure he was equally precise. In "L'Héritage," that sinister

tale of a conditional inheritance, the information that the story conveys is that M. Cachelin lived in the upper end of the Rue Rochechouart, a street that may roughly be described as being not very far from the Gare du Nord. It is related that Maupassant made a careful study of every house of that street near its Boulevard-Rochechouart end, until he found the one structure that fitted the purposes of his narrative. The little apartment in the Rue de Constantinople, just back of the Gare Saint-Lazare, where, in "Bel-Ami," Mme. de Marelle and George Duroy had their meetings, is said to have been drawn from an apartment associated with certain episodes in the author's own life as a man of gallantry. There was perhaps a generality in placing the office of *La Vie Française*, where Duroy won his spurs in journalism, in the Boulevard Poissonnière; for locating a Parisian newspaper in that neighbourhood was something like ascribing the office of a New York daily to Park Row, or a London daily to Fleet Street. In its sweep, "Bel-Ami," more than any other novel of Maupassant, is compact of modern Paris. The very essence of the evening life of the great boulevard, with its sidewalk tables and its *flâneurs*, is in the opening scene, culminating with Duroy's encounter with his comrade of the Algerian army days, Forestier. In turn the narrative shifts to the Folies-Bergère, to the home of the Forestiers, No. 17 Rue Fontaine, to that of the Marelles, to Duroy's own miserable dwelling, to the Bois, to the church into which the adventurer pursued Mme. Walter, to various restaurants and artists' studios, and finally to the stately Madeleine,

where, with ecclesiastical blessing and admonition, George Du Roy de Cantel and Suzanne Walter were made man and wife.

The Paris of "Bel-Ami" is essentially the Paris of "Notre Cœur," of "Fort Comme la Mort," of "Monsieur Parent," of "L' Inutile Beauté," and "L'Héritage." It was touched in "Pierre et Jean," "Mont Oriol," and "Une Vie." But it was inevitable that the continual change and travel that were such factors in Maupassant's own life after his first taste of success should have been reflected in the most Parisian of his novels. Two journeys, one to Cannes and the other to Rouen, play parts in "Bel-Ami." The Norman Mont Saint-Michel and the Forest of Fontainebleau are woven into "Notre Cœur." In his books, as in his own existence, Maupassant needed a diversion from the feverish turmoil of Paris. If he himself could spare time for summer weeks between the *falaises* of Étretat, for cruises in Mediterranean waters, for voyages to Italy, Corsica, Sicily, and Algeria, he felt that his characters were entitled to a similar privilege. Then too, despite a certain undeniable vein of snobbishness, which led him to profess a preference for the company of men and women of society over that of his fellow literary workers, Maupassant's liking for the *grand monde* was never thoroughly genuine. He became a man of fashion; he was sought after and welcomed in the most exclusive circles; to his talent even the doors of the old nobility were opened; yet his attitude was ever one of cold politeness and affected disdain.

The formal Maupassant biography is that of Maynial.

But six or seven years ago there appeared the "Recollections of Maupassant's valet." Major Arthur Pendennis's man-servant, Morgan, taking leave of his master in some dissatisfaction, debated whether he should go in for literature or politics. Had he chosen the former career, and become the historian of the grim old warrior he knew so well, the result might have been a book much in the vein of François's book. For to the valet the master was above all a dandy and an accomplished man of the world. It was very fine, perhaps, to have written "Bel-Ami," and "Fort Comme la Mort," and "Pierre et Jean." But what really stirred the pride of François, and made him assume airs over other gentlemen's gentlemen, was the position of Maupassant as a boulevardier, his friendships with aristocratic names, his successes with women. Yet now and then François condescends to throw light on Maupassant the craftsman. For example, the publication of "Fort Comme la Mort" in March, 1889, was a triumph for Maupassant, but brought him so many visits from young writers that he began to complain. François quotes him:

> They tire me to death. I want the mornings for my work, and really they are becoming too numerous. Henceforth I will receive them only by appointment. Of course I like to be of use to them; but very often what I tell them does no good. Now that young fellow who has just left me; it is a waste of time to give him good advice: he is so dissipated. He never thinks about his work, and yet imagines he will become a novel writer! It is impossible, impossible! You understand, in order to write a novel, you must think of it constantly, all the characters must be in their proper

places, everything must be settled before you begin writing the first pages, otherwise you must begin every day all over again. Then there is a muddle from which you can never come out successfully. It is not the work of one day, even for a practised writer, let alone a beginner.

François himself had some opinions on literary matters. An excursion into the environs once led master and man in the direction of Zola's house at Médan. François, in response to a question, acknowledged acquaintance with the "Rougon-Macquart" series, and added:

Since you really wish to know what I think of the books I will tell you. M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants. He puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in "Pot-Bouille" he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant, and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts in the mouths of his characters. M. Zola sought his documents on the very lowest rung of the ladder. I wonder where he got them. It is not fair to attack defenceless beings, who are very often interesting. How many times during a day does a poor maid-servant trample on her own self-respect so as to keep her place and remain an honest girl! And that, so as at the end of the month, she may pocket thirty francs, out of which she buys what she cannot do without, sending the rest to her old father and mother, who still are obliged to support young children, and are often helpless on account of their infirmities.

François was with Maupassant during the last, tragic years. The trouble with the novelist's eyes, which so often interfered with his work, began as early as 1885. To repair excesses, and to soften suffering

he indulged in ether, cocaine, morphine, and hasheesh. The impending crash was foreshadowed in such tales as "Le Horla," "Lui," "Fou," and "Qui Sait." The story of the actual breakdown has never been made quite clear. François hintingly attributed it to the "lady of the pearl-grey dress and golden waistband," and to a mysterious telegram from an eastern land. There was a journey to the Ile-Sainte-Marguerite during which some weird and horrible thing happened. But what it was no one seems to know. A week later, at Cannes, Maupassant made two attempts at suicide. Then he had the delusion that war had been declared between France and Germany. He was feverishly eager to go to the front and made François swear to follow him to the defense of the eastern frontier. "During our numerous journeys," recorded François, "he always gave me his military certificate to take care of, for fear this should be lost in the enormous quantities of papers he possessed."

Then again, and for the last time, Paris, or rather the outskirts of Paris; the *maison de santé* of Doctor Blanche at Passy, where he was to remain till the end. They are not pleasant to contemplate, those last days. There were periods of gibbering and violence. He imagined countless invisible enemies. Even against the faithful François he turned, accusing him of having taken his place on the *Figaro*, and slandered him in heaven. "I beg you to leave me; I refuse to see you any more." In a savage moment he hurled a billiard ball at the head of another inmate. Again his madness would take the form of belief in his own Monte-

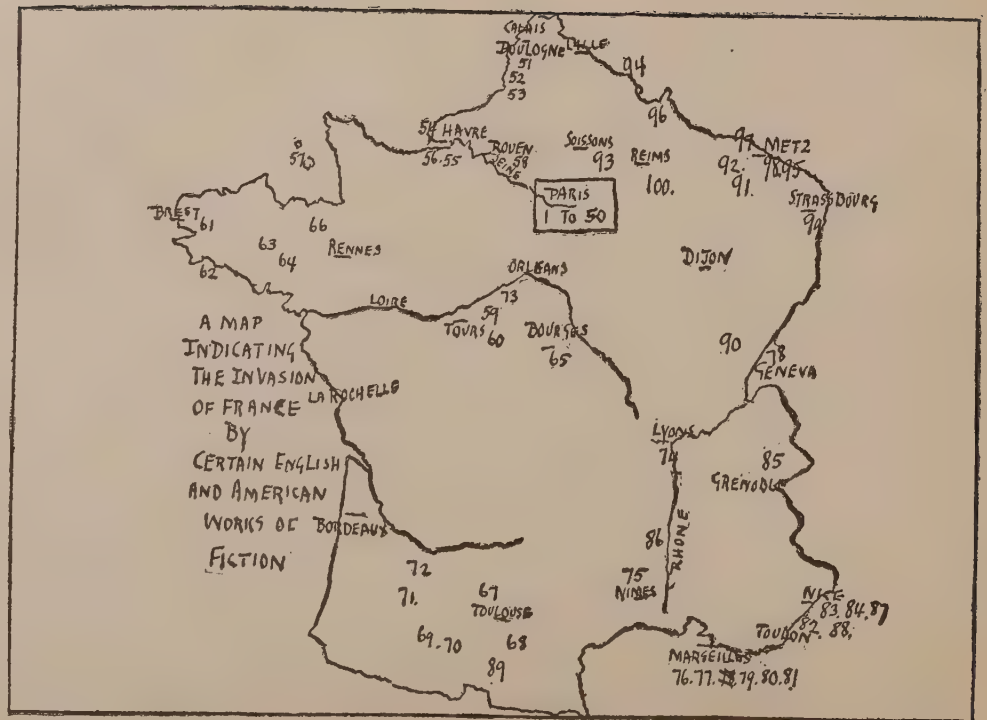
Cristo-like wealth—the *folie des grandeurs*—when he would rush about calling to an imaginary broker to sell the French *rentes*, *en bloc*.

Now and then there was an hour of lucidity, of calmness, of comparative peace, when he was able to recognize friends, when, looking out of his window, he would see the glittering lights of the city, and imagine the Madame de Burnes, the Madame de Marelles, the Olivier Bertins, the George Duroys, going about their business and their pleasure as usual. Perhaps he recalled the days of his lusty strength, when he had ever been so ready to *faire la noce*. But sparkling as had been the wit, loud as had been the laughter, there was always the undertone of bitter, weary sadness. Often his heart had leaped to fugitive joys, to the delights of the palate, to the glamour of woman's beauty, to the spectacle of snow-capped mountain peaks, to the surge and roar of the sea. But ever in that heart there was a deep cavern, locked tight against the world, and in that cavern there was gloom, infinite gloom, the gloom of a man alone, always alone, and gnashing in the darkness.

XII. THE PARIS OF SOME AMERICANS

Irving and Cooper—Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"—A Digression—Paris in the Books of Archibald Clavering Gunter—Marion Crawford and W. D. Howells—Mark Twain—Henry James—Edith Wharton—Richard Harding Davis—Owen Johnson—Robert W. Chambers—H. L. Wilson's "Ruggles of Red Gap"—Booth Tarkington's "The Guest of Quesnay," "The Beautiful Lady," and "His Own People"—Vance, Moffett, and others—Frank Norris—An O. Henry Paris Trail.

WASHINGTON IRVING knew his Paris well, living there about the time that Victor Hugo, and Honoré de Balzac, and the elder Dumas, and Eugène Sue were producing fiction industriously. In Paris Irving met John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" and the two worked together, in the Rue Richelieu, adapting French plays to English representation. Although he did not turn it to use in fiction we have occasional glimpses of Paris in the pages of the Irving; glimpses in that vein of pleasant half fiction which seems to have been his favourite method of expression. Above all, he delighted in contrasting English and French as he found them there, in holding the city at arm's length as a background against which to study and satirize amiably British foibles and temperament. Who can forget the choleric


A MAP INDICATING THE INVASION OF FRANCE BY CERTAIN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WORKS OF FICTION
PARIS
1 TO 50
CALAIS
BOULOGNE
LILLE
HAVRE
ROUEN
SEINE
SOISSONS
REIMS
METZ
STRASSBOURG
BREST
RENNES
DIJON
ORLEANS
LOIRE
TOURS
BOURGES
GENEVA
LA ROCHELLE
LYONS
GRENOBLE
BORDEAUX
RHONE
NIMES
TOULOUSE
NICE
TOULON
MARSEILLES

Key to Map on Page 178

A Map Indicating the Invasion of France by Certain English and American Works of Fiction; Key, Paris and Environs. 1. The Newcomes (Thackeray); 2. Adventures of Philip (Thackeray); 3. Vanity Fair (Thackeray); 4. Paris Sketch Book (Thackeray); 5. A Tale of Two Cities (Dickens); 6. The Parisians (Bulwer); 7. Richelieu (G. P. R. James); 8. A Sentimental Journey (Sterne); 9. The Wrecker (Stevenson); 10. A Lodging for the Night (Stevenson); 11. New Arabian Nights (Stevenson); 12. Trilby (Du Maurier); 13. Peter Ibbetson (Du Maurier); 16. The Martian (Du Maurier); 15. The Refugees (Doyle); 16. 17. Exploits, and Adventures of Gerard (Doyle); 18. The Beloved Vagabond (Locke); 19. Septimus (Locke); 20. Simon the Jester (Locke); 21. The Old Wives' Tale (Bennett); 22. If I Were King (McCarthy); 23. A Chair on the Boulevard (Merrick); 24. While Paris Laughed (Merrick); 25. Mystery of Marie Roget (Poe); 26. Murders in the Rue Morgue (Poe); 27. The Purloined Letter (Poe); 28. Adventures of François (Mitchell); 29. The Princess Aline (Davis); 30. In the Name of Liberty (Johnson); 31. In the Quarter (Chambers); 32. The Red Republic (Chambers); 33. Ruggles of Red Gap (Wilson); 34. The Honey Bee (Merwin); 35. The Lone Wolf (Vance); 36. Zut (Carryll); 37. The Guest of Quesnay (Tarkington); 38. The Beautiful Lady (Tarkington); 39. Madame de Treymes (Wharton); 40. The American (James); 41. The Scarlet Pimpernel (Orczy); 42. The Elusive Pimpernel (Orczy); 43. Mr. Barnes of New York (Gunter); 44. Mr. Potter of Texas (Gunter); 45. That Frenchman (Gunter); 46. The Wooing o't (Alexander); 47. Confessions of a Young Man (Moore); 48. The Helmet of Navarre (Runkle); 49. The Drums of War (Stackpoole); 50. At Odds with the Regent (Stevenson).

Key to Map—Continued

About Rural France. 51. The Newcomes (Thackeray); 52. Uncle Bernac (Doyle); 53. The Village on the Cliff (Ritchie); 54. The Four Meetings (James); 55. The Guest of Quesnay (Tarkington); 56. Moths (Ouida); 57. The Battle of the Strong (Parker); 58. Conrad in Quest of His Youth (Merrick); 59. Quentin Durward (Scott); 60. The Lightning Conductor (Williamson); 61. Anne of Troboul (Van Saanen); 62. Guenn (Howard); 63. The Castle of Twilight (Potter); 64. The Leopard and the Lady (Bowen); 65. Sire de Maletroit's Door (Stevenson); 66. La Vendee (Trollope); 67. The Heart's Key (Hewlett); 68. Aristide Pujol (Locke); 69. The House of the Wolf (Weyman); 70. Under the Red Robe (Weyman); 71. Sir Nigel (Doyle); 72. The White Company (Doyle); 73. Cardillac (Barr); 74. In His Name (Hale); 75. Perpetua (Baring-Gould); 76. Captain Macklin (Davis); 77. The Consul (Davis); 78. Daisy Miller (James); 79. The Arrow of Gold (Conrad); 80. The Garden of Allah (Hichens); 81. Little Dorrit (Dickens); 82. The Destroyer (Stevenson); 83. Septimus (Locke); 84. Mr. Barnes of New York (Gunter); 85. The Brigand (James); 86. The Golden Hawk (Rickert); 87. There Were Ninety and Nine (Davis); 88. A Romance of the Nineteenth Century (Mallock); 89. The Countess of Picpus (Hewlett); 90. Yolanda (Major); 91. Anne of Geierstaein (Scott); 92. Joan of Arc (Twain); 93. Somewhere in France (Davis); A Monk of Fife (Lang); 94. The Cloister and the Hearth (Reade); 95. The Maids of Paradise (Chambers); 96. The False Faces (Vance); 97. The Garden of Swords (Pemberton); 98. The Virgin Fortress (Pemberton); 99. The Dream of Peace (Gribble); 100. The Light That Failed (Kipling).

Briton of his description, furious at the noise made by an awkward servant, yet instantly appeased by the sly excuse: "It's this confounded French lock, sir." Cooper was in Paris in approximately the same years that Irving was, and, incidentally, then laid the foundations of his French fame, which has endured, unimpaired, to the present time, possibly for the reason that the French, reading him in translation, have been spared the atrocities of his style. There is no more a Paris of Fenimore Cooper than there is a Paris of Washington Irving.

Edgar Allan Poe, unless the present Pilgrim be grievously in error, never saw Lutetia; never was nearer to it than in his youthful days in the English school at Stoke-Newington; yet there is a very definite Paris that is the background of "The Purloined Letter," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Roget." Nor in this is there anything astonishing. In "Rip Van Winkle" Irving builded so well that his claim to the region with which the story deals is likely to last as long as American literature lasts. Yet "Rip Van Winkle" was written in London, at a time when Irving had never been in the Catskill Mountains; never listened to the thunder there which still suggests the gnome-like figures of the ancient Dutch navigators silently playing bowls, and the bibulous Rip sinking to his twenty years' slumber.

As everyone knows, "The Mystery of Marie Roget" was based on the murder, in 1842, of Mary Cecilia Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl of the John Anderson shop at the corner of Broadway and Duane Street.

New York, whose body was found floating in the Hudson River near what was once known as the Sybil's Cave at Weehawken. It was the *cause célèbre* of the time, and Poe, in common with almost everyone else in New York—or rather in the country at large, for Poe was not at the time living in New York—had a theory as to the method and the perpetrators of the crime. So in the story, under pretence of a Parisian *grisette*, employed in a perfumery shop in the Palais Royal, the author followed, in minute detail, the essential, while merely paralleling the unessential, facts of the real murder of Mary Rogers. Thus Nassau Street became the Rue Pavée Saint-André; John Anderson, Monsieur Leblanc; the Hudson, the Seine; Weehawken, the Barrière du Roule; and the New York *Brother Jonathan*, the *New York Journal of Commerce*, and the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, "a weekly paper," respectively, *L'Étoile*, *le Commerciel*, and *Le Soleil*.

There is not, and it may be said with probable safety, any such street in Paris as the Rue Morgue, the scene of the strange and terrible murders of Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter Camille L'Espanaye. But the apartment was in the Quartier Saint-Roch, that familiar section of the city which lies within the triangle of which the hypotenuse is the Avenue de l'Opéra, and the other two sides the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix continued through the Place Vendôme and along the Rue Castiglione. Dr. John Watson first met Sherlock Holmes in a hospital where the latter was engaged in the amiable pastime of beating corpses in order to ascertain how far wounds might be produced after death. The

historian of the deeds of Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin, of all the sources from which Conan Doyle drew his investigator of criminal activities one of the most direct, found him in a library in the Rue Montmartre, where the two men had gone in search of the same rare and remarkable volume. As one encounter resulted in Watson and Holmes sharing the now famous apartment in Upper Baker Street, the other led to a common residence in a time-eaten and grotesque mansion tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

And now for a digression and the introduction of a name that are perhaps equally unpardonable. The Pilgrim first saw Saint-Augustine between two trains. In order to make the most of the three hours at disposal the services of an Ethiopian charioteer—which is euphemism for Florida coon hack driver—were enlisted. "New Carnegie Library, sah," he pointed out and then went expectantly asleep on the box. Now Carnegie Libraries are in every way estimable institutions, but hardly to be regarded as objects of compelling interest in a corner of the new world that still retains something of the flavour of old Spain. Jehu's nap did not last long. The Pilgrim persisted, stormed, pleaded. Was there not a Spanish fort, a slave market, a row of Spanish houses? Again a stop, preliminary to another essay at slumber. "New Y. M. C. A. Building, sah. Just finished last year." That first hour was wasted; the last two were not. They were spent in a wicker chair in the court of the Ponce de Leon Hotel reading or rather rereading "A Florida Enchantment" by one

Archibald Clavering Gunter. It mattered not that the plot was absurd; that the style was abominable. The spirit of Saint-Augustine was in those pages, just as old Edinburgh is in the pages of "The Heart of Midlothian." Now there is offered the opening for some highly discriminating reviewer to point out that the Pilgrim has coupled the two books and inferentially proclaimed Gunter the peer of Sir Walter.

There was a time, when the Pilgrim was a very small boy, when, crossing the Atlantic on the old *Servia* or *Umbria*, or by the old *Bretagne*, *Bourgogne*, or *Normandie*—the particular vessel is of no importance, the point is merely to emphasize the period—one saw, in the vacated deck chairs at the lunch hour, five books bearing the name of Archibald Clavering Gunter to one of all other authors combined. Those were the days of the "big four"; to wit: "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas," "Miss Nobody of Nowhere," and "That Frenchman," which rightly should have been called "M. de Vernay of Paris." Everyone read those books ("Mr. Barnes of New York" sold into the millions); many realized how bad they were, and a few realized how good they were. Other volumes from not the same pen, but the pen of the same man, followed in profusion, bound in the bright yellow paper cover that had become so familiar. But of those the less said the better. But recalling the "big four"; who is there inclined to challenge a kindly word in memory of their author, who reached such heights of ephemeral popularity, whose material success was for a brief period so great, and who, ruined by a

magazine for the conduct of which he was utterly unsuited, died in poverty, unhonoured and unsung?

A few years ago an American novelist whose position in the world of letters has long been enviable from more than one point of view was travelling through the Far Western states. While passing a few days in a small city of Wyoming he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who with Western breeziness was introduced to him as "Mr. So-and-So, the foremost criminal lawyer of the State of Wyoming." Mr. So-and-So had read the novelist's books and was finely enthusiastic in his hospitality. "You are my guest," he said. "You must stay with me a week—a month—a year. Your work? Do it here. I'll tell you plots from real life that beat Dumas. I'll show you types of which Charles Dickens never dreamed. It is the chance of your life. Why, man, I can give you the material to write as great a novel as 'Mr. Potter of Texas.'" That was the way that some persons once felt about the now-despised books of Archibald Clavering Gunter.

It was the flavour of an American abroad that Europeans never quite understood that one found in the early books of Gunter just as one found him in a somewhat different way in the highly polished novels of Henry James. Thirty years ago ours was almost another United States. The period was one of transition. In Europe all Americans were supposed to be enormously rich, and, to put the matter politely, eccentric. The Far West in its theatric sense—the Far West of Indian outbreaks, of claim jumping, and fortunes made overnight—had just ceased to be a reality. Europeans

were almost as puzzling to us as we were to them. Visiting Englishmen in New York were supposed invariably to patronize the Brevoort, just as they did in the novels written in the 'seventies. The term "dude" had recently come into derisive use; Anglomaniacs were being jeered at violently; and people were making the most of the lately coined phrase "the four hundred." Such apparent trivialities as these must be kept in mind by any one who should happen now to take up for the first time "Mr. Barnes of New York," or "Mr. Potter of Texas."

There was a Paris in those books, which, though abounding in topographical errors and anachronisms, was none the less a Paris. Barnes, a seasoned "globe-trotter," was at home there, equally in the Salon, or in the *coulisse* of the old Eden Theatre. Potter of Texas made his way there, and, the first night of his stay, almost precipitated a riot in one of the *cafés-chantants* of the Champs-Élysées, thinking himself cheated as the prices of drinks increased every time he changed his seat on account of a growing interest in the houris on the stage. Travelling southward over the rails of the P.-L.-M. one need take no shame in recalling a similar journey made by Barnes in pursuit of the English girl by whose charms he had been so suddenly smitten, and the devices by which the American starved her into accepting his acquaintance.

Above all, there was the Paris that Gunter pictured in "That Frenchman," the Paris of the Second Empire that was running its butterfly race toward Sedan. The first part of that story revolved about a plot to

assassinate the Prince Imperial as a means of averting the impending war between France and Germany. The thread of the intrigue leads along the boulevards; into by-streets; to the Palace of the Tuileries; to the Jardin d'Acclimation and the beautiful flower girl with the dark eyes and the yellow hair; to Passy; to the Mabille; where the comical little detective—a type of character that under some name or other appeared in all the Gunter books of that period—joyously danced the *can-can;* to a *salle* in the Rue Pelletier and the splendid battle between the Masked Wrestler of Paris and the Man with the Iron Legs; and finally to the bear-pit in the Bois de Boulogne where the heir to the French throne was to be done to death by means of gas fumes. It has been said that Gunter made some tremendous blunders in the description of streets and buildings. Very likely he did. What does it matter? Scott's "Quentin Durward" is none the less an entertaining novel for the reason that the good Bishop of Liége, so dramatically murdered at the banquet of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, actually met the most peaceful and prosaic of deaths.

It is singular that in the books of F. Marion Crawford, of all American story-tellers perhaps the most thoroughly cosmopolitan, there was very little of Paris or of France. Of a dozen cities he wrote with easy familiarity; for example: New York, in "Katherine Lauderdale," "The Ralstons," "The Three Fates," and "Marion Darche"; Boston, in "An American Politician"; Munich, in "A Cigarette Maker's Romance"; Prague, in "The Witch of Prague"; Constantinople, in "Paul Patoff" and

"Arethusa"; London, in "The Diva's Ruby"; Madrid, in "In the Palace of the King"; Venice, in "Marietta"; Rome, in "Saracenesca," "Sant' Ilario," "Pietro Ghisleri," "Don Orsino," "Cecilia," and many more. But if there is any book of his in which the characters linger more than a brief moment in Paris it has entirely escaped the present Pilgrim's memory. The case of Marion Crawford is also the case of William Dean Howells, who, passing Paris by, drew upon the impressions of his years in the American Consular Service in Italy for "Indian Summer," a tale of Florence, and "A Foregone Conclusion," of which the scenes were among the canals and palaces of Venice.

There is Paris in the pages of Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad," if that book is to be regarded in the light of fiction; and Henry James has written much of Paris, notably in "The American" and "The Ambassadors," and there is the Paris of Edith Wharton's "Madame de Treymes"; and the Paris of Basil King's "The Inner Shrine"; and the Revolutionary Paris about which Weir Mitchell played whimsically in "The Adventures of François"; and as it is quite impossible in this rambling pilgrimage to keep always in the same key, there is the city to which Robert Clay, in Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," referred as "your Paris and my Paris"; and the Paris of the same author's "The Princess Aline," where Mornay Carlton stayed at the Hotel Continental and spent the evening in front of the Café de la Paix, and dined at Laurent's in the Champs-Élysées; and the Paris of Owen Johnson's "In the Name of Liberty"; and the Paris which Robert

W. Chambers knew so well in the days when he was studying to be a painter, and used as the background of his first stories, "The Red Republic," "Ashes of Empire," "The Maids of Paradise," "Lorraine," and the short tales of "In the Quarter."

There was an extremely amusing, justly popular, though of course utterly unimportant novel of five or six years ago, which reflected accurately, even though it was frankly designed in a spirit of burlesque, the attitude of many of our fellow-countrymen travelling in Europe in the days before the war. That was Harry Leon Wilson's "Ruggles of Red Gap" a tale, which, in its opening chapters, the best chapters, by the way, was riotous of Paris. The Flood family in general, and "Cousin Egbert" in particular, happened to come from the Far Western community of Red Gap, where an old family meant one that had settled in Red Gap before the spur was built out to the canning factory. "Cousin Egbert," a victim of feminine domination, was acquiring the rudiments of Louvre art at a certain corner café, under the watchful eye of the mystified Ruggles, when his cultural meditations were disturbed by the unexpected, but not unwelcome, intrusion of one "Jeff" Tuttle. For the actual scenes involved in the ensuing "Odyssey" the reader is referred to the following letter from Mr. Wilson:

That Paris debauch of Ruggles ensued from my observations and notes on the habits of visiting Americans in Paris. Particularly Americans from west of Pittsburgh. I laboured like a true scientist in making those observations. The meeting of Cousin Egbert and Jeff Tuttle was before the Café de la Paix, and their comprehending

cocher took them for luntheon to a "*Rendez-vous des cochers fidèles*" near the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail. They found their *carrousel* by proceeding out the Boulevard Raspail and past the Lion de Belfort. I myself forget just where it lay in relation to that monument, but not many blocks from it.

It was in the Boulevard Montparnasse that Harry Leon Wilson lived at one time, sharing an apartment there with Julian Street, whose "Paris à la Carte" is a book in which Americans gastronomically inclined will find both instruction and entertainment. The number was 137. There Mr. Wilson wrote "Ewing's Lady," and in collaboration with Booth Tarkington, the plays "Foreign Exchange" and "Your Humble Servant." A more widely popular result of the collaboration was "The Man from Home," written in five weeks in the autumn of 1906 at a villa called "Colline des Roses" at Champigny, that was temporarily the home of Mr. Tarkington.

There is much of Paris in Booth Tarkington's "The Guest of Quesnay," "The Beautiful Lady," and "His Own People." It was the pathetic occupation of the impoverished Ansolini of "The Beautiful Lady" to sit from ten in the morning to midday, and from four to seven in the afternoon, at one of the small tables under the awning of the Café de la Paix at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, that is to say the centre of the civilized world, exposing his head as a living advertisement of the least amusing ballet in Paris. That story was written in the Rue de Clichy, about a man the author had seen, and whose memory haunted him. The balloon

ascension at the Porte Maillot, which Ansolini shared with his incorrigible pupil Poor Jr., was also drawn from a personal experience. For ten nights in succession Mr. Tarkington had made the ascent, dining joyously among the clouds. The eleventh night, through the merest chance, the venture was abandoned. Late that evening the author learned from the newspapers that those who had made the ascent in place of his own party had experienced adventures not outlined in the programme. The ropes which held the balloon captive had parted, the car had been carried miles away from Paris, and finally the gas bag had exploded. Only the presence of mind and resourcefulness of the aëronaut in charge had saved all from instant destruction. A man to whom Mr. Tarkington had recommended the delights of the trip was waiting his turn to go up and witnessed the show. He visited the author to thank him—pointedly.

"His Own People" was written at Champigny. The story of the crooks in that tale was founded on two groups that Mr. Tarkington knew. From the original of the Hon. Chanler Pedlow the author bought his first motor car, which he describes as "an idle, roaring Fiat." "The Guest of Quesnay" was written in the Rue de Tournon, where, in an apartment at No. 20, Mr. Tarkington lived for three years, and which he recalls as his favourite Paris home. To quote from a letter on the subject:

> It was the top number of that wonderful little street. No one could live long enough to get all its story, from the time when the

Luxembourg was a Roman camp, Molière played where Foyot's is now. From the Rue de Tournon Daudet went out in his overcoat-less dress suit. Renan lived there. Balzac lived there. Just around the corner were the haunts of Aramis and Company. The old streets of the Musketeers are there yet, with most of the names, at least, unchanged since young D'Artagnan found himself in that row over the baldric of Porthos, the handkerchief of Aramis, and the shoulder of Athos. François Villon was close at hand. . . . I dined often at Foyot's and found there a waiter whom I put into "The Guest of Quesnay," transferring him to the "Trois Pigeons," and calling him Amédée. . . . There was the flavour of Victor Cherbuliez in "The Guest of Quesnay." "Samuel Brohl et Cie" was then one of my favourite novels. . . . There was something of a semi-Bohemian life; Americans, and all nationalities of artists. Over the river, in a place near the Gare Saint-Lazare, the Wednesday Club lunched. It was made up mostly of correspondents of American newspapers. . . . Ah! the Rue de Tournon! I still haunt that neighbourhood in my thoughts of Paris, but the last time I saw it was in 1911, when I went to that corner and looked up at the stone balcony that used to be mine and wondered who was living there—one moonlight night.

Foyot's. Mr. Tarkington is far from being alone among American novelists in his liking for the *cuisine* and atmosphere of that Latin Quarter tavern, where real senators of France from the near-by Palace of the Luxembourg may be seen contentedly breakfasting over napkins tucked in at the chin. It has figured in pages by Owen Johnson, who is never tired of singing its praises. Dining one day at Foyot's Louis Joseph Vance found the suggestion of "The Lone Wolf," whose adventures were later continued in "The False Faces." Foyot's, the "Troyon's" of the story, has two entrances, one on the Rue Vaugirard and the other on the Rue de

Tournon. The Lone Wolf was brought up in the curious atmosphere, and the two entrances and their possibilities are factors in the working out of the tale. Somewhere not far from Foyot's was "The Street of the Two Friends," of F. Berkeley Smith's story of that name, which sang the praises of the old Latin Quarter, the old joyous quarter where social conventions were as little regarded as the Commandments east of Suez. There was Paris in Cleveland Moffett's "The Mysterious Card" and "Through the Wall"; and in Samuel Merwin's "The Honey Bee," which pictured the city just before the outbreak of the war, and the newly born French enthusiasm for the prize ring; and in the "Zut" of the late Guy Wetmore Carryll. The last name suggests a story illustrating the ineffectuality of fame. The *concierge* of an apartment house in which Mr. Carryll once went to live was much interested in learning the American's *métier*. "Monsieur's name is Guy and Monsieur is a writer. There was another Guy who lived here many years ago who was also a writer. Maybe Monsieur has heard of him. His name was Guy de Maupassant. I don't know what has become of him. Perhaps he is dead."

Then there was the gifted author of "The Pit," "The Octopus," and "The Wolf," who died so young, so rich in promise, and just as he was swinging into the full stride of achievement. At seventeen years of age Frank Norris, intending to be an artist, went to France, and enrolled as a student at the "Atelier Julien" in Paris. There he remained two years and became absorbed, not in art, but in chivalry. The reading of

Froissart's "Chronicles" was his daily recreation. He became so imbued with the spirit of mediævalism that once with much amusement he pointed out an error in Scott's "Ivanhoe" in which one of the characters is described as wearing a certain kind of armour that was not in use until a hundred years later; a mistake that was as obvious to him as if someone to-day should depict Louis XIV in a top hat and frock coat. It was in those Paris days that Frank Norris began to write. His earliest ventures, his brother Charles G. Norris has told us, were more to provide a vehicle for his illustrations than for any interest he had in writing itself. Thus it was that his first novel, "Robert d'Artois," crude and amateurish, was written.

Leaving Frank in Paris to continue his art studies the rest of the Norris family returned to California. Correspondence between the brothers took the form of a novel written by Frank in which all their favourite characters appeared revolving about Charles, who was described as the nephew of the Duke of Burgundy. The story was written in the second person on closely ruled note paper. It came to America in chapters, rolled up inside French newspapers to save postage. Every instalment was profusely illustrated with pencil sketches, mostly of Charles as an esquire, a man-at-arms, an equerry, and finally as a knight. Plots and episodes from the works of Scott, Francis Bacon, Frank Stockton, and others were lifted bodily; sometimes the actual wording was borrowed. There was one sentence: "The night closed down as dark as a wolf's mouth," that, years later, Charles found again in the opening of a

chapter of "Quentin Durward." The story was never concluded, but those Paris days were reflected in the dedication of "The Pit":

> In memory of certain lamentable tales of the round (dining-room) table heroes; of the epic of the pewter platoons, and the romance cycle of "Gaston le Fox" which we invented, maintained, and found marvellous when we both were boys.

Even in the pages of O. Henry may be found the Paris trail. Even he, for a moment, saw fit to forsake the purlieus of his Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway, the lotos-eating atmosphere of Caribbean-washed shores, mountain paths in the Cumberland, and waving Western prairies, to allow his fancy to play about valleys of the Eure-et-Loir and winding streets and gabled houses of old Lutetia. There was, once upon a time, in what we like to refer to richly and sonorously as the "red-heeled days of seigneurial France," a poet, David Mignot by name, who left his father's flock in Vernoy to follow the "Roads of Destiny." Of the three forks of the way that he encountered at the beginning of his journey, all of which led to the same grim end by the pistol of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys, only one, the right branch, wound on to the city by the Seine. There David crossed a great bridge, and found shelter high up under the eaves of an old house in the Rue Conti. That street, and the Rue Esplanade, where the plotters planned to bring about the King's death, and the Rue Christopher, where the premature attack reached the heart of the poor poet dressed in the King's robes, have none the less the flavour of old Paris for

being frankly streets of illusion. And also here, in "Roads of Destiny," we have a new O. Henry, an unfamiliar O. Henry, an O. Henry shorn for once of riotous malapropisms and the extravagant *argot* of his native land. "Describe her," commands the King, and David tells of the woman of the Rue Conti whose beauty and guile have sent him unknowingly to his doom: "She is made of sunshine and deep shade. She is slender, like the alders, and moves with their grace. Her eyes change while you gaze in them; now round, and then half shut as the sun peeps between two clouds. When she comes, heaven is all about her; when she leaves, there is chaos and a scent of hawthorn blossoms."

PART II
ABOUT RURAL FRANCE

XIII. THE MAGIC OF THE SEINE

Between Paris Quais—The Parisian Afield—The Musketeers in the Environs—The River and Guy de Maupassant—Meudon and "Trilby"—The Trail of "Peter Ibbetson"—"Samuel Brohl et Cie."—Versailles—The Forest of Fontainebleau—Daudet's "Sapho"—Ville-D'Avray, Chaville, and the Lake of Enghien.

WHAT is the magic of the Seine? As, in its course from Charenton to Boulogne it bisects the city, it is in itself neither an impressive nor a beautiful stream, yet the Parisians adore it. From early spring till late autumn thousands of them line the stone wharves to fish stolidly in the muddy waters. Yet there is not even a legend that within the memory of man any one ever saw a fish caught there, or heard of one being caught. But the thousands of Parisians are happy in the innocent and *ennui*-killing pastime, so it is really their own affair. So consider them with tolerant eyes as, from the deck of one of the little *bateaux-omnibus*, we watch, when not in the shadow of the bridges, the swiftly changing scene of splendid *quais* and stately spires and edifices equally rich in material beauty and historical significance. A hundred characters of fiction line the banks or people the structures as the quivering little boat dashes from landing pier to landing pier. Yonder, dominating the Quai Malaquais, are windows which perhaps only yesterday belonged to

the delightful old book-worm of Anatole's France's "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." There Sylvestre sat in his slippers and dressing gown, contemplating the blazing logs, stroking his cat Hamilcar, and listening to the scoldings of his housekeeper, Therèse. A hundred yards to the westward is the corner of the antiquary shop where Raoul touched destiny in the shape of the shagreen skin of the Balzac tale. But there are too many of these amiable ghosts to think of considering them all. In time the last city bridge is passed and the river begins its eccentric windings between green fields.

The Parisians of fiction would not be real Parisians at all if there were not moments when they were seized with the spirit of mild adventure that moves them to venture forth beyond the line of the old fortifications in search of pastoral joys. There are very few of the novels dealing with the life of Lutetia that do not occasionally take their men and women to Vincennes, or Saint-Cloud, or Versailles, or Enghien, or Bougival. It matters not whether the tale be of the seventeenth or the twentieth century. Usually it is along the line of the Seine, but not always. For the purpose of illustration let us revert to those stories dealing with the careers of the Dumas Four: Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, to whom reference is so frequent in the course of this volume. In every direction from the old city gates leads their trail. *Vincennes:* It was from the castle there that the Duke of Beaufort made his famous escape with the assistance of the silent Grimaud, and by means of the rope ladder, the gag, and the poniard that were conveyed to him

under the crust of a magnificent pie. *Noisy:* It was there that D'Artagnan found Aramis in a monastery, an Abbé who wanted to become again a Musketeer, just as in the earlier days with a rapier by his side he had always yearned for the garb of an ecclesiast. *Saint-Germain:* It was there that the wily, devoted, yet unappreciated Gascon conveyed the young king, the queen mother and the cardinal that night in the turbulent days of the Fronde. *Reuil:* It was in the Orangery there that D'Artagnan contrived his own escape and the escape of his comrades, and outwitted the crafty Mazarin. Bringing the Dumas trail down to more modern times we have to go only to Auteuil to seek the house in which the Count of Monte-Cristo gave the wonderful dinner at which he invented the story that brought such terror to the hearts of Villefort and Madame Danglars.

Every turn of the winding Seine for twenty miles below Paris is associated with the tales of Guy de Maupassant, who loved the river only a little less than he loved the shores of the Mediterranean and the Norman coast. As the boat passes Saint-Cloud one may see the restaurant gardens where Monsieur Parent achieved the terrible revenge for which he had been waiting for twenty years. Farther along the river, in the neighbourhood of Malmaison—where Josephine lived after Napoleon had divorced her—and Bougival, are the scenes of the sinister "La Femme de Paul," and the unroariously whimsical "Mouche," and a score more of the finely chiselled gems of the Norman master. To turn to a very different field of fiction: If the reader

happens to be interested in the detective story in general and those of Gaboriau in particular, he will perhaps remember that close to the river bank, at La Jonchère, which is about half way between Malmaison and Bougival, and they are not far apart, was the cottage of the widow Lerouge, the scene of the murder with which "L'Affaire Lerouge" begins—a baffling problem, which is eventually solved by the ingenious reasoning of Père Tirauclair.

Here, just beyond the line of the old fortifications, is Meudon, associated with the name of Rabelais, who, after his many wanderings, in the last year of his life, was appointed curé of Meudon, a title which, though enjoyed for so short a time, was destined to endure through the centuries. The steamboat station is at Bas-Meudon, and it was there, in the Du Maurier story, that there was a famous outing from the Place Saint-Anatole des Arts, and Taffy proposed matrimony to Trilby, and the Laird, in response to the applause that greeted his efforts in the art of Terpsichore, said, in French that would have astonished Chateaubriand, "*Voila l'espayce de hom ker jer swee.*"

But once away from the immediate neighbourhood of the Place Saint-Anatole des Arts the name of Du Maurier conjures up not the figures of "Trilby," but rather the men, women, and, above all, children, of the early chapters of "Peter Ibbetson," and the early chapters of "The Martian." There is in the Paris of to-day a "Street of the Pump." To the young eyes of Pierre Pasquier de la Marière, who later became Peter Ibbetson, it was a delightful street, leading to Paris at

one end, and to the river Seine at the other; or else, turning to the right, "to Saint-Cloud through the Bois de Boulogne of Louis-Philippe Premier, Roi des Français —as different from the Paris and Bois de Boulogne of to-day as a diligence from an express train." On the way from Passy to Saint-Cloud there was a pond—"a memorable pond, called 'La mare d'Auteuil,' the sole aquatic treasure that Louis-Philippe's Bois de Boulogne could boast, for in those ingenuous days there existed no artificial lake fed by an artificial stream, no Pré-Catalan, no Jardin d'Acclimation." In time, far beyond the magic pond went Peter's excursions, "to Meudon, Versailles, Saint-Germain, and other delightful places."

A Pilgrim after the present Pilgrim's own heart was that little boy of the eighteen-forties, interpreting the world through the medium of his ingenious combination of two languages known as Inglefrank or Frankingle. His journeys from the house in the "Street of the Pump" were not all in the direction of the open fields and along the banks of the magic Seine. There were days given over to what might be called literary prowlings—to the enjoyment of Paris, "that Paris, not the Paris of M. le Baron Haussmann, lighted by gas and electricity, and flushed and drained by modern science, but the good old Paris of Balzac and Eugéne Sue and 'Les Mystères'—the Paris of dim oil lanterns suspended from iron gibbets (where aristocrats had been hung)"; through "dark, silent, deserted streets that would turn up afterward in many a nightmare—with the gutter in the middle and towerlets and stone posts all along

the sides, and high, fantastic walls (where it was *défendu d'afficher*), with bits of old battlement at the top . . . and suggestive names printed in old rusty iron letters at the street corners—the Rue Vide-Gousset, the Rue Coupe-Gorge, the Rue de la Vieille Truanderie, the Trépas de la Tour de Nesle, that appealed to the imagination like a page from Hugo or Dumas." Somehow in reading the Du Maurier pages there comes over the present Pilgrim a sense of futility. Peter Ibbetson struck the note so much better long, long years ago.

Keeping for the moment to fiction written in the English language, there is plenty of material in the environs of Paris which lie beyond the city's westerly gates. It was somewhere in this direction that little Rawdon Crawley was put out to nurse, being regarded as an incumbrance likely to interfere with the social aspirations of his respected mother. In tales of later origin and more ephemeral fibre we may select an *auberge* on the river bank that was associated with occasional outings of Mr. Merrick's Tricotrin, or accompany Septimus and Emmy of Mr. W. J. Locke's book on little excursions that enriched their lives, or with Poor Jr., of Mr. Tarkington's "The Beautiful Lady" make heavy and indiscreet wagers for the benefit of the French Government in the *pesage* at Longchamp, or follow the road to Versailles to pick out the exact spot where, as related in "The Guest of Quesnay," took place the motor-car accident that so changed the current of the story.

The name of Tarkington suggests a novel that has al-

"Most of the streets were very narrow and had no sidewalks. Pedestrians were obliged to take refuge from passing carriages on shop thresholds, under entrance gates, or else beside posts erected here and there for that purpose."—Victorien Sardou.

ways been his particular admiration, and a writer, who, probably more than any other, has influenced his literary style. It was reading Victor Cherbuliez's "Samuel Brohl et Cie.," when he was living in the Rue de Tournon that led almost directly to the writing of "The Guest of Quesnay." The scene of the great situation of "Samuel Brohl et Cie."—which for sheer surprise is not surpassed in all fiction—is at Cormeilles, a village on the banks of the Seine, which, from its height of five or six hundred feet, commands a superb view of the valley and of Paris in the distance. From the terrace, in an air laden with the scent of flowers, the Polish Count Abel Larinski surveyed the landscape. He saw Saint-Germain, its forest, the sun-kissed Seine spanned by the two bridges of Maisons-Laffitte, to his left the bastions of Mont-Valérien, and in the distance, Paris, the Arch of Triumph, the gilded dome of the Invalides, and the columns of smoke from the factories, that held their rigid form, or vanished, swept away by the wind. Then his vision travels beyond, to a miserable drinking den within the Jewish pale of Poland, smelling of garlic and candle grease, where Samuel Brohl passed his early youth; and gradually, as the picture is unrolled, there comes to the amazed reader the knowledge that the aristocrat Larinski and the wretched Samuel Brohl are one and the same being.

Then there is Versailles. Consider all the fiction that has been written about the person and court of Louis the Magnificent and the ladies for whom he built the Trianons—the overflowing company of romancers, with the good Dumas at their head, who have found

backgrounds in Versailles as it was in the days of Bourbon splendour! Consider, and then turn to the "Meditations at Versailles" of Thackeray. See the picture of the great king transporting himself there in 1681, from the gloomy palace of Saint-Germain, whence he could catch a glimpse of a certain white spire of Saint-Denis, where his race lay buried, an unhappy *memento mori*, transporting himself with bag and baggage—with guards, cooks, chamberlains, mistresses, Jesuits, gentlemen, lackeys, Fénelons, Molières, Lauzuns, Bossuets, Villars, Villeroys, Louvois, and Colberts.

> Did ever the sun shine upon such a king before, in such a palace?—or, rather, did such a king ever shine upon the sun? When Majesty came out of his chamber, in the midst of his superhuman splendours, viz., in his cinnamon-coloured coat, embroidered with diamonds; his pyramid of a wig; his red-heeled shoes, that lifted him four inches from the ground "that he scarcely seemed to touch"; when he came out, blazing upon the dukes and duchesses that waited his rising,—what could the latter do, but cover their eyes, and wink, and tremble? And did he not himself believe, as he stood there, on his high heels, under his ambrosial periwig, that there was something in him more than man—something above fate?

Or, to use the words of Thackeray in the first of his lectures on the Four Georges: "A grander monarch, or a more miserable starved wretch than the peasant his subject, you cannot look upon."

With a greater monarch than Louis another palace is associated. And Fontainebleau, like Versailles, is rich with the figures of fiction. Robert Louis Stevenson pictured its forest in "The Wrecker," taking for

the purposes of the tale persons whom he had known there in the life during his own days among the painters. Any oak in the Forest of Fontainebleau will serve as the one under which Brigadier Étienne Gerard, in the Conan Doyle story, disposed of the Brothers of Ajaccio, thereby removing the menace that had been hanging over the head of Napoleon since the early Corsican years. But for the full charm of the forest turn to the later chapters of Guy de Maupassant's "Notre Cœur." There André de Marolle goes to escape from the net in which Madame de Burne holds him, to encounter a new woman, and yet finally, almost at a nod, to bind himself once more with the chains of the old slavery.

If, in his excursions into the environs of Paris and along the banks of the Seine the Pilgrim were limited to one travelling companion his immediate choice would be for the books of Alphonse Daudet. And among them one volume alone would suffice for a pilgrimage of many days. "Sapho," to the Pilgrim's mind Daudet's masterpiece, and one of the finest novels written in any language, is a story of the fields, woods, and waters that lie beyond the fortifications as much as it is a story of the city's murky skies and rain-splashed pavements. Fanny Legrand adored the country, in snatches, except those haunts that were frequented by painters. The first summer of their life *en collage* being very beautiful, they visited all the pretty corners of the environs of Paris that she knew so well. One night, at Saint-Clair, in the valley of the Chevreuse, they passed on the straw of a barn. At Ville-d'Avray, lunching before the pool, they fell in with the sculptor

Caoudal, who bored them with his reminiscences, and went off in high dudgeon, after assuming Père Langlois's bill. It was at Ville-d'Avray, very likely at the same inn, that Barty Josselin and "le grand Bonzig," of Du Maurier's "The Martian," found entertainment on a memorable outing from Paris. Near Ville-d'Avray, on the Versailles line, is the little town of Chaville, so intimately linked with the lives of Jean and Fanny.

There, after Fanny's venture as directress of the Champs-Élysées *pension* of Rosario Sanches, they installed themselves, in an old hunting box, facing the Pavé des Gardes, just across the street from the railway station. The Hettémas were their neighbours, and never have the joys of suburban life been painted more feelingly than in the words of the fiercely bearded, timid Hettéma.

Ce n'est rien maintenant, mais vous verrez en décembre! On rentre crotté, mouillé, avec tous les embêtements de Paris sur le dos; on trouve bon feu, bonne lampe, la soupe qui embaume, et, sous la table, une paire de sabots remplis de paille. Non, voyez-vous, quand on s'est fourré une platée de choux et de saucisses, un quartier de gruyère tenu au frais sous le linge, quand on a versé la-dessus un litre de ginglard qui n'a pas passé par Bercy, libre de baptême et d'entrée, ce que c'est bon de tirer son fauteuil au coin du feu, d'allumer une pipe, en buvant son café arrosé d'un caramel a l'eau-de-vie, et de piquer un chien en face l'un de l'autre, pendant que le verglas dégouline sur les vitres. Oh! un tout petit chien, le temps de laisser passer le gros de la digestion. Après on dessine un moment, la femme dessert, fait son petit train-train—la couverture, le moine—et quand elle est couchée, la place chaude, on tombe dans le tas, et ça vous fait par tout le corps une chaleur comme si l'on entrait tout entier dans la paille de ses sabots.

It is nothing now, but wait till December. You come home muddy, damp, with all the annoyances of Paris on your back; you find a good fire, a lighted lamp, a savory soup, and under the table a pair of wooden shoes filled with straw. When you have finished a plate of cabbage and sausage, and a slice of cheese kept moist under a napkin, and swallowed a bottle of wine that hasn't paid custom duty, it is good to draw up your arm chair to the fire, light a pipe, drink your coffee laced with brandy, and take a little nap while the rain freezes on the window panes. Just a little nap, to aid digestion. Then you draw a bit, the wife clears the table, jumps into bed, and when the place is warm, you tumble in too and you feel comfortable all over.

He became almost eloquent in picturing his material joys, this bearded giant, usually so timid that he could hardly utter two words without blushing and stammering. The placid Hettémas were the neighbours of Fanny and Jean throughout the turbulent years. They came to an end as they were bound to, those years. In the quiet of the woods so close to the railway station Jean undertook to tell the woman of his decision and projected marriage, and the dark aisles rang and rang again with her implorings and reproaches. Then, worn out at last, she returned to the hunting-box, and fell on the food before her like a shipwrecked sailor (*se jeter sur les plats glouttonnement, comme un naufragé*). To Chaville Jean returned after the separation, driven there by jealousy; and it was at a table of the little station café, from which she could see through the trees the house in which they had experienced such happy and such cruel moments, that Fanny wrote the letter of farewell with which the book ends. "You are free.

You will never hear of me more. *Adieu, un baiser, le dernier, dans le cou, m'ami. . . .*"

One more "Sapho" association. Eight miles north of Paris there is Enghien, with its pretty lake surrounded by villas with gardens that run down to the water's edge. One of these villas belonged to Rosario Sanchez, and it was there that she invited Jean and Fanny to meet certain ancient wrecks of the Second Empire, and later to dismiss them in a moment of furious temper. In a rowboat near the shore Gaussin and De Potter sat and bailed, and the musician, "the pride of the French school," poured out in a monotonous, even tone, his life story, and urged it as a terrible warning to Jean.

MONT SAINT-MICHEL

XIV. CHIMES OF NORMANDY

The Romance of Old Names—Calais and Thackeray's "Desseins"—Boulogne and "The Newcomes"—Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac"—Fécamp, Étretat, and Guy de Maupassant—Havre, "Pierre et Jean," and Henry James's "Four Meetings"—The Literary Creed of Maupassant—Balzac's "Modeste Mignon"—Sands of Trouville—Ouida's "Moths"—Booth Tarkington's "The Guest of Quesnay"—The Kings of Yvetot—Mont Saint-Michel—Rouen and "Madame Bovary"—The Real Y.—The Style of Gustave Flaubert—"Bel-Ami," and "Boule-de-Suif"—Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

IN THE eighty-seven departments into which the French Republic was divided at the outbreak of the Great War there was political and administrative expediency. In the old divisions of the land which have come down from Feudal days there are the magic of names and the romance of history and fiction. Till the end of time they seem likely to persist. Normandie,

Bretagne, Poitou, Gascogne, Provence, Anjou, Île-de-France, Champagne, Lorraine, Béarn, Nivernais, Bourgogne, Dauphiné, Languedoc, Artois, Picardie, Franche-Comté, Auvergne, Limousin, Touraine, Maine, Guyenne, Bourbonnais, Berry, Orléanais! What dreams of the old, bygone world the very names inspire! The roll-call rings with the history of France. Charles Martel flings back the Saracens at Tours; Majesty challenges the vassal: *Qui t'a fait duc?*, and the vassal retorts *Qui t'a fait roi?;* the great cathedral of Chartres is built; Agincourt and Crécy are fought; the Maid comes out of Domremy; and Henry of Navarre, the "Béarnais"—whom the Parisians still adore, possibly, as some cynic has suggested, because he is dead—bears his oriflamme at Ivry. In talking or writing of the old provinces to-day there is permitted a certain latitude. Border lines are not so sharply drawn. So for the purpose of this chapter, where allusion is made to Boulogne or Calais, Normandy must be considered in temporary successful invasion of Picardy and Artois.

The Pilgrim, who has passed by way of Calais half a dozen times, and stayed there twice, confesses to lamentable ignorance of the history and the end of the institution once known as Desseins. Yet for the flavour of the city—the loss of which so distressed Queen Mary of England that she said that, after her death, its name would be found written on her heart—he knows of no more delightful and stimulating reading than the "Roundabout Paper" of Thackeray that is called "Desseins." It is fiction, as that other Roundabout Paper, "The Notch on the Axe" is fiction; as surely fic-

tion as "Vanity Fair," or "Pendennis," or "Esmond" are fiction. At Dessein's, described as "that charming old 'Hotel Dessein', with its court, its gardens, its lordly kitchen, its princely waiter, who has welcomed the finest company in Europe," Mr. Roundabout slept and dreamed dreams. And, out of the past, ghosts came to his bedside: that of Laurence Sterne, with his mawkish sentimentality, and his impatience with posterity for its praise of Henry Fielding, and with Mr. Irving, "an American gentleman of parts and elegance," for having written a life of "an Irish fellow by the name of Gouldsmith, who used to abuse me"; and the ghost of Brummell, with his snuff box, and wig, and dirty, disreputable dressing gown, and his stories of Carlton House, and the fat and ungrateful Prince, and York, and Alvanley, and Raikes, and Boothby, and Dutch Sam the boxer; and the ghost of the very old man with the long white beard and the rope round his neck who in the life had been Master Eustace of St. Peter's, one of the six who gave themselves up as ransom when King Edward of England besieged the city. The ten-page paper is one of those charming whimsicalities that interpret a city as it could not be interpreted by a hundred ponderous volumes.

Again, at Boulogne, it is to Thackeray that one is inclined to turn, and to the pages of "The Newcomes." There, after financial disaster had descended upon the kindly head of Colonel "Tom" Newcome, and, like Belisarius, he went into exile, he found a refuge in quarters in a quiet, grass-grown old street of the Old Town. Thousands of other unfortunate Britons were

in the same case: and Pendennis, visiting the Colonel, strolled along by the pretty old walks and bastions, under the pleasant trees that shadow them, and the gray old gabled houses from which you look down upon the gay new city, and the busy port, with the piers stretching into the shining sea, dotted with a hundred white sails or black smoking steamers, and bounded by the friendly lines of the bright English shore. Perhaps it was the presence of the unpleasant Mrs. Mackenzie that sent Pendennis to the Hôtel des Bains. There is to-day in Boulogne a hotel of much the same name, but then what French watering place is without its Hôtel des Bains? After Thackeray it is another English writer of fiction and another English book that Boulogne suggests. All about the town when Napoleon was gathering his legions there for the projected descent upon England were the scenes of Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac," and the Pilgrim knows of no book in any language that, within so brief a space, gives a more vivid picture of the many sides of the great Corsican.

François, the valet of Guy de Maupassant, told of an English Lord with a natural curiosity as to the actual house of "La Maison Tellier." So in company with the novelist he travelled to Fécamp, which is the scene of the tale, and Maupassant pointed out a structure, and the Englishman recognized it at once by the description in the story. As a matter of fact, the Maison Tellier was situated in reality at Rouen, but Maupassant had reasons of his own for transporting the narrative from the inland city to the seacoast town. But Fécamp and its region is the Maupassant country as

Ayrshire is the Burns country, the Doone Valley the Blackmore country, or the Blue Grass of Kentucky the James Lane Allen country. About here were the scenes of the pitiless "Une Vie." In forty tales he satirized the Norman peasantry as Gyp satirized them in "Ces Bons Normands." For Étretat, between its two *falaises* the name of Guy de Maupassant stands more than does the name of Alphonse Karr, who founded it. There was "La Guillette," and in the garden, the house made of an overturned boat in which François lived. There, among others, "Bel-Ami" was finished, and the greater part of "Pierre et Jean" written.

Havre was, before the war, of all seaports, the most direct approach to France. Travellers from America by the boats of the C. G. T. rarely stayed there on arrival, save in cases like that of Caroline Spencer of Henry James's "Four Meetings"—to which allusion will be made later—but they often learned to know the city while waiting for the home-bound vessel, playing the "Petits Chevaux" at Frascati's, and venturing into the old town to dine at a table at Tortoni's. To the Pilgrim, as to others who know the Maupassant novel, Havre will ever be dominated by the shadow of "Pierre et Jean." The long jetty stretching into the sea recalls the figures of the brothers sitting in the darkness, the elder wracked by the terrible suspicion that is beginning to burn in his brain. After the return from the fishing excursion, with which the book opens, the father, mother, and two sons, accompanied by Madame Rosémilly, passed up the Rue de Paris, stopping in the

Place de la Bourse in order that old Roland might contemplate the ships in the Bassin du Commerce. The Rolands lived in the Rue Belle-Normande. The lights of the harbour bring to mind a memorable bit of description.

> To the right, above Sainte-Adresse, the two lighthouses, like two great twin Cyclops, throwing over the sea their long and powerful rays. . . Then, on the two *jetées*, two other flames, children of these giants, pointing out the entrance to the harbour, and yonder, across the Seine, other lights, many others, fixed or flashing, with brilliant effulgence and dark eclipses, opening and closing like eyes—the eyes of ports, yellow, red, green—watching over the dark sea covered with ships; living eyes of the hospitable shore, saying by the opening and shutting of their lids: "Here I am. I am Trouville! I am Honfleur! I am the river of Pont-Audemer!"
>
> And then, on the vast sea, here and there stars are visible. They tremble in the night mist, small, near or far, and also white, green, or red. Most of them are still, but some move. They are the lights of vessels at anchor waiting for the incoming tide, or of ships seeking the roadstead.

In the course of this Pilgrimage an occasional digression may be permitted. So a word about the preface to "Pierre et Jean" in which Maupassant expounded his literary creed. The public, he held, was composed of different groups who demanded: "Console me," "Amuse me," "Sadden me," "Soften me," "Make me dream," "Make me laugh," "Make me shudder," "Make me think," "Make me weep." "The reader, who in a book seeks only to satisfy the natural tendency of his mind, considers striking or well written the work or the passage that pleases his imagination, be it ideal-

istic, gay, jolly, sad, dreamy, or positive." "Only a few rare spirits ask of the artist 'Make for me something beautiful, in the form that suits you best, following your temperament.'"

"Are there any rules governing the novel, outside of which a written narrative should bear another name? If 'Don Quixote' is a novel, is 'The Red and the Black' also a novel? If 'Monte Cristo' is a novel, is 'L'Assommoir' one? Can a comparison be established between the 'Elective Affinities' of Goethe, and 'The Three Musketeers' of Dumas, Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' Feuillet's 'M. de Camors,' Zola's 'Germinal'? Which of these works is a novel? What are the famous rules? From where do they come? By virtue of what principle, what authority, and what reasoning?"

Balsac's "Modeste Mignon" begins at Havre, with the notary, Latournelle, accompanied by his wife and son, walking up to Ingouville, which is a quarter in the northern part of the city. Of Ingouville Balzac said that, in 1816, it was to Havre what Montmartre was to Paris. Since then, it has become the Auteuil, the Montmorency, in a word, the locality given over to the suburban residences of the merchants of Havre.

To revert to the Havre of Henry James's "Four Meetings." It is the story, in case the reader chances not to know it or has forgotten it, of a little New England woman, Caroline Spencer, who all her life in the village of Grimwater has aspired some day to visit Europe, and to that end has for years pinched and saved. Crossing on the French steamer, every day of the voyage she sits in a trance with her face turned

toward the magical lands that she is so soon to see. Upon her arrival in Havre a cousin who has been studying "art" in Paris meets her with a story that appeals to her sympathies, so she gives him all her money, retaining only enough to carry her home again. Her whole stay in the Europe of which she has so ardently dreamed is one of only a few short hours. Here is Henry James's picture of the Rue de Paris, the one street of Havre with which every American visitor becomes more or less familiar:

> The early autumn day was warm and charming, and our stroll through the bright-coloured, busy streets of the old French seaport was sufficiently entertaining. We walked along the sunny, noisy quays and then turned into a wide pleasant street which lay half in sun and half in shade—a French provincial street, that looked like an old water-colour drawing: tall, gray, steep-roofed, red-gabled, many-storied houses; green shutters on windows and old scroll-work above them; flowerpots in balconies and white-capped women in doorways. We walked in the shade; all this stretched away on the sunny side of the street and made a picture.

There are pleasant journeys associated with the trail to be made from Havre: to Étretat, twenty miles away, and the Fécamp of the "Maison Tellier" beyond; to the slope of Sainte-Adresse, where Madame Rosémilly lived; by boat across the broad mouth of the Seine to Honfleur, where Henry V landed in the Shakespeare play; through the canal that leads to Caen, where Beau Brummell died; or to Trouville and Deauville that have naturally been reflected in four score French fashionable novels, but which we can see at their best

in the pages of Maupassant. Here is a bit from "Pierre et Jean":

From the distance she seemed a long garden filled with bursting flowers. On the great bank of yellow sand, from the jetty to the Roches Noires, parasols of every colour, hats of every shape, dresses of every shade, in groups before the bathing houses, in lines along the sea, or scattered here and there, resembled, in truth, enormous bouquets in an immeasurable meadow. The confused sounds, near or far, of voices made distinct by the thin air; the calls, the cries of children being bathed; the clear laughter of women, all formed a sweet unbroken clamour, which was blended with the imperceptible sea air, and was inhaled with it.

Then there was Ouida. One must not entirely forget Ouida in Trouville; for it was the scene of "Moths." There Lady Dolly received her large-eyed and serious daughter, Vera, and Vera fell in love with the golden-throated Corrèze, but was forced to marry the Russian, Prince Zouroff. This is how Ouida saw Trouville in the opening chapter of that story:

The yachts came and went, the sands glittered, the music sounded; men and women in bright coloured stripes took headers into the tide or pulled themselves about in little canoes; the snowy canvas of the tents shone like huge white mushrooms, and the faces of all the houses were lively with green shutters and awnings brightly striped like the bathers. People, the gayest and best-born in Europe, laughed and chattered and made love.

Despite a yarn that was current many years ago to the effect that Miss De la Ramée—who till her dying day professed to hold in particular abhorrence Americans and women—was actually of American birth, she can hardly be regarded in the light of a compatriot. But

not far from Trouville there is a distinctly American trail, that of Booth Tarkington's "The Guest of Quesnay." In a little town back from the sea, and within easy distance of the great watering places, was the Hotel des Trois Pigeons, the scene of the later chapters of the story. That novel was written by Mr. Tarkington when he was living in the Rue de Tournon in Paris. For the purposes of fiction he went one day into the near-by restaurant of Foyot's, seized figuratively a favourite waiter, and transported him to the *salle-à-manger* of the Trois Pigeons. There the waiter became the delightful Amédée of the tale.

One of the first stations on the railway line running from Havre to Paris is Yvetot. Once with the little town, now numbering seven or eight thousand inhabitants, were associated the ancient counts or *soi-disant* kings. All that was long, long ago, but in the event that the train stops for two minutes at the *gare* it is worth while recalling that Béranger wrote a delightful song (of which Thackeray made two admirable adaptations) beginning:

> Il y avait un Roi d'Yvetot
> Peu connu dans l'histoire,
> Se levant tard, se couchant tôt
> Dormant fort bien sans gloire.

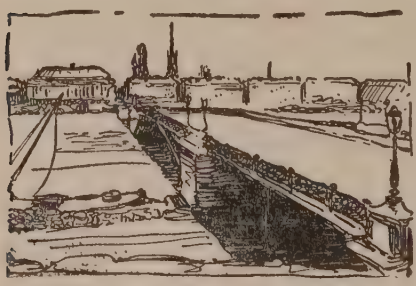
There is a plaintive old song of the Breton peasantry bewailing the capricious, feminine changes of course of a certain river, for the last winding twist on the journey to the sea, apparently unimportant in itself, has far-reaching results. It gives Mont Saint-Michel to Nor-

mandy. Rich in history is that towering rock in the bay, surrounded at high tide by lashing waves, and at low tide by a muddy morass, save where a stone causeway joins it to the mainland. The monks of Saint-Michel sent ships to help convey the armies of Duke William to Hastings, and when the yoke of the Normans on England was young two sons of the Conqueror waged battle there, and Robert besieged Henry or Henry besieged Robert. Then Philip-Augustus burned it and it was the only Norman stronghold that withstood Henry the Fifth. When the Pilgrim knew Mont Saint-Michel, back in the days when the world was young, history and scenery were relegated to insignificance by the marvellous breakfast of Madame Poulard, a repast justly renowned throughout Europe, and carried in memory home to the States by returning American travellers. For Mont Saint-Michel in fiction it is again to Guy de Maupassant that one turns. In splendid pages "Notre Cœur" describes the rock and the surrounding country, the winding cobbly ascent by which the dizzy summit is reached; and into a hotel room there the Madame de Burne of the story, the original of whom played so mysterious and sinister a part in Maupassant's own life, went and blew out the candles.

If Havre, by virtue of "Pierre et Jean," is to be regarded as the literary property of Guy de Maupassant, Rouen came even more conspicuously to belong to his mentor in the art of writing craftsmanship, Gustave Flaubert with "Madame Bovary." Rouen is, on its historical side, essentially and first of all the city of Jeanne d'Arc, and surely there is nothing in the history

of France more dramatic and more romantic than the story, the true story, of La Pucelle. Yet, after all, how much less real is the Maid than is Emma Bovary, who in one sense never had an actual existence outside of the laboriously chiselled pages of Flaubert. In Rouen one is never able to get away from the memory of Jeanne d'Arc, yet somehow the quaint streets and crowded quays conjure up even more vividly the figure of that other woman, of whom it may paradoxically be said, that she never lived, and that she will live forever.

The association of Rouen with Emma Bovary dated from the night of her arrival from Yonville—that night when she saw Lagardy in "Lucie de Lammermoor" and met Léon Dupvis after their long separation. The Bovarys, after the arrival of the *diligence*, had repaired to the Hotel of the Red Cross in the Place Beauvoisin, a conventional, provincial inn with great stables and tiny bedrooms—one of the typical hostelries which added so much to the charm of France in the early half of the last century. At the time that Flaubert's novel was written the Pont Boieldieu was not yet built, and the Pont Corneille, the only bridge that then crossed the Seine, was known as the Pont Neuf. The morning after the play Emma and Léon met



THE SEINE AT ROUEN

in the cathedral, which is one of the finest in Europe, with a north tower dating from the twelfth century. It was by the Portail de la Calende, or southern portal, that they left the edifice and entered the cab for the famous ride which was responsible for the prosecution of Flaubert before the *Tribunal Correctionnelle de Paris*. Despite the many changes which took place during the latter half of the last century, the visitor in Rouen may without great trouble follow, as the Pilgrim has followed, the streets indicated in that celebrated journey.

According to the story, Y, or Yonville-l'Abbaye, thus named on account of a former Capuchin Abbey, was a town some eight leagues from Rouen, between the Abbeville road and the Beauvais road, at the bottom of a valley watered by the Rieule, a little river that empties into the Andelle. It is one of the very few places discussed in the course of this book with which the Pilgrim can claim no personal acquaintance. So he quotes from an article written by a M. Émile Deshays which appeared twelve years ago in *Les Annales Politique et Littéraire* of Paris:

> It was at Ry (thinly disguised as "Y"), a village in the neighbourhood of Rouen, that Gustave Flaubert laid most of the scenes of his immortal "Madame Bovary," and many of the names to be found in the pages of the romance still have a familiar ring to the people of the town and surrounding country. The present writer had, one day, occasion to go to Ry, and occasion is needed to make the trip, for to this day the village remains without direct communication with the outside world. From the moment of arrival one is impressed with the marvellous resemblance to the straggling community (*la bourgade*) so vividly described by Flaubert. There

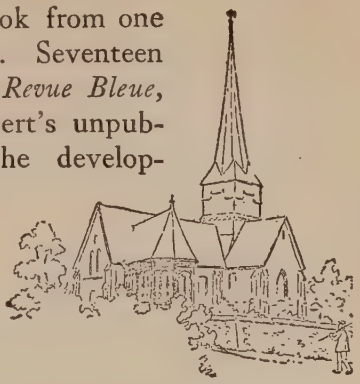
are: the church, surrounded by the little cemetery; the market, "consisting of a tile roof supported by twenty posts"; the *Mairie*, "constructed on the plans of an architect of Paris"; the house of the chemist and the inn opposite. Everything corresponds to the letter. There is also the street (the only one in Ry), "long as a gun barrel," to use Flaubert's phrase.

The present writer had the good fortune of knowing the chemist of the place, who always maintained that Flaubert described his father; under the name of Homais. Certainly the letters which the son showed bore out the contention. It was the same style, the same emphasis. Continuing our pilgrimage, we come to the site of the first home of Charles Bovary. The house no longer exists; it was torn down about a quarter of a century ago. There remain, however, part of the garden, and the tunnel and little staircase of stone leading to the brook crossed by Emma on her journeys to *la Huchette*. A little farther along, on the other side of the street, may be seen the house later occupied by the Bovary family, and the scene of the heroine's death. Unfortunately successive restorations have taken from the structure all its character, and little remains that recalls the novel.

One of the most interesting features of the trip was the visit to Père Thérain, the former driver of the Rouen *diligence*. In the book he appears as Hivert, and it may be remarked that this name is formed of nearly the same letters as Thérain. Suppressing the "a," we have Hinert, which Flaubert changed to Hivert for the sake of euphony. As to the name of Bovary, it was suggested by the name of a French hotel-keeper whom Flaubert met in Cairo, at the time of his famous voyage to the East. The man's name was really Bouveret, but Flaubert altered it by giving the ending Ry, the name of the town with which the novel deals.

Perhaps in all the fiction of the nineteenth century there is no one passage which has made a greater stir, or has been more often quoted as a marvellous example of style, than that in "Madame Bovary" describing how the priest administers the extreme unction to the

dying Emma. This was one of the passages on which special stress was laid during the famous trial which served to advertise the book from one end of Europe to the other. Seventeen years ago, a writer in the *Revue Bleue*, who had access to Flaubert's unpublished papers, discussed the development of that passage. It was only after five rewritings that Flaubert found the permanent and definite form. The first draft read as follows:



The priest said the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, and, extending his right hand pronounced the unctions for the redemption of her sins, touching the different parts of the body with the end of his right thumb, which he dipped each time in the oil which he carried in a silver vessel. He touched the eyes, then the eyelids—shutting them—then the nostrils, then the lips, then the hands.

It will be seen that in this first draft Flaubert merely outlined the general idea. He indicated the five senses, but he had not yet found the figures of speech with which to illuminate them. This was the second draft:

The priest recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, and after the words of absolution, dipping his right thumb in the sanctified oil, he began the unctions, to efface from all the members the stain of sin. With his index finger he closed the eyelids and touched first those eyes that . . . the nostrils that had so delighted delicate odours. . . . the lips (words and gluttonies . . .), the fingers that had been passed through the hair of her lovers and that had delighted in all fleshly contact.

This is very little changed from the first draft. But it will be seen that Flaubert was beginning to organize the thoughts that he was to develop for the nostrils, the eyes, the lips, and the fingers. In the third draft he has some figure of speech to accompany allusions to each of the five senses. Still this third draft, as will be seen, is very different from the final text. It is as follows:

He pronounced the unctions that were to efface from all the members of the body the stains of sin: first on the eyes, her long eyes in other days so full of flame, when they had (desired) coveted all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which formerly loved to dilate to scent warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had lisped tendernesses (delighting in delicate lies) that had opened for falsehood and the cries of luxury; then on the hands with tapering fingers, of which the soft skin shivered at every contact, and which would soon no longer feel even the tickling of the worms of the tomb.

The fourth version represents the passage completely built up. Flaubert had been adding bit by bit until in this fourth draft he had said everything that he thought possible to say. That much done, he began the work of lopping away whatever he deemed useless. The fourth draft is as follows:

Then he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam, and pronounced in a high voice some words of absolutism*, and dipping his thumb in the *sanctified* oil, he began the unctions; first on the eyes, that had so much *desired* all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which *formerly* had delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride and cried out in debauchery; then on

the hands, *of which the supple skin . . . formerly had found pleasure in tender touching, and would soon no longer feel the tickling of the worms of the tomb;* then on the feet, *which had carried her to her assignations and tramped the street pavement,* and which would never walk again.

The italics above mark those words or ideas which Flaubert thought best to suppress or to change in the final version, which is as follows:

The priest recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam,* dipped his right thumb in the oil and began the unctions; first on the eyes which had so eagerly coveted all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride, and cried out in debauchery; then on the hands, which, had delighted in tender touching; and lastly on the soles of the feet once so nimble, when they ran to the satisfaction of their desires, and which would never walk again.

Even in its translated form one cannot fail to see the vast superiority of this last version. "Desired" (*envié*) the pomps of the world was a weak word. "Coveted' (*convoité*) is stronger, more exact. Flaubert sacrificed the "supple skin," and in place of "found pleasure" (*se plaîsaient*) in tender touching, he used the stronger word "delighted" (*se délectaient*). He renounced in the end the ridiculous idea of the tickling of the worms of the tomb: and, with a single phrase—"so rapid formerly when she ran to the satisfaction of her desires"— he replaced the rather stupid "which had carried her to her assignations and tramped the street pavement."

In Rouen and the country about Rouen Maupassant

also has a share. A few miles to the west of the city, on the road to Havre, is the village of Canteleu, with its château built by Mansart. It was there, in "Bel-Ami," that Georges Duroy took his bride, who had been Madeleine Forestier, to visit his parents, coarse old peasants who kept a *cabaret*. Humble as was this home of early youth, it was turned to account in the subsequent days of Bel-Ami's prosperity, when, at Madeleine's suggestion, he pushed himself into society under the name of George Du Roy de Cantel. The story of "Boule-de-Suif" opens in Rouen with the picture of the stage-coach and its ill-assorted passengers starting on the wintry journey during the Franco-Prussian War. The city is also the scene of several of his shorter tales, conspicuous among them "Le Lit 29"; while, to come down to more recent fiction, in Rouen happened a certain episode that is not likely to have been forgotten by any one who has read Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." In later years Conrad was to learn in life's school the lesson that "there is no road back to Rouen."

WALLS OF CARCASSONNE

XV. A ROUNDABOUT CHAPTER

Carcassonne—The Land of the Fading Twilight—"Mademoiselle de Maupin"—"Manon Lescaut"—With Balzac in Touraine—The Home of Eugénie Grandet—The Country of Scott's "Quentin Durward"—About France with the "Comédie Humaine"—Concarneau and Blanche Willis Howards's "Guenn"—Loti's "Pêcheur d'Islande"—Belle-Isle-en-Mer and the Death of Porthos—Indret and Daudet's "Jack."

THERE is a material Carcassonne of which the Pilgrim retains the memory of fugitive glimpses caught in swift passage in the spring of 1917. Conventional guide books refer the traveller to such points of interest as the Place Carnot, with its fine

plane trees and its eighteenth-century fountain, to the Square Gambetta and its sculptures, and convey useful information about hotel rates and cab fares. But in the pleasanter world of the imagination the Carcassone of actual fact and municipal regulations which ten years ago was the centre of disturbance among French wine-growers, is the make-believe Carcassonne. The real city is the one of the peasant of Gustave Nadaud's poem, to whom Carcassonne was always in the distance, always in the beyond, always in the Land of the Fading Twilight.

I'm growing old, I've sixty years,
I've laboured all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know;
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store,—
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

There are other towns in France than Carcassonne that belong to the Land of the Fading Twilight, as there are rivers, and mystic pools, and valleys and

forests. To that Shadow Land belong the scenes of Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and the "Paul et Virginie" of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and the "Manon Lescaut" of the Abbé Prévost. It matters little that there was a very definite setting for the last-named story, and that, until a dozen years ago, there still stood near the Pont Neuf of Paris some of the old walls of the Auberge du Cheval-Blanc, where Manon impatiently pushed open the door of the coach and sprang to the cobble-stoned court. In a book of that kind it is the vague uncertainty that fascinates; the proper home for Manon is an edifice that never had tangible existence just as for Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, *née* Rebecca Sharp, we demand a very definite structure in Curzon Street, Park Lane, London, and for the Maison Vauquer of "Père Goriot," the actual building to be found at No. 24 Rue Tournefort, Paris.

THE OLD CHEVAL-BLANC

Ah, that Land of the Fading Twilight! that borderland of night and day, of reality and myth! The scenes

of "As You Like It," and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," belong there, and of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and, best of all, "The Pilgrim's Progress." The attempt has been made to identify certain descriptions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" with villages of Bedfordshire. They tell us that the book is a wonderful allegory; that Giant Pope is a prodigious dig at Rome; that the volume should be read in a studious, thoughtful, reverent frame of mind. Perhaps it should. But most of us will confess to liking it best as a romance, and to thinking of the son of the Bedford tinker as one of the great amusers. There are any number of apparently inextricable situations; plenty of stout blows; the narrative has all the contrivances of stirring fiction. Greatheart is every bit as delightful as the Count of Monte Cristo and possesses the same omniscience and omnipotence. In finding, in this Land of the Fading Twilight, men and motives; in making it the scene of action and passion; the romantic quality, while a factor, is not enough. In the tales of Dumas or of Scott, for example, the scene of action is a sphere distinctly our own. Brian de Bois Guilbert, Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward, Le Balafré, no matter who the character or what the historical period, people the world of men and things tangible; D'Artagnan struts the streets of old Paris, his rapier half out of its scabbard; his dexterity, his unflagging spirits, his dash, amaze and delight; but he is above all a human being, and the environment in which he moves to the full as material as our own.

On the other hand, in "Manon Lescaut," or "Mademoiselle de Maupin," or the Carcassonne which the

old peasant knew, or "The Pilgrim's Progress," the landscape is a mirage. The reader feels the unsubstantiality of the hills, valleys, and cities described, and admiring the beauty of an ivy-covered turret or wall, knows them to be illusory vapours that would yield at the touch. Of such substance are the Valley of the Shadow of Death; Doubting Castle, where Giant Despair's head was hewn from his shoulders; the Vale of Humiliation, where Christian played the man—who cares what the names may mean or what the purport of the moral lesson? Of all the corners of that land of the Fading Twilight, as we roam through it in fancy, the Valley of the Shadow of Death of the Bunyan tale is the strangest and weirdest. Sunlight does not penetrate there. Beyond the gloomy entrance of the Valley everlasting hills roll away until the last summits are lost in mist. The air is heavy with a brooding silence. It is the land of Poe's "Ulalume," of ashen skies, "the misty mid-region of Weir," "the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." There are waters—dead waters—the dim, dark tarn of Auber. But that is only a corner of the region of dreams. In the Land of the Fading Twilight there are brightness and beauty. White châteaux are seen through spacious avenues of trees. The air is ever fragrant with the sweetness of an early morning in June. Strangely green and dew-kissed are herbage and foliage. Such is the country to which belong "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and "Manon Lescaut." So no more of the Land of the Fading Twilight.

This is a roundabout chapter, designed to invade

Touraine, Brittany, and adjacent provinces. In the ancient city of Tours the great Balzac was born, and to the city and the country surrounding he returned often in person, and oftener in the pages of the "Comédie Humaine." Touraine was the background of many of the sly tales that go to make up "Les Contes Drolatiques," of "Le Curé de Tours," of "La Lys dans la Vallée," of "Gaudissart," of "La Grande Bretèche," a story curiously paralleled in Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado" and in Conan Doyle's "The New Catacomb"; and, above all, of "Eugénie Grandet." With the popular estimate of "Eugénie Grandet," which appeared in 1833, the same year as "Le Médécin de Campagne," Balzac was only half in sympathy. Astonished by the storm of enthusiasm raised by the book and always grumbling at the lack of response to most of his works, he protested jealously: "Those who call me the father of 'Eugénie Grandet' wish to belittle me. It is a masterpiece, I know, but it is a little masterpiece; they are very careful not to mention the great ones."

Associated with the memory of Eugénie Grandet, at Avoine Beaumont, near Tours, is the Château de Velors. The château was at one time a hunting lodge of Charles VII. It passed eventually by fraud into the possession of Père Nivelau so that it became the home of his daughter Eugénie. Balzac lived in Tours at that time and is said to have fallen in love with the daughter but to have been refused by old Nivelau on account of his poverty. The story, according to a later owner, the Marquise de Podestad, followed the facts very closely, excepting that Eugénie's marriage was more actively unhappy than

the novel represented it, and lasted long years instead of a few months. There were also several children, whereas in the story there were none, but the real Eugénie outlived them all, and died in the early 'nineties of the last century. The Marquise de Podestad had many of Eugénie's belongings, including the crucifix at which old Grandet clutched when he was dying, because it was gilded. In later years the château has been surrounded by a moat filled with water of which there was no mention in the tale. Balzac wrote: "That cold, sunless, dreary house, always overshadowed by the dark ramparts, is like her own life."

EUGÉNIE GRANDET'S HOME

The illustrious Gaudissart, sublimation of the *commis-voyageur* as Balzac knew the type, stopped, when in Tours, at the *Faisan*, and when in the smaller town of Vouvray, seven miles away on the Loire, at the *Soleil d'Or*. All traces of those old inns have probably vanished. The scene of the story "La Grande Breteche" was described as an old, high-roofed, isolated brown house that stood on the banks of the Loire, about a hundred paces from Vendôme. In the very shadow

of the Cathedral of Saint-Gatiens in Tours, an edifice of which the beginnings date from the twelfth century, began "Le Curé de Tours." The Abbé Birotteau was overtaken by a shower as he was returning from the house where he had passed the evening, and therefore walked as fast as his corpulence would permit across the little square. Directly north of the cathedral lived Birotteau, and a visitor, contemplating a search for the exact structure, may find suggestion in a passage which shows Balzac's care in the setting of the scene no matter whether the story was laid in Paris or in a provincial town.

> Situated on the northern side of Saint-Gatiens, the house in question is always in the shadow of that noble cathedral, upon which time has thrown its cloak of black, imprinted its seams, and sown its chill dampness, its moss, and its tall dark grass. And so the house is always wrapped in profound silence, interrupted only by the clanging of the bells, by the music of the services that is audible through the walls of the church, or by the cawings of the jackdaws whose nests are in the high towers. The spot is a desert of stone, a solitude full of character, which can be inhabited only by beings in whom intelligence is utterly lacking, or who are blessed with prodigious strength of mind.

The neighbourhood of Tours is the Balzac country, and it is also the Scott country by virtue of "Quentin Durward," for less than two miles from the city are the remains of the Château Plessis-les-Tours. On a near-by river bank, one summer morning in the fifteenth century, the young traveller from the Highland moors, later to be enrolled as an archer in the Scottish Guard,

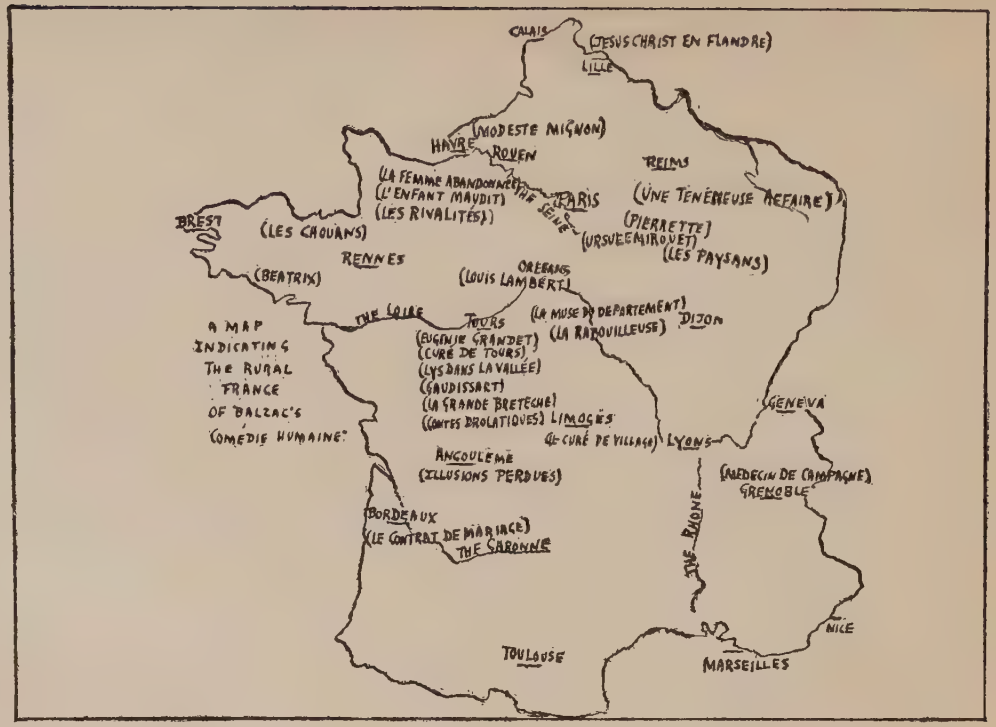
fell in with the disagreeable old merchant whom he afterward found to be King Louis the Eleventh of France. Scott himself has told the story of how the land seized upon him as an historical background that demanded expression by his pen, and of his French host of the banks of the Loire, who, quite ignorant of the identity of his distinguished guest, spoke of a certain personage as reminding him at times "of a character in the 'Bridle of Lammermoor,' which you must have read, as it is the work of one of your *gens de lettres, qu'on appelle, je crois, le Chevalier Scott.*"* Leaving the Château Plessis-les-Tours to conduct the ladies entrusted to his care by the king, Quentin was quickly overtaken by the helmeted knights, and in the ensuing combat overthrew the Duke of Orleans, and gallantly exchanged blows with the mighty Dunois. To quote Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," it was "a land were Quentin Durward, happy squire of dames, rode midnightly by their side through the gibbet and gipsy-haunted forests of Touraine."

Some thirty miles from Tours is Loches, with its famous castle, surrounded by a wall and moat, most of which still remains. The thoughts of Quentin Durward, riding on after the encounter, were of the castle to which his pursuers had been condemned, the place of terror with dungeons under dungeons, some of them unknown even to the keepers themselves; living graves,

*Sir Walter's host's delighted belief in the "Bridle of Lammermoor" as being the correct equivalent suggests such a similar gem of translation as "The Missing String" for "The Lost Chord," and among English characters of French fiction the Lord Boulgrog of Paul de Kock and the Tom Jim-Jack of Victor Hugo.

to which men were consigned, with little hope of further employment during the rest of life, than to breathe impure air and to feed on bread and water; of the dreadful places of confinement called *cages*, in which the wretched prisoner could neither stand upright nor stretch himself at length. These cages, which Louis amused himself by inventing, and the manufacture of which he watched with grim pleasure in the three forges he established in the castle, were sometimes made of iron, and sometimes of wood covered with sheets of iron both inside and out, seven to eight feet long and about the same in height as a rule, though some were much smaller. Historians have found references to at least nine distinct *cages de fer*, but probably a very much larger number existed at one time. About the time that Sir Walter Scott was planning on the scene the writing of "Quentin Durward" he was probably encountering at every turn compatriots of both sexes, for according to Balzac, the English about that time began to appreciate Touraine, and descended upon the province "like a cloud of grasshoppers." In the general tribute to the charm of this section of France there was one discordant note; that of Stendhal, who, in his "Memoires d'un Touriste," recorded: "*la belle Touraine n'existe pas.*"

To almost every corner of his country Balzac went for the scenes of his studies of provincial life. Mention has been made of the books dealing with Touraine, using the name in its elastic and indefinite sense. The region about Grenoble in southeastern France is described in "Le Médecin de Campagne." To the city of


CALAIS
(JESUS CHRIST EN FLANDRE)
LILLE
(MODESTE MIGNON)
HAVRE
ROUEN
REIMS
(LA FEMME ABANDONNÉE)
(L'ENFANT MAUDIT)
(LES RIVALITÉS)
THE SEINE
PARIS
(UNE TÉNÉBREUSE AFFAIRE)
(PIERRETTE)
(URSULE MIROUET)
(LES PAYSANS)
BREST
(LES CHOUANS)
RENNES
(BEATRIX)
ORLEANS
(LOUIS LAMBERT)
THE LOIRE
TOURS
(LA MUSE DU DÉPARTEMENT)
(LA RABOUILLEUSE)
DIJON
(EUGÉNIE GRANDET)
(CURÉ DE TOURS)
(LYS DANS LA VALLÉE)
(GAUDISSART)
(LA GRANDE BRETECHE)
(CONTES DROLATIQUES)
LIMOGES
(LE CURÉ DE VILLAGE)
LYONS
GENEVA
ANGOULÊME
(ILLUSIONS PERDUES)
(MÉDECIN DE CAMPAGNE)
GRENOBLE
BORDEAUX
(LE CONTRAT DE MARIAGE)
THE GARONNE
THE RHONE
NICE
TOULOUSE
MARSEILLES
A MAP INDICATING THE RURAL FRANCE OF BALZAC'S 'COMÉDIE HUMAINE'

Angoulême belongs the first part of "Illusions Perdues." Bordeaux appears in "Le Contrat de Mariage," and Limoges in "Le Curé de Village." Lower Normandy is in "La Femme Abandonnée," "Las Rivalites," and "L'Enfant Maudit"; northeastern France in "Pierrette," "Ursule Mirouet," "Les Paysans," and "Une Ténébreuse Affaire." To Brittany we turn for the associations of "Les Chouans," which in the form in which it originally appeared bore the title "Le Dernier Chouan ou La Bretagne en 1800," and to "Béatrix," which is interesting not only for itself but also for its leading character, Mademoiselle des Touches, easily to be recognized as George Sand.

Now and again in Brittany the literary Pilgrim strikes the American trail. Thirty-five years ago Blanche Willis Howard wrote "Guenn; a Wave on the Breton Coast," which became one of the most popular books of the day. "Plouvenec," the ancient town of the tale, with its one irregular street of crowded houses, connected with the modern village only by a drawbridge, its fortress, that had known more than five centuries of history, and had been besieged, occupied, and enriched in memories by such doughty warriors as Du Guesclin and De Rohan, has been generally recognized as the Concarneau of fact, although the present Pilgrim, recalling Concarneau as he saw it some years after the story was written, and comparing the memory with the text, fancies many discrepancies. Yet probability favours the general belief, for Concarneau has long been a resort particularly frequented by American artists. As in the tale, the ancient quarter of the town,

the *Ville-Close*, lies upon an island surrounded by ramparts. "Nevin," where Guenn danced at the Breton Pardon, is very likely to be Pont-Aven, that lies a few miles to the east, and Les Glénan may be identified with the Lannions. Another novel of the Breton coast of American origin is Marie Louise Van Saanen's "Anne of Tréboul," Tréboul being a town of actual existence.

For a vivid picture of the rugged Breton landscape one may turn to Guy de Maupassant's "Un Fils"; and there is Paimpol, reached by a little spur line from Guimgamp, which is to the French boats engaged in the cod-fishery off Newfoundland and Iceland what Gloucester is to the American boats, and where the annual departure in February of the "pêcheurs d'Islande" is the occasion of a famous festival. Pierre Loti has charmingly described Paimpol and its life in "Pecheur d'Islande." There are Breton scenes in Victor Hugo's "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," and if one makes the sea trip to the Channel Islands no association of fiction is likely to be more intimate than that of the battle between man and devil fish described in "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." If the traveller happens to pass through Vannes he will recall, when confronted by the cathedral of Saint-Pierre, that a certain Monsieur d'Herblay, once a Musketeer of King Louis XIII, under the sword name of Aramis, became, in his later years, the Bishop of Vannes; while if the present Pilgrim ever happens to be at Quiberon, he is going to make the trip by boat to Belle-Isle-en-Mer, not for the purpose of seeing the villa of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but of hunting

a grotto worthy of being the scene of the conflict in which Porthos died like a Titan.

A few miles from Nantes is Indret, with its extensive marine engine works. It was there that Alphonse Daudet laid the scenes of some of the most poignant chapters of "Jack." Daudet, in his reminiscences, has told that the whole episode of Indret was imaginary. He needed a great centre of the iron-working industry; he hesitated between Creuzot and Indret. Finally he decided in favour of the latter because of the river life, the Loire, and the Port of Saint-Nazaire. It occasioned a journey and many short trips during the summer of 1874. Taking in spirit with him the pathetic little son of Ida de Barancy, *soi-disant* actress, the novelist set about becoming familiar with the atmosphere, the class of people among whom his hero's life was to be passed. He spent many long hours on the island of Indret, walked through the enormous shops during working hours and in the more impressive periods of repose. He saw the Roudis' house with its little garden; he went up and down the Loire, from Saint-Nazaire to Nantes, on a boat which rolled and seemed tipsy like its old rower, who was much surprised that Daudet had not preferred to take the Basse-Indre railway or the Paimbœuf steamer. And the harbour, the transatlantic liners, the engine rooms, which he inspected in detail, furnished him with the real notes for his study.

KING RENÉ'S CASTLE

XVI. A PILGRIMAGE TO TARTARIN*

The Rails of the P.-L.-M.—At the "Empereurs"—Streets of Tarascon—The Baobab Villa—The Castle of King René—The Bridge to Beaucaire—The Writing of "Tartarin de Tarascon."

*This chapter is based largely on an article written by the Pilgrim many years ago, and originally appearing in the *Bookman* for October, 1901. In the previous July, being in Paris, he decided that he would visit the lair of Alphonse Daudet's immortal lion-slayer and Alpine climber. The first impressions were written in the quaint Provençal inn that bore the sonorous name of "Hôtel des Empereurs"—perhaps it was "Grand Hôtel des Empereurs"—and, in the Esplanade, on café tables that must once have been banged by the illustrious fist of Tartarin himself. Having absorbed the flavour of Tarascon, paid due respects to the "Tarasque," investigated every little alley leading to the Rhone, peered into the castle of King René, erstwhile habitation of the Montenegrin prince, and paced reverently the bridge to Beaucaire, the Pilgrim followed the Tartarian trail farther, first to Marseilles, and thence, by French tramp steamer on which he was the only passenger, across the Mediterranean to the land of the "Teurs." Since then he has twice caught glimpses of Tarascon, the last time being in May, 1917. But he feels that, with certain changes, the old story, written white-hot, should stand.

Tarascon, July 10, 1901.

It has been a day of heat and dust. As the vestibuled *rapide* of the P.-L.-M. drew away from the southern fortifications, and flung itself out toward the Foret de Fontainebleau, the fog and haze of the morning lifted, and the sun came out and blazed obliquely down. In a little while the hot dust was filtering through the windows, parching the throat; the eye became tired of watching the changing panorama of little hills and valleys, villages and rivers; and even the jokes and the gaudy cartoons of the French comic papers began to pall. The white ticket in pocket read "Tarascon"; and the books on the seat—thrown by prophetic chance into the already groaning suit case at the very moment of departure, and brought over the Atlantic—told of one Tartarin of that place, and soon, as the train clattered on through the dust, the rails beneath began singing their rhythmical song about "Tartarin de Tarascon! Tartarin de Tarascon! Tartarin de Tarascon!"

If the heat and whirling dust parched the throat, there was, at least, some consolation when the train slackened its speed and drew into a station, and the guard droned his *cinq minutes d'arrêt!*, and a white-aproned waiter wheeled up alongside the carriage windows a white-spread table gleaming with amber *bocks*. Only there were 860-odd *kilometres* to be covered, and twelve hours in which to do it, and those pleasant little oases were sadly infrequent. Midday: the sun blazing more furiously than ever—the dust swirling in great gusts. At Dijon there was temporary

balm, and then the train wound screaming among the vineyards of the golden hillsides. In July heat and discomfort the afternoon wore along. Lyons was left behind, and soon, from the window of the lurching train, we were looking out on the valley of the Rhone, and the river itself, flanked by the pretty, pleasant Provence hills. Then gradually the dusk came down, deepening into night, and of Avignon could be seen only the lights and the outlines of the housetops. Within, the oil lamps overhead shone dimly, blickering in the draught; the eyes grew drowsy, and the head began to nod. Then, a perceptible slackening of speed, the whine of the brakes, and—"Tarascon! Tarascon! Tarascon!"

I am about to descend steps made immortal by Tartarin and his faithful camel!

Tarascon, July 11, 1901.

Sleep here in the "Empereurs" has been a restless one, broken by the baying, howling, yelping, of all the dogs in the world. Before turning out the light I reread the last chapter of "Tartarin de Tarascon," for its story of the return of Tartarin from Algeria, and its association with the flight of stone steps by which one descends from the railway station to the street below. You will remember the last episodes of the adventures among the lions, the mishap in this affair with the Prince of Montenegro, the discovery of Baya's infidelities, the defiance of the East from the Oratory of the Mosque, the pathetic return to France with Captain Barbassou on the steamship *Zouave*. The Lion of Tarascon is plucked to the last feather, overwhelmed with shame

and humiliation. He slinks into a railway carriage at Marseilles, hoping to steal to his home in the Baobab Villa silently and undiscovered. Then, as the train speeds on, there looms into sight the pathetic figure of the deserted camel, the sharer and witness of all his Algerian misfortunes. Tarascon is reached. Down the station steps Tartarin stumbles. Then, the great cry: "Long life to Tartarin, the Lion-Slayer!" He feels that death has come; he believes it a hoax. But no, there is all Tarascon waving its hats. He is tossed aloft and carried in triumph. The hide of the blind lion sent to the brave Commandant Bravida has been magnified by the splendid sun of Tarascon into a herd of lions of which Tartarin has made marmalade. The appearance of the camel gives the final touch. For an instant Tarascon believes that its dragon, its "Tarasque," has come again. Tartarin sets his fellow-citizens at ease. "This is my camel," he says. "It is a noble beast. It saw me kill all my lions."

Whereupon he familiarly takes the arm of the commandant, who is red with pleasure; and, followed by his camel, surrounded by the cap-hunters, acclaimed by all the population, he placidly proceeds toward the Baobab Villa, and, on the march, thus commences the account of his mighty hunting: "You are to imagine, of an evening, out in the depths of the Sahara"!

Tarascon, July 12, 1901.

TARASCONIAN hospitality has to offer to the visitor within the city gates two or three little inns built of stone and stucco—relics, perhaps, not of remote cen-

turies, but certainly of days long before the town became immortal through the exploits of her lion-slayer. The one in which I am staying is known as the "Empereurs." I don't think that the name in any sense indicates political partisanship. But it sounds; it sounds, in its rolling of the "rs." Had there been in the vocabulary or in the sun-inflamed imagination of the Tarasconese a title more sonorous, more magnificent, more magniloquent, it probably would have been something else. But I am a guest at the "Empereurs." It is a tiny French inn of a type so common here in the little towns of Provence, that, looking about in the *salle-à-manger* it requires very little fancy to picture the city's Great Man dining in state, attended by Bompard, and Bravida, and Pascalon, and even the insidious, envious, and jaundiced Costecalde, and all the rest of the merry company of cap-poppers, and Alpinists, and colonists.

Tarascon is a pretty white town of nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the banks of the Rhone, some fifteen or eighteen leagues to the north of the Mediterranean. Not far away is Avignon, where once upon a time a Pope used to sit in state and rivalry to another Pope in Rome; and a few miles to the west is Nîmes, with its splendid Roman amphitheatre. Yonder, on the horizon, are the hills, the little Alps of Provence, that fired Tartarin to his conquest of the Jungfrau. Over those hills Alphonse Daudet and his brother tramped as boys, loitering on the pleasant banks of the Rhone, listening to the music of the country fairs, and watching the steps of the *farandole*.

Round the city of Tartarin there runs a wide street, shaded by trees, and lined by shops and cafés. Here and there over a shop is the sign: "Chez Tartarin"—evidence that the town is not entirely unconscious of the source of her glory. This broad street is known as the Esplanade. It was here that Tartarin trained himself to the hardships of his Algerian enterprise, making the complete circuit, at double step, six or seven times of a morning. After one has made the tour hallowed by his footsteps the feat does not seem so astonishing. The town within the Esplanade is a labyrinth of narrow, winding alleys. Here and there, in front of some municipal building, there is a tiny, open space, dignified by the name of square. In itself Tarascon is simply a town of Provence, amazingly quaint of course to American eyes, but distinguished from other towns of this corner of the world chiefly on account of its associations with the fame of Tartarin. Here, at the end of the Rue des Martyrs, a street which seems to have remained practically unchanged since the fifteenth century, is the Hôtel de Ville, where the sacred effigy of "La Tarasque" is kept. Here also was held the famous trial described in later chapters of "Port Tarascon."

What a scene that is! The heated court room, the impassioned harangue of the public prosecutor, the excited populace, the procession of witnesses contradicting one another and attesting one another's deaths, and, above all, Tartarin, serene in misfortune, firm in the conviction of his own innocence, suddenly rising and exclaiming with uplifted hand: "Before God and man I swear that I never wrote that letter": then, on

examining the document more closely, continuing simply: "True, that is my writing. The letter is from me, but I had forgotten it."

I have been hunting for the Baobab Villa, and if the films in the camera develop happily they will carry home the story of my complete success. In the first chapter of "Tartarin de Tarascon" Daudet gave very specific directions. The home of Tartarin was at the entrance of the town, the third house, left-hand side, on the road to Avignon; a pretty little Tarasconese villa, garden before, balcony behind, very white walls, green blinds, and on the steps of the gate a brood of little Savoyards playing at hop-scotch or sleeping in the blessed sun with their heads on their shoe-blacking boxes. Lacking all trace of the Savoyards there is a house as described in the place indicated. It is of no particular importance that, somewhere in one of his reminiscences, Daudet told us that the Baobab Villa was, in reality, some leagues farther south and on the other side of the Rhone. To the end of my days I shall retain the profound and unshakable conviction that my house was the house of Tartarin.

At one point of the Esplanade a road, short and narrow, leads to the Beaucaire bridge, passing the old castle of King René, in modern times used as a prison flanked by its four towers. Literature in the reading room of the "Empereurs" supplies the information that the edifice dates from the fourteenth or fifteenth century and was built and occupied by King René of Anjou. As if that were of either interest or importance! What really counts is that in this feudal strong-

hold, washed by the waters of the Rhone, Tartarin was kept a prisoner in the dark days of his downfall; and that it was here also that his friend of the native quarter of Algiers and of the night watch in the copse of oleanders, the Prince of Montenegro, was lodged for three years at the expense of the State. You remember how it puzzled Tartarin that the Prince knew only one side of Tarascon. That, of course, happened to be the side visible from the jail windows. "I went out but little," said his Highness. "And Tartarin was discreetly afraid to question him further. All great existences have mysterious sides."

It was with no lightness of heart that, standing in the middle of the long bridge that spans the Rhone connecting Tarascon with Beaucaire, I recalled the last

TARTARIN, ADIEU!

recorded crossing of Tartarin and the wave of sad farewell. When that time comes, at the end of "Port Tarascon," there is no *galéjade* on the lips. Master of pathos as he was in such books as "Jack" and "Fromont et Risler" Daudet never tugged more poignantly at the heart's strings than in that picture of the

Lion of Tarascon, shorn of his glory, crossing the bridge to die of a broken heart in exile in Beaucaire.

Once, looking toward the Castle of Beaucaire, at the top, quite at the top, I thought I could distinguish someone levelling a spy-glass at Tarascon. He had a look like Bompard. He disappeared into the tower, and then came back with—another man, very stout, who seemed to be Tartarin. This one took the spy-glass, looked through it, and then dropped it, to make a sign with his arms as if of recognition; he was so far off, so small, so vague.

Tartarin of Tarascon had looked for the last time upon his kingdom.

II

Daudet himself has told the story of the writing of "Tartarin de Tarascon" in the "History of My Books." Perhaps the first idea came at the time of the journey to Algeria in 1861–2. But the tale was not written until seven years later. It first appeared as a serial in the *Petit Moniteur Universel*, where it was a complete failure. The paper was a popular one and its readers had no comprehension of printed sarcasm. Some stopped their subscriptions and others resorted to personal insult. One man wrote the author: "Ah! indeed —what does that prove? Imbecile!" and fiercely signed his name. After ten or twelve instalments Daudet took the story to the *Figaro*, where it was better understood, but came in conflict with other animosities. The secretary of the paper's editorial staff was devoted to Algeria, and the light way in which Daudet had written about the colony exasperated him. Not being

able to prevent the publication of the story, he arranged to divide it up into intermittent fragments, on the excuse of "abundance of matter," with the result that most readers lost interest.

Then came more trouble. In serial form the hero had been called Barbarin of Tarascon. In Tarascon there was an old family of Barbarins who threatened a law suit in case the name was not immediately changed. Daudet hastened to substitute Tartarin for Barbarin, but in the first edition of the book there are Barbarins and Tartarins. There were others in Tarascon, besides the family that felt itself directly lampooned, that found offence in the joyous tale. Even in later years there were natives of the little town who sought Daudet in Paris in the same belligerent spirit with which the Irishman visited Thackeray. "It is something, I tell you," confessed Daudet, "to feel the hatred of a whole town on your shoulders. Even to this day, when I travel in the south, I am always ill at ease when I pass through Tarascon."

But he was very proud, and justly so, of the creation for all that. Judged impartially, at a distance of some years, Tartarin, running his wild, unbridled course, seemed to him to possess the qualities of youth and life and truth—the truth of the country beyond the Loire, which inflates and exaggerates, never lies, and *tarasconises* all the time. "But," he said, "I confess that, great as is my love of style, of beautiful prose, melodious and highly coloured, in my opinion these should not be the novelist's only care. His real delight should consist in the creation of real persons, in establishing, by

virtue of their verisimilitude, types of men and women who will go about henceforth through the world with the names, the gestures, the grimaces with which he has endowed them and which make people speak of them—without reference to their creator and without mentioning his name. For my part, my emotion is always the same, when I hear someone say of a person he has met in his daily life, of one of the innumerable puppets of the political comedy: "He is a Tartarin, a Monpavon —a Delobelle." At such times a thrill runs through me, the thrill of pride that a father feels, hidden in the crowd, when his son is being applauded, and all the time longing to cry out: "That is my boy."

THE CHÂTEAU D'IF

XVII. MEDITERRANEAN WATERS

Villemessant and Dantès's Escape—The Magic of Marseilles—Conrad's "The Arrow of Gold"—Dickens's "Little Dorrit"—Daudet's "Tartarin" and "Sapho"—R. H. Davis and Marseilles—The Shadow of "Monte Cristo—The Cannebière and the Catalan Quarter—The Château d'If and Its Story—The Island of Monte-Cristo—The Real Edmond Dantès—Maquet's Share in Writing "Monte-Cristo"—Zola in Marseilles—Along the Riviera—De Maupassant and Cannes.

ONE of the most conspicuous figures of French journalism of the nineteenth century was Henri Villemessant, the founder of the Paris *Figaro*. He left his own "Mémoires d'un Journaliste," and a score of his contemporaries have written of his peculiarities and his vigorous personality. For

example, there is Alphonse Daudet's illuminating sketch in "Trente Ans de Paris." Villemessant, hardened veteran of a thousand bitter squabbles, was neither over emotional nor easily impressed. Yet one morning of the eighteen-forties he made his way home in the small hours with news that he was eager to impart. His wife was fast asleep, but he quickly shook her into consciousness. "My wife, I have something to tell you." "What is it?" "Edmond Dantes has just escaped from the Château d'If." It was as if it had been thirty years earlier, and the message had conveyed the information: "Bonaparte left the Island of Elba five days ago. He landed at Golfe Juan, and the south of France seems to be rallying to his banners." Villemessant was merely a striking example. Thousands of other readers were equally agitated when the narrative of Alexandre Dumas's "The Count of Monte Cristo" reached the point where Dantès took the place in the burial sack of the dead Abbé Faria and was hurled from the rock into the sea. The story is also a story of Rome and of Paris. But in its epic aspect it belongs above all to Marseilles.

Every writer of fiction who turns to Marseilles as a background may be relied upon, sooner or later, to introduce the old saying of the townspeople to the effect that if Paris had a Cannebière it would be another Marseilles. It is a laughter-provoking saying, but one does not laugh in just the same way if one happens to know Marseilles. To introduce the personal note: When the Pilgrim first visited Marseilles many years ago he anticipated a kind of Mediterranean Liverpool.

The train carrying him from the Tarascon of Tartarin entered the Saint-Charles Station. Without leaving the building he passed from the station into the Terminus Hotel of the same name. The attendant showing him to his room threw wide the windows and the Pilgrim looked out to gasp and gasp again. It is his good fortune to have known the Bay of Naples, to have seen the orange groves of Genoa in the sunshine of an Easter morning; to have basked in the loveliness of the Lake of Como; to have watched the sunrise from the Rigi-Kulm; to have been agitated by the mingled bitterness and joy of puppy love in the Castle of Chillon, where his mind should have been occupied by memories of Bonnivard and the Byronic poem; to have found in the spectacle of the Esterel and the Iles de Lérins from the Croisette of Cannes—after months of Belgium under the Prussian yoke and an enforced journey through Germany watched by eyes of glaring hate—a peace and beauty that he had forgotten existed in the world. But looking backward he can recall no thrill just like the one stirred by the picture framed by the windows of the Saint-Charles: to the right, the splendid mountains; to the left, Notre-Dame de la Garde; and between, in the foreground, the Vieux Port, swarming with masts; and beyond, the dazzling bay, spotted with little islands, one of them crowned by the outlines of the Château d'If.

Romance has ever felt, and probably ever will feel, the magic spell of Marseilles. Frank Norris said that there were in the United States only three "novel" cities: New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco. France has many "novel" cities, but, excluding of

The Vieux Port of Marseilles. Joseph Conrad writing to-day of Marseilles in "The Arrow of Gold" is following in illustrious footsteps. Dumas's "Monte Cristo," when the scene was in Marseilles and the Château d'If, was an epic. The Vieux Port, reeking of the Seven Seas, calls compellingly to fiction.

course Paris, none so stirring to the imagination as Marseilles. Rare is the writer who knows it and who does not at some time turn it in some way into copy. Only yesterday it was Joseph Conrad with his "The Arrow of Gold." "Certain streets," he said at the beginning of that tale, "have an atmosphere of their own, a sort of universal fame and the particular affection of their citizens. One of such streets is the Cannebière, and the jest: 'If Paris had a Cannebière it would be a little Marseilles' is the jocular expression of municipal pride. I, too, have been under the spell. For me it has been a street leading into the unknown. Take Robert Hichens's "The Garden of Allah" of a dozen years ago. In that tale even across the desert sands stretched the reminiscent shadow of Notre-Dame de la Garde. Guy de Maupassant pictured the labyrinth of winding streets cresting the eminence to the west of the Vieux Port in his terrible story: "Le Port." In Marseilles were laid the scenes of certain chapters of Dickens's "Little Dorrit." Dickens first saw the city in 1844, just about the time that "Monte Cristo" was investing it with a lasting fame in fiction. The town of the story was the town of 1825. Marseilles is in the pages of Daudet. We can see it with the eyes of Tartarin, about to embark for the land of the lions, or with those of Jean Gaussin, of "Sapho," waiting for the coming of Fanny Legrand in the Hotel du Jeune Anarcharsis—there is a street of that name, hard by the Vieux Port—an old inn facing the harbour and open in the sunshine to the raucous cries of the sailor men and the strange odours of a hundred foreign ports.

For Marseilles interpreted by an American of the lighter school of fiction we can turn to the late Richard Harding Davis. Davis's obvious affection for the city is the more striking for the reason that it is introduced in tales dealing with scenes laid thousands of miles away; for example, one of his very best short stories, "The Consul," and the most finished of all his novels, "Captain Macklin." In the former tale, in order to emphasize old Marshall's pitiable plight in his wretched South American post, the author recalled the days of former glory when his hero was our Consul General at Marseilles, who there, in his official capacity, had been called upon to welcome Adelina Patti, then the young queen of song. In the concluding chapter of "Captain Macklin," Royal, in his home on the banks of the Hudson River, receives Laguerre's cablegram offering him a commission in the French service. Then, beyond the light of the candles, beyond the dull red curtains jealously drawn against the winter landscape, beyond even "the slight white figure with its crown of burnished copper," he saw the swarming harbour of Marseilles. He saw the swaggering Turcos in their scarlet breeches, the crowded troopships, and from every ship's mast the glorious tricolor of France; the flag that in ten short years had again risen, that was flying over advancing columns in China, in Africa, in Madagascar; over armies that were giving France, for Alsace-Lorraine, new and great colonies in every seaboard in the world.

But dominating the fiction of Marseilles is the gigantic shadow of "The Count of Monte Cristo," which began on the 28th of February, 1815, when the watch-

man in the tower of Notre-Dame de la Garde signalled the arrival of the *Pharaon* from Smyrna, Trieste, and Naples. To-day, although the city has greatly changed, the visitor with the inclination may easily follow the main trails of the story. From the platform of Fort Saint-Jean he may watch incoming vessels as the spectators of 1815 watched the approaching *Pharaon*. Dantès, landing at the Quai d'Orléans, now the Quai de la Fraternité, passed along the Cannebière and the Rue Noailles, to his father's apartment in the Allées de Meilhan. These are all familiar streets of the modern city. Following the left or eastern bank of the Vieux Port the road leads along the Quai Rive Neuve and the Boulevard du Pharo to the quarter still known as "Les Catalans." At the circular Place des Catalans begins the Corniche Road. The section is one of the quaintest of all the quaint sections of Marseilles. It was the home of the lovely Mercedes, the betrothed of Dantès, the Madame de Morcerf of later years, and the mother of Albert. Prowling about this quarter in the winter of 1912 the Pilgrim found an inn of great antiquity that answered to almost the last detail the description of "La Reserve," where Danglars and Fernand plotted evilly, and where was written, in disguised hand, the letter of denunciation to the *procureur du roi*. It was also the scene of the interrupted marriage feast. The home of Villefort adjoined the Palais de Justice, then, as now, facing the Place Monthyon, which may be roughly designated as being half way between the Cannebière and the church of Notre-Dame de la Garde.

Apart from its significance as a factor in "Monte Cristo" the Château d'If is one of the pleasantest excursions that is to be found in many thousand leagues of travel. The journey there, the stay, and the return consume just the right amount of time (the Pilgrim is speaking of conditions as he found them six or seven years ago and which may or may not have changed). The little boat from the Quai de la Fraternité requires not more than half an hour for the trip to the rock. Through the Vieux Port, to the right old Marseilles with its mouldy houses and winding alleys, to the left the towering Notre-Dame de la Garde, under the *Pont transbordeur*, and then between the Forts of Saint-Nicholas and Saint-Jean. The Îlot d'If is a triangle of barren rock surrounded by a rampart. The donjon is reached by a gangway that has replaced the ancient drawbridge. Lighted tapers enable the visitor to explore the cell of Faria and the cell with the legendary hole. The Pilgrim begs leave to quote from a little guide that he picked up on the Marseilles quays:

En laissant de coté la légende d'Edmond Dantès et de l'abbé Faria, de nombreux faits historiques se rattachent au sinistre monument. Citons parmi les prisonniers de marque les frères Serres; l'Homme au Masque de Fer, qui n'y resta que peu de jours; le matelot Jean Paul, qui y séjourna 31 ans; Mirabeau (1774-75); Philippe Egalité; le Marquis de Rivière; huit des gardes d'honneur qui avaient comploté la mort de Napoléon (1813); l'abbé Desmasures (1814); le commissaire Gobet, qui terrorisa Marseille sous le Premier Empire (1815); Boissin, qui blessa le général Lagarde a Nîmes; les révoltés de juin 1848; 300 personnes designées pour passer devant les commissions mixte (1851); et enfin 513 vaincus de la Commune de 1871, parmi lesquels leurs chefs, Gaston

Cremieux, le général Pelissier, et Aug. Etienne.—Le corps de Kléber y fut déposé 30 ans à son retour d'Égypte (1801).

Apart from the legend of Edmond Dantès and the Abbé Faria there are a number of historical facts connected with the sinister monument. Among famous prisoners were the Serres brothers; the sailor, Jean Paul, who stayed there 31 years; the Man in the Iron Mask, who was there only a short time; Mirabeau (1774-75); Philippe Égalité; the Marquis de Rivières; eight of the guards of honour who had plotted the death of Napoleon (1813); the Abbé Desmasures (1814); Gobet, who terrorized Marseilles under the First Empire; Boissin, who wounded General Lagarde at Nîmes; the revolutionists of June, 1848; 300 persons selected for political examination in 1851; and 513 Communists of 1871, among them the leaders, Gaston Crémieux, General Pélissier, and Aug. Etienne.—The body of Kléber rested here for 30 years after being returned from Egypt in 1801.

Dumas first saw the Island of Monte Cristo in 1842. He was on a tour in company with Prince Napoleon, a son of Jerome Bonaparte. In a small boat hired at Leghorn they visited Elba, and from there discerned in the distance a rock of sugarloaf shape standing out of the sea. It was Monte Cristo, and then and there Dumas announced his intention of giving the name to a future novel. Then, in Peuchet's "La Police Dévoilée" he found, under the title of "The Diamond and the Vengeance," the story of François Picaud, long since forgotten for himself, but destined to immortality as the Edmond Dantès of romance.

In 1807 Picaud, a journeyman cobbler, was betrothed to Marguerite Vigoreux. On the eve of his marriage he was denounced as a spy by jealous rivals

and thrown secretly into prison where he remained for seven years. During his incarceration he acted as servant to a rich Milanese ecclesiastic who suggested the Abbé Faria. The churchman treated Picaud as a son, and dying in prison he bequeathed to him seven million francs on deposit in the Bank of Amsterdam, and told him of a hiding place in Italy where diamonds to the value of twelve hundred thousand francs and three millions of specie—consisting of English guineas, French louis d'or, Spanish quadruples, Venetian florins, and ducats of Milan—were concealed.

When Picaud, who had been imprisoned under the name of Joseph Lucher, was freed after the fall of the Empire in 1814, he gathered together the treasure bequeathed to him and began to build plans for vengeance on the men who had been the cause of his undoing. Their names he did not know, but, disguised as an Italian priest, he found the least guilty of the conspirators, and by means of the same story of the diamond which Dumas used in "Monte Cristo," elicited from him all the details of the plot. Loupain, the prime mover in the denouncement of seven years before, had married Marguerite Vigoreux, prospered, and was the owner of one of the finest cafés in Paris. Unlike Dumas's hero, who set all Paris wild with curiosity by his oriental extravagance, Picaud went to work humbly. He sought and obtained employment as a waiter in Loupain's establishment. Among his fellow-servants were Gervais Chaubard and Guilhem Solari, the two men who, with Loupain, were responsible for his years of suffering. Soon disaster began to fall upon

the conspirators. One day Chaubard disappeared, and his body, pierced by a poniard, was found on the Pont des Arts. Loupain's family was disgraced. He himself was reduced to abject poverty and was finally stabbed to death by a masked man in the gardens of the Tuileries. Solari died in frightful convulsions from poison. Vengeance had been consummated, but retribution was about to fall upon the head of Picaud.

When he was leaving the Tuileries Gardens after the assassination of Loupain he was seized and carried away to an abandoned quarry. There, in the darkness, his captor said: "Well, Picaud, what name are you passing under now? Are you still the priest Baldini, or the waiter Prosper? In your desire for vengeance you have sold yourself to the devil. Ten years have been devoted to the pursuit of three creatures you should have spared. You have dragged me down to perdition. The diamond by which you bribed me was my undoing. I killed him who cheated me. I was arrested, condemned to the galleys, and for years dragged the ball and chain. Making my escape my one thought was to reach and punish the priest Baldini. You are in my power. Do you recognize me? I am Antoine Allut. How much will you pay for bread and water?"

"I have no money."

"You have sixteen millions," replied the captor, who went on to enumerate with overwhelming accuracy the list of his victim's investments, "these are my conditions. I will give you something to eat twice a day, but for each meal you must pay me twenty-five thousand francs."

The prisoner's cupidity proved stronger than his hunger. He underwent such acute suffering without yielding that his captor saw that he had gone too far, and at last aroused to fury by this persistent obstinacy he threw himself upon Picaud and stabbed him to death.

Crude as the tale is it is "The Count of Monte Cristo" in outline. Picaud is Dantès. The Abbé Baldini the Abbé Busini. Marguerite is Mercedes. Loupain is Fernand. Antoine Allut is Caderousse. Finally the end of the tale suggests the method by which Monte Cristo wrung from Danglars the stolen millions in the cave of Luigi Vampa. But considering the story from every side one must not overlook the part played by Dumas's chief collaborator Auguste Maquet. The story as originally planned by Dumas was to have begun in Rome with the adventures involving the Count of Monte Cristo, Albert de Morcerf, Franz d'Épinay, and Luigi Vampa and his bandits. Thence the tale was to have shifted to Paris and the development of the vengeance. The history of Dantès's youth was to have been brought in by way of narration. In fact, the Roman chapters had been written when Maquet's advice was enlisted. It was he who pointed out that the early part—Marseilles, the Château d'If, the communicating dungeons, and the Abbé Faria—was the most interesting period of the hero's life. Dumas was persuaded, and in order to ensure an accuracy for which the literary Pilgrim of to-day, following the trail, has reason to be grateful, he journeyed south in order to refresh his memory of the streets of Marseilles, and the physical aspect of the Château d'If. It was probably

Maquet's most important contribution to the fame of the "Maison Alexandre Dumas et Cie." He was the unwearied rummager of documents. Dumas without Maquet would still have been Dumas; whereas Maquet without Dumas, as was proven when he tried to play a lone hand, would have been nobody. And that despite the story that Dumas, his attention called to an historical error in the "Chevalier d'Harmenthal," exclaimed: "The devil! I have not read it. Let me see; who was it wrote that for me? Why, that rascal Auguste. *Je lui laverai la tête!*"

With Marseilles is associated the name of Emile Zola. Before Émile's birth, his father, an Italian, had settled there, and had planned extensive port improvements that were discarded in favour of the present Bassin de la Joliette. About the time that the Count of Monte Cristo was paying his last visits to the city the elder Zola was practising his profession of civil engineer on the Cannebière. Émile, in his youth, having failed in certain scholastic examinations in Paris, tried those of Marseilles, but with even more humiliating results. During the War of 1870 he was virtually adrift in Marseilles, there running for a short time a war journal which was called *La Marseillaise*. In fiction he made use of the city as the background of one of his poorest books, "Les Mystères de Marseilles."

To recall by brief mention a dozen novels of varying importance, or unimportance, associated with the Riviera. Monte Carlo went into the making of W. J. Locke's "Septimus." Some of the most entertaining chapters of that "best seller" of fifteen or so years ago,

"The Lightning Conductor" of C. N. and A. M. Williamson, wound—through the medium of motor-car construction now ridiculously archaic, round the far inreaching bays of the Côte d'Azur. Readers seeking light amusement with a thrill found it in B. E. Stevenson's "The Destroyer," which revolved about the destruction of the battleship *La Liberté*, in the harbour of Toulon. The Riviera was in Felix Gras's "The Reds of the Midi"; in Maarten Maarten's "Dorothea"; in Paul J. L. Heyse's "La Marchesa"; in W. H. Halleck's "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century." Then there was Archibald Clavering Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York." Marseilles was in that yarn, and Nice, and Monte Carlo, to which the highly coloured villain, Count Musso, came as "Satan entering paradise"; and the narrative carried the irrepressible hero in approved swashbuckling fashion across the Mediterranean to rescue Miss Anstruther in the nick of time.

Of all the spots of the Riviera—Marseilles properly speaking does not belong there—the Pilgrim likes Cannes the best, and holds it to be the most beautiful. Its first literary shadow is that of Guy de Maupassant. To this day there juts into the sea, from the Promenade de la Croisette the Maupassant "débarcadére," by which the novelist made his way to the deck of his yacht, the *Bel-Ami;* and appropriately Cannes played its part in the story of the same name. There George Duroy hurried in response to the summons of Mmę. Forestier, and there, by the death bed, the unspoken and unhallowed troth was plighted. It was in Cannes that the clouds began to gather for the last time

about the head of Maupassant himself. To quote from the story of his valet, François: "We go out to sea one morning by a stiff east wind, and in the afternoon the *Bel-Ami* finds his friend the *Ville de Marseille* again near the Cannes jetty, where my master lands. He follows the shore alongside the pleasure boats moored near the beach, which resemble a town of little white houses. Their masts spring up like miniature spires; they might be chimneys. . . . My master still walks along the beach, and just before the baths, his figure disappears in a garden, bordering the Croisette road, of a villa with gilt balconies in a nest of green. I can still see the illustrious author putting his hand on the bannister and climbing toward the low story, from which we can see the horizon. He was going to revisit the lady of the pearl-gray dress, always so calm, so silent, so enigmatical."

XVIII. WHERE THE WALL OF STEEL HELD

In Flanders Field—The Heritage of Disaster—The Fiction of the Young Republic—The Napoleonic Era—The War of 1870—The Great Conflict.

IN FLANDERS field the poppies grow.

At the time that this chapter was first projected the great shadow still was heavy upon the world. Thirty-five miles from the old Paris fortifications that have appeared so often in the course of this narrative—if it may be so called—were the hosts in field gray. By ten thousand a day the soldiers of the great republic of the western world were disembarking in French ports. But was it enough? Could they be a factor in the struggle to come, a sufficient aid in averting the great stroke designed to destroy the armies of France and England and impose upon the world a German peace? With hearts heavy, but resolute, we watched and waited. Then came the night, the memorable night of July 17–18 when Marshal Foch gave the word, and through the shell-scarred forest seventy thousand men in American khaki and French horizon-blue moved swiftly and silently to strike at dawn the German right flank, and crush it by the blow that proved to be the beginning of the end. It is a wonderful thing that those who died did not die in vain. Yet the sublime pity of it all is that it was denied them to live to see with mortal eyes the fruit of their sacrifice.

In Flanders field the poppies grow.

Nor is it merely a matter of those who gave their lives in the anguish of the great struggle. Across even the joyous pages of many of the Frenchmen who wrote in the closing years of the nineteenth century there is a shadow, faint, yet clearly perceptible. It is the shadow of the sadness locked up in the caverns of their hearts, the sadness of men who did not need the injunction of Gambetta "never to talk, but never to forget." Something of the shock of the military disaster and national humiliation of 1870, something of the bitterness of *l'Année Terrible* they carried to the tomb. Daudet could write in a gale of gayety of the ludicrous defence of Tarascon. But recall "Petit Soldat," and "La Dernière Classe," and old Colonel Jouve of "Le Siége de Berlin," who perhaps, from somewhere beyond the stars, sees the Strasbourg statue in the Place de la Concorde stripped of its mourning wreaths. Behind the laughter there was ever the heartache. Maupassant's mordant irony in some of his short stories of the Franco-Prussian War was so cruel that there were readers inclined to question his patriotism. Yet this was the man who, when the black night of madness was closing in upon him, feverishly fancied that France was once more being invaded, and made his servant swear to follow him to help defend the eastern frontier.

It is the same region that witnessed the response of the Republican armies to the call of Rouget de Lisle,

> Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
> Mugir ces féroces soldats?

and the élan that broke the Prussian Guard at Valmy; that saw the disorganized and badly generalled troops of the Second Empire crumble before the machine-like advance of Helmuth Von Moltke; that knew the spirit of fortitude and self-sacrifice that enabled the Wall of Steel to hold during the four terrible years that began on August 1, 1914. For centuries to come novelists are likely to go on building plots in which the Great War is involved and finding backgrounds somewhere along the battle line that extended from the Channel to Switzerland. But the concern here is not with those books of the future, but with the books that have already been written.

For the first-named period one can hardly do better than turn to the works that resulted from that curious collaboration known as Erckmann-Chatrian. The spirit of Alsace, of the young republic, and of the succeeding Napoleonic period is in the novels on which Émile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian wrought together for so many years. There are, for example: "Madame Thérèse," a tale of a *vivandière* and the years 1792 and 1793; "Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813" (translated as "The Conscript") and its sequel, "Waterloo"; "Le Blocus," dealing with the invasion of France by the Allies in 1814; and "Histoire d'un Paysan," which runs to several volumes, carrying all the way from 1789 to 1815. In "Waterloo" there is a famous account of the great Flanders battle which has been described in fiction by so many pens; for example, Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables"; Stendhal, in "La Chartreuse de Parme"; and Conan Doyle in "The

Great Shadow." Then, for the reflection of the Napoleonic spirit as it was in 1808, when the great emperor, with all Europe crouching at his feet, was at his apogee, there are the tales written fifteen years or so ago by Georges d'Esparbés, and collected under the title "La Légende de l'Aigle." Adolphe Brisson called d'Esparbés "the poet of the Empire," and wrote of "La Légende de l'Aigle":

> The Walhalla of war opens, and its mustered heroes are incarnated in new generations of valour. And after the blackening flame has died out, in the crash of a ruined country and the embers of a continent in conflagration, a phantom passes, alternately a gruesome spectre and a prophetic leader, the rush of whose vision makes men breathless with awe, and enkindles the immortality of courage.

The War of 1870 has been depicted on a great canvas in Zola's "La Débâcle," and in novels by Paul and Victor Marguerite. In briefer form, but no less poignant in tragedy, are such tales as Maupassant's "Boule-de-Suif" and "Un Duel," a dozen *contes* of Alphonse Daudet, and a charming but apparently forgotten book by Jules Claretie: "Brichanteau," the story of an old actor. On stages of Paris and of provincial towns Brichanteau had often played in versions of "The Musketeers," and during the Siege there came to him the glorious idea of imitating their adventures in practical action, of kidnapping the King of Prussia and holding him as ransom to ensure the integrity of French soil. But against Brichanteau the face of history was set, as it had been set against Athos, Porthos, Aramis,

and D'Artagnan when they would have saved the head of Charles I.

In the chapter: "At Landrecies," of "An Inland Voyage," Stevenson wrote in a prophetic vein:

> In all garrison towns, guard calls, and reveilles, and such like, make a fine romantic interlude in civic business. Bugles, and drums, and fifes are of themselves most excellent things in nature, and when they carry the mind to marching armies and the picturesque vicissitudes of war they stir up something proud in the heart. But in the shadow of a town like Landrecies, with little else moving, these points of war make a proportionate commotion. Indeed, they were the only things to remember. It was just the place to hear the round going by at night, with the solid tramp of men marching, and the startling reverberations of the drum. It reminded you that even this place was a point in the great warfaring system of Europe, and might on some future day be ringed about with cannon smoke and thunder, and make itself a name among strong towns.

The fiction of the recent war. The surface has hardly been scratched, yet a hundred tales, in a score of moods, and in various languages spring instantly to mind. There is "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" of the Spaniard, Blasco Ibañez, with its marvellous picture of the tide of German invasion rolling up to the Marne, and then reeling back in shattered defeat. There are the questionable but undeniably powerful "Le Feu" of Henri Barbusse; and René Benjamin's "Gaspard" and "Le Major Pípe et Son Frère"; and Paul Bourget's "The Night Cometh"; and René Boisleve's "Tu n'est Plus Rien"; and Georges Lafond's "La Mitrailleuse." There is the "Croire" of André Fribourg, translated as "The Flaming Crucible." There

is the collection of short stories that bears the English title: "Tales of War Time France," which introduces, among others: Alfred Machard, Maurice Level, Frédéric Boutet, Pierre Mille, Madame Lucie Delarue-Madrus, René Benjamin, and Jean Aicard. Two stories of this collection that are likely to endure are "Under Ether," with a definite setting before St. Quentin, and "After the War," both by Level. Most of the writers mentioned have come to the fore with the war.

But it has not been France's war alone. The men and women of the pen, of Great Britain and the United States, have been keenly alive to its responsibilities and its opportunities. Although the story is for the most part played out in English village lanes beyond the sound of the gun roar, the flaming battle front is everywhere reflected in the pages of H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." W. J. Locke's "The Rough Road" deals with towns of Flanders or Picardy where the presence of British soldiery transformed the Place de la Fontaine into Holborn Circus, the Grande Rue into Piccadilly, and the Rue Feuillemaisnil into Regent Street. There are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Missing"; and Snaith's "The Coming," and Walpole's "The Dark Forest"; and St. John Irvine's "Changing Winds" and Lord Dunsany's "Tales of War," and two score more.

American fiction. The region about Soissons is in Richard Harding Davis's stirring "Somewhere in France," and two miles from Soissons is the little town of Crouy, which figured in Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France." There are Edith Wharton's "The Marne," and Eleanor Atkinson's "Poilu; a Dog of

Roubaix"; and Louis Joseph Vance's "The False Faces," began on the fighting line; and the Canadian, Ralph Connor, has written: "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land." Tales of heroic sacrifice for the most part, and of the land under the blight, but with an underlying note of resolute hope and of confidence in the eventual victory.

Le jour de gloire est arrivé.

XIX. THE OLD-WORLD OPEN ROAD

The Trail of the Musketeers—The Journey to England—Seventeenth-century Inn Names—Crossing the Channel—Old-World Hostelries—Wine and Water—Proverbs for Travellers—The Cost of Travel.

THERE is always difference of opinion. In the course of this book there is quotation from Leonard Merrick in which the creator of Tricotrin speaks of the saddening impression derived from meeting the Musketeers again in their middle-age and "Vingt Ans Après." Of another mind was Robert Louis Stevenson. "Upon the crowded noisy life of the long tale evening gradually falls; and the lights are extinguished, and the heroes pass away one by one. One by one they go, and not a regret embitters their departure. . . . Ah, if only when these hours of the long shadows fall for us in reality and not in figure, we may hope to face them with a mind as quiet! The siege guns are firing on the Dutch frontier; and I must say adieu for the fifth time to my old comrade fallen on the field of glory. *Adieu*—rather *au revoir!* Yet a sixth time, dearest D'Artagnan, we shall kidnap Monk and take horse together for Belle-Isle." Is the reader of the party of Stevenson or the party of Merrick? Is the old-world open road best suggested to him by the youth of twenty, astride of his Rosinante, or by the

grizzled, iron veteran who figures in the pages of the "Vicomte de Bragelonne?"

This has been the rambling record of many rambling pilgrimages. But there is one pilgrimage, perhaps the best of all, which the author has not made, except in pleasant day dreams. If a kindly fate sometime brings these day dreams to reality he will find himself by the Porte Saint-Denis in Paris at the steering wheel of a purring, high-powered motor car, about to follow (the Pilgrim is of the party of Merrick) the old-world open road over the route of the most spirited journey in all fiction, that made by D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, to frustrate the scheming of the great Cardinal and to save the honour of Anne of Austria. Certain sceptics will probably be inclined to take exception to the idea of the motor car, decrying any sort of speed as iconoclastic, contending that the romance and open road of the old world demand a lagging gait. A lagging gait indeed! What but the motor car could have kept pace with those iron horsemen? "Look at those clouds which flit across the sky," Aramis told Fouquet in the twilight tale that Stevenson loved best, "at those swallows that cut the air. D'Artagnan moves more quickly than the cloud or the bird; d'Artagnan is the wind which carries them."

To attempt to follow in reality that first journey of the Musketeers would be to discover a France very different from the France of 1628, where the all-powerful Richelieu planted his minions at every turn. So the pilgrimage is one that may with satisfaction be made at home, beyond the magic door, with a seven-

teenth-century map, and half a score of volumes dealing with the old-world open road and conditions of travel and bygone inns as companions. Beyond the old barrier, leaving behind the Paris of narrow, winding streets, the route is plain. All night the four galloped, arriving at eight in the morning at Chantilly where they descended at the inn known as the "Grand Saint-Martin. "There was encountered the stranger who selected the conspicuous Porthos as the leader of the expedition and delayed him for the purposes of a duel. The others, proceeding, stopped for two hours at Beauvais to rest their horses and wait for Porthos. A league beyond Beauvais they met the group of pretended workmen. Aramis, wounded in the brawl, was left to recover Crevecœur. At Amiens, at the inn of the "Golden Lily," Athos was arrested on a trumped-up charge of passing counterfeit money, and D'Artagnan galloped on alone to the accomplishment of his mission. Returning from England, the Gascon followed an entirely different route. In accordance with Buckingham's directions he landed at Saint-Valéry, where he went to an inn without name or sign, a sailor's den by the waterside, where he uttered the word "Forward." Thence to Blagny and to Neuchâtel, where at the "Herse d'Or" (the Golden Harrow) the password provided him with a fresh horse. He was instructed to travel in the general direction of Rouen, but to leave the city on his right, and to go to Écouis, there to descend at the only inn of the town, the "Écu d'Or." From Écouis he proceeded to Pontoise and then on to Paris.

In the inn names associated with the journey there

is the real seventeenth-century ring. According to E. S. Bates's "Touring in 1600"—1600 was twenty-five years before the D'Artagnan of Dumas came upon the scene of fiction—in a list of three hundred and fifty-eight different inns mentioned by travellers, the "Crown" occurred most frequently (thirty-two times), mainly as a result of "Écu de France" being so favourite a name in France. "White Horses" and "Golden Lions" seemed to be nearly as popular. Of ecclesiastical signs the "Cross" occurred twenty-two times, eleven of which were "White"; the "Three Kings," fourteen times; and the "Red Hat," or its equivalents, the "Cardinal's Hat" or the "Cardinal" (seven); but of saints there were no more than twenty-five altogether, including five of "Our Lady." About the time of the active youth of D'Artagnan there was coming in a new fashion, apparently set by Paris, of naming inns. That was for the purpose of appealing to a special clientèle. Thus the "Ville de Brissac" catered to Protestants; the "Ville de Hambourg" to Germans; while at Calais the "Petit Saint-Jean" was a meeting place for Scotchmen.

The Channel crossing figures prominently in all the books dealing with the Musketeers. There was D'Artagnan's visit to Buckingham in "Les Trois Mousquetaires"; the journey to England made by the four in the hope of saving Charles the First; and the return, by means of the felucca that was blown up and the open boat. And in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," the trip made by Athos, Comte de la Fère, to find the buried million, and that of D'Artagnan, as a result of which he

succeeded in kidnapping Monk and transporting him to Holland in a box. In the seventeenth century the passage from Calais to Dover was far from being the light matter of the acquaintance of recent generations. In 1610 two ambassadors waited at Calais fourteen days before they could make a start, and making a start by no means implied arriving—at least, not at Dover. One traveller, of whom Mr. Bates tells, after a most unhappy night, found himself at Nieuport the next morning, and had to wait three days before another try could be made. Another, who had already sailed from Boulogne—after having waited six hours for the tide, accomplished two leagues, had been becalmed for nine or ten hours, returned to Boulogne by rowboat, and posted to Calais—found no wind to take him across there, and had to charter another row-boat at sunset on Friday, reaching Dover on Monday between four and five in the morning. Finishing the crossing by row-boat was a very common experience because of the state of the harbours. Calais was the better of the two, yet it sometimes happened that passengers had to be carried ashore one hundred yards or more because not even boats could approach. Even a hundred years after the heroes of Dumas had passed away the journey was still one of hardship. "The Gentleman's Guide in His Tour through France," published in 1770, relates that the vessels were small, dirty, and ill-appointed, the passage a torment, and, if strong head winds blew, impossible. Some travellers went all the way by sea from London to the Continent. "Upon Change every day is to be met with the master of a French trader; whose price to

Calais, Dunkirk, or Boulogne is only a guinea each passenger: the passage is commonly made in sixteen or twenty hours: this scheme is much more commendable than going to Dover; where, should you chance to be windbound, it will cost you at least half a guinea a day."

At Calais, Dumas's Joseph Balsamo and the British characters of Smollett if they happened to be Paris bound, and the hero of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," all probably stayed at Dessein's, whose praises Thackeray was later to sing. That inn—according to the eighteenth century "An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers" (there were long-winded titles in those days)—was one of the most extensive in Europe, "with squares, gardens, shops of all kinds, work-shops, and a handsome theatre." The same authority speaks of an inn at Châlons, with rooms, "furnished throughout with silk and damask, the very linings of the rooms and bedcovers not excepted." Young, in his "Travels in France," proclaimed the Hotel Henri IV at Nantes the "finest inn in Europe," saying: "it cost 400,000 liv. furnished, and is let at 14,000 liv. per ann., with no rent for the first year. It contains sixty beds for masters and twenty-five stalls for horses. Some of the apartments of two rooms, very neat, are 6 liv. a day; one good 3 liv., but for merchants 5 liv. per diem for dinner, supper, wine and chamber." On the other hand, Young recorded that at Moulins, in the Loire region, he went to the "Beautiful Image" but found it so bad that he left it and went to the "Golden Lion" which was worse; and that at Saint-Girons, in the Basses-Pyrenées, a town of four

or five thousand inhabitants, he was forced to put up at a public-house undeserving the name of inn. "A wretched hag, the demon of beastliness, presides there. I laid, not rested, in a chamber over a stable. It could give me but two stale eggs. But the inns all the way from Nîmes are wretched, except at Lodève, Ganges, Carcassonne, and Mirepoix."

To revert to the days of the Musketeers. "Les Voyageurs en France" tells of a traveller, who, in 1631, went through the country on foot and on horseback; often going out of the beaten track. He noted: "In certain villages, in certain towns even in the centre of France, the inns lack everything. One can hardly find bread and a fire. Beds are wanting. The Musketeers, thanks perhaps to the length of their swords, usually managed to command material hospitality, especially in the matter of wine. We are astonished at the extent of the potations of Athos, above all at that debauch at the "Golden Lily" of Amiens, when the wine fumes moved him to the narration of the story of his marriage in early life to the woman so soon to reappear upon the scene as Milady, Countess de Winter. Remember, in the connection, that outside of Spain and Turkey, Europeans of the period thought water unhealthy, a French inn breakfast consisted of a glass of wine and just a mouthful of bread, and travellers, as often as not, cleaned their teeth with wine. Nor is there anything astonishing in the care with which D'Artagnan, or Chicot the Jester at an earlier period examined their surroundings when they happened to be spending the night at a strange inn. Among the proverbs impressed upon

persons about to travel in the seventeenth century was one: "In an inn bedroom which contains big pictures, look behind the latter to see if they do not conceal a secret door, or a window."

The good Dumas loved the five-franc piece, loved it for the pleasure of scattering it to the four winds. Consequently the Musketeers of his fancy were generously endowed with spendthrift qualities, and were continually confronted with the problem of finding money for new equipment or for the expenses of a projected journey. D'Artagnan did not disdain graciously to accept a roll of gold from the hand of Louis XIII. The purchasing power of money in the early half of the seventeenth century may be roughly estimated as ten times that of the present day, or five times that of five or six years ago. Yet despite this disparity the cost of travel was greater than it is now in the times of the railways. Following the open road by coach, horse hire alone cost from three to ten sous a mile; there were plenty of highway tolls; and in crossing a ferry the ferryman occasionally made the passengers pay whatever he pleased by collecting fares in the middle of the river. It is quite unlikely, however, that this particular form of extortion was ever practised at the expense of Messieurs les Mousquetaires.

XX. MY OLD EUROPE

MY OLD Europe! Shall I ever know it again as I first knew it in the morning of life? And yet, as I write, there comes to mind a certain passage in the "Peter Ibbetson" of George Du Maurier, a passage about "the faint, scarcely perceptible ghost-like suspicion of a scent—a mere nostalgic fancy, compound, generic, and all-embracing." The eyes may never see the old Europe more as they saw it once, but a single whiff of the soft coal which most nostrils find so distasteful, and the years drop away, and there is an American boy of eight, who had hitherto known no coal smell other than that of anthracite, making his way down the gang plank from the deck of the old Guion Liner *Wyoming* after a thirteen-day sea journey, to the wharves and streets and the murky, bituminous laden air of Liverpool. "Were the two boys, riding by in a carriage of such splendid proportions, Princes?" That was his first eager old-world question. He had heard and read of princes in his own democratic land, and the word appealed vividly to the imagination.

That was the beginning of the acquaintance, renewed almost every year thereafter during the impressionable teens. It was a Europe of startling innovations, of new and iconoclastic ideals, of radical departures from the customs of the "good old times" to those who

viewed it through the eyes of maturity. But it was a Europe very different from the one we contemplate in Anno Domini 1919, the one which we are all hoping to revisit ere many years have passed, the one which the writer of these lines last saw in its stress and turmoil a brief two years ago.

If in the highly commendable resolution to eschew for the rest of our lives everything of late enemy origin a single exception should be made, the writer's impulse would be to speak for those familiar red-bound books, to which several generations of Americans have gone about clinging, that bear the imprint of a publishing house of Leipsic. Undoubtedly treachery long skulked behind the respectable name, and agents travelling for the ostensible purpose of keeping the books "up-to-date," and seeing that starred hotels and restaurants continued to deserve the distinction conferred upon them, were in reality engaged in the more sinister business of selecting gun sites for Prussian batteries in Northern France, and making notes on inadequately defended beaches of East Anglia. But in the matter of original authorship it was usually what might be called an Entente affair. Englishmen compiled the books on "London and Environs," "Great Britain and Ireland," "United States and Canada"; Frenchmen wrote those dealing with "Paris," "Northern France," "Southern France," and the southern countries.

Take up one of those books bearing a date of the 'eighties to realize the changes that thirty years have wrought in a Europe that we have regarded as unchanging. If the book at hand happens to deal with London,

it is a London without a Tube system, a Savoy Hotel, a Hotel Cecil, or any of half a dozen new and familiar hostelries, and the maps will show old streets with names that recall Dickens where the broad Kingsway now runs. Paris is a Paris without an Eiffel Tower, to mention the first monument which the traveller discerns when approaching *la ville lumière*. Preparations for the transatlantic journey involve consideration of the merits of the Inman Line, the Guion Line, the American Steamship Company, the National Steamship Company, the State Line. It is almost like picking up one of those quaint old-time guide books to the United States, embellished by wood cuts, in which the traveller in New York is advised to stay at the Astor House, or the American Hotel, opposite the City Hall Park; or the United States Hotel in Fulton Street, which had formerly been Holt's; or Florence's at Broadway and Walker Street, described as a "new and elegant establishment"; and when, having done with Manhattan, and bound for Philadelphia, is directed to embark at Battery Place on the boat for South Amboy, thence continuing the journey over the rails of the Camden and Amboy.

But this is the narrative, not of old guide books, but of early impressions. How curious those early impressions are! What trivial, inconsequential, yet delightful associations the name of a city seen in the flush of first youth awakens in the memory. *Rome!* I see a toy shop in a street the name of which is long since forgotten, and a window in which were displayed boxes of fascinating lead soldiers, shining in their uniforms of

Italian green. Or again I see a bit of the Forum, or the warm sunlight on the Palatine Hill, or in St. Peter's, near the Altar, a painting depicting Saint Michael and the Dragon that haunted me for months—to this day I am ignorant of the title of the picture and the name of the painter—or Michael Angelo's "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. *Venice!* Leaving the railway station at five o'clock in the morning after a night ride from Florence, the journey by gondola to the hotel facing the Grand Canal, the quaint warning call of the boatman when approaching the street corners, and afterward the pigeons in the Piazza of St. Mark. *Como!* Many-hued lizards scampering over the warm walls in the sunshine. *Basle!* A hotel known as "The Three Kings," and again fascinating lead soldiers, this time in the uniforms of the Swiss Republic. *Geneva!* A narrow street one block back from the lake front, where the windows of the shops glittered with snow-covered toy *chalets*.

In the case of Rome, Venice, and Como, those first impressions have been the only impressions. In revisiting cities after the lapse of many years there is at times something almost uncanny. Take the Swiss capital of Berne. I saw it first in 1887 with the eyes of thirteen. For thirty years I carried it in vivid memory. I felt that my knowledge of it as it actually was had never departed. I had but to shut my eyes to see the quaint streets with the flanking *Lauben*, the fountains, the curious clocks, and the winding river far below. Above all I had visualized the bear-pit, where the city's patron bruins roll in well-nourished comfort, and gobble

the buns that are tossed to them over the railing above. Then, in the spring of 1917, I saw Berne again. With six other men of the American Commission for Belgium and the North of France I had been taken through a Germany—where eyes were shining with the "Hymn of Hate"—apparently destined for detention somewhere in the Black Forest. But Berne; it was not the same city. Strangest of all, the bear-pit was found to be on the other side of the river Aar. But there is always the city of dreams to blur and confuse the memory. At times I am at a loss to determine whether a street or a view has been seen with eyes asleep or eyes awake. There are corners of New York that I know never had tangible existence. There is a wall of Paris which I have long sought in vain yet which is perfectly familiar to me.

More mature impressions, the impressions of the teens, were the first impressions of the towns which, during the long years of strife, have been flaming in the reports from the western battle front. Troyes, Châlons-sur-Marne, Rheims, Soissons, Saint-Quentin. The names conjure up in memory hotels built round court-yards, and bearing signs of delightful old-world flavour—"The Red Lion," "The Lion of Flanders," "The Three Kings," "The Swan," "The Great Stag," "The Golden Cross," "The White Cross." In these hotels there were little reading rooms with furniture upholstered in black leather, where one found well thumbed and carefully preserved French illustrated papers depicting the sorrows of the "terrible year," woodcuts showing the harsh passing of the bearded

and helmeted Prussians, and the desolated countryside. Then, very early in the morning, one was awakened by a bugle call and the sound of tramping feet, and looking out the window, one saw passing in the street below red-trousered young soldiers of France on the march. Not those men, but the sons of those men were to hold at Verdun and the Marne. They were not known as *poilus* then; the word had not yet been found, or if found, was not in common use. France loved them as her little *piou-pious*, and there was a gaudy illustrated paper, devoted to their interests, with the title, *Le Petit Piou-Piou*, which to the eyes of youth was irresistibly comic.

Tours and the banks of the Loire, and, in a word, all of fair Touraine, have come to mean to me in later years the associations of Honoré de Balzac, his Eugénie Grandet, his Lily of the Valley, his Gaudissart, his Abbé Birotteau; or Scott's Quentin Durward riding, as Stevenson has phrased it, "midnightly through the gibbet-and-gypsy-haunted forest." But to the boy of nine who first saw Tours neither the name of "The Wizard of the North" nor that of the author of the "Comédie Humaine" had any meaning. His memory was of certain good-natured French officers of the garrison who were in the habit of dining at the hotel, and who, in the garden courtyard after dinner, permitted the little American boy to play with their swords, and *blagué* him in funny English, to his delight and their own. Then there was a town on the banks of the Seine, a few miles from Paris, called Bougival. It was the scene of a tournament as spirited to the vision as Scott's

passage at arms in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche was later to prove to the imagination. Boats propelled by sturdy rowers were the steeds; spears with cushioned pads at the end, the weapons. The Brian de Bois Guilbert of the Bougival encounter, champion of champions, a huge man, the redoubtable butcher of La Jonchère, was dethroned, tumbled backward into the water by an unknown youth who, to the amazed onlookers, seemed almost slightly built. Like the Templar, the butcher of La Jonchère received a second chance, only to go forth to a downfall even more crushing than the first. This time it was not the stalwart Brian, worsted but not disgraced, falling before the lance of the Disinherited Knight, but the Hospitalier, hurled from his saddle like a stone from a catapult.

Other memories of Bougival. An old inn on the river bank, with panels done in payment for breakfasts and dinners by impecunious painter men, some of whom afterward became famous, and were numbered among "*toutes les gloires de la France*". Behind the inn, though this is a memory of years somewhat later, a garden with many tables and gravelled paths, and great glass tanks in which little fish were swimming. The specialty of the house was its *goujons frits*. In response to an order the white-aproned *chef* scooped from a tank a bowl full of the wriggling creatures and transferred them to the sizzling pan. Far travelled the fame of those *goujons frits*. Americans came to the little inn on the Seine bank, and there, on Sunday evenings, one saw familiar faces, faces encountered in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, or in the Continental, or at the

Café de la Paix, or interrogating the mail clerk in the banking house in the Boulevard Haussmann. But the painter men, whether they had become "*gloires de la France*" or not, had all departed.

It was pleasant travelling in my old Europe, or at all events it seems so after all the years. First there was the transatlantic journey by the *Bretagne*, or the ill-starred *Bourgogne*, or the *Normandie*, the steadiest liner of her day, or the *Gascogne*, or the *St. Germain*, or the old *France*, all of the C. G. T., or by the *Servia* or *Aurania* of the Cunard, or the *Arizona* or *Alaska* of the Guion. Occasionally, before the Great War, you heard of one of these vessels, usually renamed, and plying between Europe and some South American port. Once they were the aristocratic greyhounds of the sea. Ashore, the American dining car had not yet been introduced on continental railways. The midday or evening repast was contained in the wicker basket, which, telegraphed for ahead, was thrust into the train compartment in the course of some three-minute stop. The name "Dijon," or "Rouen," or "Orléans" meant not Feudal history, but your dinner. Ah, that wicker basket, with its contents to be consumed at leisure as the train wound over Norman hill or through vineyard of Burgundy! The half *poulet rôti*, which was so much better than roast chicken; the filet of beef, the *hors d'œuvres*, the forearm of bread; the green almonds, for which one burrowed and excavated; the half bottle of red or white wine. Degenerate descendants of those wicker baskets of yesteryear may still occasionally be found in the world. I encountered several such in the

spring of 1917 in the course of the thirty-hour journey under war conditions between Cannes and Bordeaux. But the real wicker baskets of my old Europe belong as much to the irrevocable past as the banquet of Cedric the Saxon in the halls of Rotherwood.

Then there was the English and American *pension* in the Rue de Clichy of Paris where the months ran into the years. I can see it now; the long dining room; the salon, where Mrs. Lippincott recited, and Maud Powell, then a student, played the violin, and Madame told of prices in the Paris markets during the Siege; and the garden, where there were round tin-topped tables on which a small boy could lie at full length, contemplating the shapes assumed by the clouds as they floated lazily across the sky. In an adjoining garden a Frenchman took his daily fencing lesson, and the air rang with the stamp of feet and the clash of the buttoned foils. But all was not idleness. There was an adored sister who pounded the French verb into my head with a loving persistence that makes it exceedingly strange that the French verb in question still remains a baffling problem. There were days in a private school in the same street, and in a public school in the near-by Rue Blanche. In the latter institution I recall that I stood sixtieth in a class of sixty-one, and retain a haunting impression that the sixty-first boy was somehow defective. I was not alone there in the matter of nationality. My American companion was a brother of Maud Powell, three years older than myself. In memory he seems always to have been fighting with a gigantic young Negro from one of the French

West Indies. In the fiction that I have since read English-speaking boys in French schools are always addressed by their French comrades as "*sacre Godems*." With me memory holds no such endearing epithet.

Once in the *pension* there was great excitement. Everyone had been reading a novel by Henry James as it appeared in serial form. The most exciting part of the story—if allusion to a tale of Henry James may be made in such a form—had been reached, and eager eyes were watching for the appearance of the forthcoming number of the magazine containing it. When it arrived it contained no new instalment, for the story had been finished in the previous issue, and no one had realized it. I wonder just which novel of James that was. My impression once was that it was "Daisy Miller," but it could not well have been. It is an early memory in the world of books; belonging to the same period as my first literary memory. In the salon of the *pension*, in a bonnet and dress of the 'sixties, and carrying a caricature of a cotton umbrella, appeared the lady whom we knew personally as Mrs. Lippincott. From her own writings she read or recited, for to a former generation she was widely known under her pen name of "Grace Greenwood."

Perhaps it was the flavour of a literary atmosphere imparted to the *pension* by the presence of Grace Greenwood that was responsible for a misdemeanour of which everyone is at some time or other guilty, the childhood essay in authorship. Or perhaps that rambling screed of moving armies and the clash of battle was born in the fever of a bitter yet justifiable national dis-

like, which has never abated, and which never will abate. There were in the *pension* two Germans of perhaps twenty-five or thirty, who delighted, behind doors and when no one was looking, in pinching cruelly little American boys. Long after I saw those Prussian faces in nightmares, wreathed in joyous leer at the spectacle of pain inflicted. Years later I was to see similar faces, behind the German lines in Belgium—faces of officers of his Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm the Second—who lined railway station platforms to watch the ghastly return of the *chômeurs*, and to mock the heart-rending cries of the women: "*Oh, mon père!, Oh, mon mari!, Oh, mon fils!*"

Pour la revanche, with those pinches still tingling, I flung on paper into the field allied armies under the flags of the United States, the British Empire, and the French Republic. Gleefully, and under my own leadership of course, I hurled them against the hordes of the Vaterland, and very soon the goose step changed to the scamper of wild flight. In that war the Star-Spangled Banner, the Tricolor, and the Union Jack went right on to Berlin, and the Thiergarten echoed with the delightful strains of "Yankee Doodle." Perhaps it was a sense of *noblesse oblige* that prompted the author to permit the soldiers of Great Britain and France to join in the dance. There was a rhyme of those days:

Old Boney was a Frenchman, a soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did lick him on the field of Waterloo,
But braver still and greater far and tougher than shoe leather,
Was Washington the man who could have licked them both together.

which little American boys in Europe were cautioned to use with discretion lest it jar upon sensitive French and British ears.

Then came the day when, walking by an elder's side along the boulevard, a stout short old gentleman was pointed out to me. He was riding on the *impériale* of a passing omnibus, and he carried an umbrella. "That," said my mentor, "is Monsieur Victor Hugo." Was it? Had the fugitive glimpse been the glimpse of another I should be to-day the first to be frankly sceptical. But at the time, even though the name meant little, I was perfectly convinced that the short stout man of the omnibus was Victor Hugo. And looking backward it seems somehow that it would be treason and ingratitude to harbour even the shadow of a doubt.

A few years later. The beach of the Norman town of Étretat, which stretches along the sea between the Falaise d'Aval and the Falaise d'Amont. At the morning bathing hour the eyes of all those idling on the sands, were they French, English, or American, turned in the direction of a strongly built man with an air of aristocratic aloofness. It was Guy de Maupassant. Later the memory was to mean much to me. He was then in the full flood of his powers and his fame. But he had just written "Le Horla," which first suggested the gathering shadows of the madness that was so soon to blight and extinguish him.

To what babbling lengths those memories might be carried! Ah, my old *Europe!* I shall never see you again as I saw you in the morning of life. But in mus-

ing on you, and in repeating over and over the name, it seems as if "the air is full of ballad notes, borne out of long ago."

THE END

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